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KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

VOL. XI. SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1900. No. 1.

SHOOTING FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

By Nora Archibald Smith.

THERE are many kinds of philanthropists. Some found free libraries and orphan asylums and foundling homes; some give to foreign missions and historical societies; some support soup kitchens and temperance restaurants; others endow chairs in universities and fit out polar expeditions. There are others still who are retail dealers in the virtue, as it were, and do their good deeds in a small way, in accordance with their capital. Of this last class was a certain New England lover of nature, who gave his whole time to preserving fine trees from vandalism, driving wherever it was reported that a tree was to be cut down and paying the sum demanded, that it might stand as a perpetual joy to the neighborhood. Another dear saint, whose memory is still green, devoted a portion of his income every year to dispatching letters held for postage; and an eminent author whom we all admire, owns, as his philanthropic hobby, a manful attempt to lessen the sum of error in the world, by contradicting, in polite notes to the editor, any statement seen in the periodicals of the day which he can prove to be false. This interesting whim leads him a busy and a vexatious life; but in one case, at least, and to-day, the present writer is resolved to emulate his example.

There seems to be a distinct impression in some quarters of this country that the kindergarten is a sort of Mahometan Paradise, where children recline on flowery beds of ease, lulled by soft music, their only exertion being to open their mouths occasionally that they may receive the mental and spiritual blessings that drop from the gilded clouds above.

A few representative extracts cut

from some of our prominent papers in the last two months will illustrate this point of view.

a. "The '*Laissez faire*' treatment of children, which the kindergarten exploits."

b. "Young people did want to learn something once from those who cared for them, before the universal 'kindergartening'" (Jove, give us patience!) "brought to them, without exertion, all that they once imbibed by discipline and by the restraint of learning submissively and with effort."

c. "The kindergarten weakness is that it fails to recognize the fact that life is not all pleasure, and that children must learn to do things which are disagreeable,—the grim Puritanical idea, which makes men and women of backbone and moral fiber."

d. "The experiment of the kindergarten system has yet to demonstrate its values, and older people doubt whether the discipline of work for work's sake, and obedience out of respect for authority will find an adequate substitute in the plan where Jack's experience is all play and no work. May kindergarten graduates find themselves prepared to meet the trials and disappointments of a world which has often demanded in its successful combatants the bracing preparation of early hardship and neglect."

Here are five distinct indictments of the kindergarten;—its "*laissez faire*" treatment of children, the indirect statement that it teaches without effort on the child's part or discipline on its own, a suggestion that its methods produce neither backbone nor moral fiber, an implication that it cultivates disobedience and scorn of authority, and finally a pious hope that its graduates may be able to meet the trials and disappointments of this troublous world,—a hope whose tone reminds us of Reynard's politeness when he brought the duck to his kennel.

Perhaps you are not familiar with the story; but it is rumored that he said, as he dropped the fluttering creature among his hungry cubs, "I trust you 've had a pleasant ride, ma'am, and will enjoy yourself this evening."

As there is no smoke without some fire, it is safe to suppose that the writers of these and similar criticisms may have seen certain specimens of kindergarten training which merited, in part at least, the diatribes directed against them; but granting this point, what logic or justice is there in condemning an entire educational system because of some local fault of interpretation? Do we flout the modern schools of medicine because unskilled practitioners kill their patients now and then? Do we condemn electric lighting because a stray wire may occasionally be deadly? Do we jeer at Christianity because its votaries sometimes fall from grace?

This matter of the kindergarten is too vital a one, its issues too far-reaching, for it to be court-martialed and sentenced in this summary fashion. If indeed, when interpreted according to the precepts of its founder, it can be proved in the majority of cases to cultivate idleness, love of luxury, weakness, lack of moral fiber and energy, disobedience, misrule, and anarchy, then the sooner it is swept from the face of the earth the better for the nations thereof. If, on the contrary, these charges are unfounded, when made against the system considered as a whole, then a great wrong is being done to a profound educational philosophy devoutly believed in by large and increasing numbers of people.

The charge that it fosters idleness might easily be refuted, it would seem, for the most ignorant on-looker could not but agree that there is no busier creature than a kindergarten child. His hands are literally never still; for when he is not occupied at his table, he is joyfully active in song and play. Nor is this occupation at the table anything which is forced upon him, which he does with little grace, drops as soon as possible, and neglects if the eye of authority be not upon him. It is done eagerly and with delight, because it is worth doing and he loves it. If this is not "work for work's sake,"—a motive which our last critic affects to consider as out of date, where may we find a clearer illustration of the phrase? for there is no reward connected with the industry, save that of success, and the finished product is commonly bestowed upon others. So far is the kindergarten child from idleness, that another class of critics cries out that he is being forced and overworked and that he is frequently made nervous by excess of industry.

The charge that Froebel's system of education cultivates luxurious habits scarcely needs a moment's consideration. If keeping the pupil in a bright clean room, gay with plants and flowers, and hung with appropriate pictures, is breeding in him a love of luxury, then the Creator's idea of the earth as a training school for man must be a wholly mistaken one; and if the baby may not employ himself with brilliant colors and graceful forms, though fashioned from the plainest and most universal materials, then the promptings of Nature for playing with brightness must be altogether disregarded and set at naught.

The statement that the kindergarten produces weakness and lack of energy in the pupil evidently springs from the belief that every experience comes to him ready made in that enchanted region; that he is a little pitcher which passively allows itself to be filled, in the Gradgrind fashion, with imperial gallons of facts.

If there is any one idea in the whole range of educational thought, upon which Froebel insisted and reinsisted, upon which he lectured and theorized, and which he conceived that he had finally reduced to practice, it was that of "self-activity on the part of the learner"; and it would seem extremely difficult so to conduct a kindergarten as to hurl from its place one of the chief stones of its foundation. It is not to be supposed, because the work is agreeable to the child, that it is therefore so easy as to require no effort on his part. It is for the joy that is set before him that he endures the difficulties, and because he has once tasted the pleasures of success that he is willing to labor.

No one who is familiar with the everyday handiwork of kindergarten children and knows how neat and well-wrought and artistic it commonly is,—no one who knows this and at the same time knows the powers and capabilities of children from three to six years old, could for a moment doubt, it might be supposed, that it was executed by dint of the

greatest industry, energy, ardor, patience and perseverance.

That children enjoy putting forth such efforts is quite true; but one would imagine that this fact might place the matter in a still more favorable light. No one doubts the statement of one of our critics that the world often demands of its successful combatants the bracing preparation of early hardship and neglect; but it can hardly be seriously supposed that an educational system for babies could successfully be built upon such a foundation.

And now the question as to lack of moral fiber in the kindergarten graduate. What does this mean, exactly? Probably that the child is selfish, capricious, unscrupulous, tyrannical, and perhaps untruthful. Certainly such children have been seen in many kindergartens; but similar monsters have ere now issued from decent, well-ordered homes, and nobody has therefore cried out upon the sacred institution of the family!

How can a system of training which was framed to teach helpfulness, the value of co-operation, the beauty of brotherly love and the joy of working for others, degenerate, even under unfavorable conditions, into a nursery for selfishness?

How can a system whose tools of education are evolved systematically one from the other, and interconnected; whose plays, of whatever kind, are logical developments of thought; whose products require sustained, purposeful and continuous effort;—how can such a system, when administered by even a moderate intelligence, develop capriciousness?

How can a training which leads a child uniformly to consider the weaklings and younglings of the flock, to observe that leadership in any line is synonymous with worthiness, to note that "all are needed by each one" and that his own powers, no matter how great, are lost without co-operation;—how can this training develop a tyrant?

And how can a system which neither terrorizes, nor punishes revengefully; which endeavors to teach fair-dealing and loving kindness; which daily gives concrete experience with the connection of cause and effect, with error and its natural result, with wrongdoing and retribution; which aims to cultivate clear seeing, clear thinking and clear speaking within its small range of subjects;—how can it justly be charged with fostering unscrupulousness and falsehood?

As to the "*laissez faire*" treatment of children, we might answer that in one sense, the phrase very well illustrates kindergarten procedure. We do believe, if you choose to put the matter in that way, in letting the children alone to a certain extent, believing that like trees, if they are set in the right soil, in the right climate, properly cultivated and under the right atmospheric conditions, they may be trusted to do their own growing.

Our critic, however, has nothing of this in mind; his meaning is closely allied to the last indictment, that of the kindergarten as a school of

disobedience, misrule, and anarchy. This complaint is more often seen than any of the others, and in any kindergarten center, one or two institutions could perhaps be found which would come dangerously near furnishing the prosecuting attorney in the case with evidence leading toward conviction.

The fact is that Froebel's ideal in discipline is a difficult one to reach; and since kindergartners are only ordinary women, it is the less wonder that they sometimes fail to attain unto it. It must be a discipline which has nothing of formalism or rigidity about it; it must exist by consent of the governed; it must be free and elastic, and yet it must implant a reverence for law, order, and authority in each one of the embryo citizens for whom it is maintained. No one doubts that the practical workings of a despotism are simpler than those of a republic, and it was a republic that Froebel desired to make of his child-garden.

To suppose, however, that a good, or even a fairly good, kindergarten tolerates disobedience, or allows lawlessness or anarchy within its bounds, is the greatest of mistakes. There is no better discipline when the proper person is at the head of affairs, and none more ideal, because it aims to make each individual self-governing. Order is an essential part of every exercise of the day; a reverence for law is constantly instilled in every study whose beginnings the child takes up; and under these conditions and with the right hand at the helm, the ship glides along on an even keel, her sails filled with the winds of peace and harmony.

It must always be easier to handle a simple tool than a fine and delicate instrument; anybody can whittle, but not everybody can manage a turning lathe. If the kindergarten fails here and there, as it does of necessity fail, as everything must sometimes fail whose management is intrusted to human intelligence, we need not use these failures to discredit the principles upon which the system is based. We may disbar the unworthy practitioner, but we do not therefore cry out upon the law.

THE KINDERGARTEN AND THE PRIMARY SCHOOL IN THEIR RELATION TO THE CHILD AND TO EACH OTHER.

By Emma A. Newman.

IN an age of transition, such as the century just passing has been, the department of education cannot fail to bear its share of unrest in efforts to adjust itself to changed conditions. The application of steam and electricity has not revolutionized the industrial world alone, but has

brought new ethical and spiritual conditions, conditions presenting problems yet unsolved though the best thought of many minds has been grappling with them for years. It is therefore not strange if in the educational world, which depends so largely, if not upon an intelligent understanding of conditions and facts, at least upon the good will of the people at large for any radical change of method, there should be found much confusion and many methods.

Here and there through the centuries, minds endowed with insight into eternal truths have given forth words of wisdom applicable to all ages and generations. Slowly these golden strands of thought are being gathered up, harmonized, and applied to present day conditions. There is no longer any question in the minds of intelligent people as to the value of kindergarten training for the young child. The principles upon which the system is based are conceded by all prominent educators to be sound psychologically and true to child nature. However justly fault may be found with particular schools, or exponents, of the system, these closing years of the nineteenth century have witnessed a sharp distinction between such exponents and the genuine principles for which the name of Froebel stands. This is a distinctive gain in the educational field; for it opens wide the door to tens of thousands of little children from three to six years of age, takes them from the streets, with the moral contamination there found, to place them in sunny rooms under the care of loving hearts and willing hands to be taught how to play, how to make use of that inborn activity which left to itself so often degenerates into mischief and evil.

The value of kindergarten training may be briefly stated as follows: Through association with children of like age and ability those qualities which make for selfishness, which unfit for social life, are eradicated; in their place a right estimate of self, a spirit of independence, of courage, of brotherly love and helpfulness, a sense of mutual interdependence, are fostered; that training of the senses, sight, hearing, touch, so essential to clear perception which forms a basis for all higher mental operations, is gained; an intelligent interest in nature, leading not merely to a careful observation of facts, but to love for the beautiful, and tender care for all the helpless things over which man has been placed, is aroused; a sympathy with and respect for the various occupations of mankind is inculcated, —work is dignified in the eyes of the child; the effort and tact necessary in mastering difficulties encountered in the concrete expression of mental concepts tends to develop perseverance, self control, and a certain power of self direction which offers the best possible foundation for the growth of independence of character, of self helpfulness, of power to help others. The mistaken zeal of friends has often proved more harmful to the kindergarten cause than the frank criticisms of opponents. Slowly but surely a clearer understanding of the principles for which Froebel stood

is spreading. There is less contention over details of method, and more openness of mind in looking for results in the lives of the children, with a better knowledge of what these results should be. All causes, in their infancy, suffer from blind adherence to the letter of the law, as well as from misapprehension of it. The kindergarten has been no exception to the rule. But it has weathered the storms, outgrown the trials of infancy, proved its right to live because of its power to give the best and fullest opportunity for an all-round development to childhood. It is only a question of time when all children shall be given the chance of profiting by that which the kindergarten stands ready to bestow.

We are all familiar with the saying that the only way to preserve the free institutions of our country is through the education of the masses. We likewise know what strenuous efforts have been put forth in this direction since our birth as a nation. Each succeeding generation has realized in fuller measure its pertinency. Nevertheless there is an undercurrent of feeling making itself felt more and more strongly that somehow education has not brought about just the results expected of it. When our boys and girls enter the arena of practical life they are found wanting in some of the attributes necessary for success in even the humblest vocations. Their education seems to have given them little, if any, ability to cope with life's practical difficulties. This seems to be increasingly true of the children of our large cities.

The country child still enjoys some of the advantages common to all children a generation or two ago. Life is less complex in the country; there are fewer things to appeal to the child mind with distracting rapidity of succession. He is brought into closer touch with nature's elemental forces and products. He is able to understand man's conquests of the one, and assistance in bringing the other to fruition. Some conception of man's power and limitations, of the ultimate results of patience and perseverance, becomes unconsciously a part of the country child's inheritance. Then, too, he invariably has his share of the family work to do, finding many opportunities for exercising his ingenuity in carrying out his own plans, or in helping others.

The city child learns all too soon that a few cents and the neighboring store will save him the necessity of constructing some contrivance, more or less clumsy, necessary to the completion of his plan, and he thus loses that training which comes from helping himself over difficulties, and which develops originality and forethought. Even where the city child is compelled by necessity to lend his mite of strength to increase the family's slender income, how different are the conditions! Instead of contributing his legitimate share of labor where he is an integral part of the family life, inferior only because of immaturity, he is turned out to compete upon street, in store, or factory, with large numbers of his own age. Thrust into the midst of the evils engendered by competition while still

too young to comprehend them, he nevertheless is molded by their influence. A sharp eye for a bargain, looking out for self at the expense of others, giving as little service as will bring the desired pence,—these are some of the moral ideas unconsciously imbibed.

It is true also that children from the better homes in our cities have lost much of their birthright of freedom. Crowded apartment houses, with no open spaces, are turning the children upon the streets or into dark basements to enjoy their time-honored games. When the street is the playground, often the whereabouts of the "guardians of the peace" must be carefully kept track of. Free play, with its endless opportunities for developing a child's resourcefulness, generalship, patience, and good fellowship, is fast becoming an impossibility for our city children.

Child energy must have an outlet; if it cannot spend itself in legitimate ways it will find others not so good for body, mind or soul. Therefore it seems to me that all our city children are losing ground through a too early encounter with competition; through the curtailment of free play; through the ease with which they can procure ready made implements for the furthering of their plans; through our mistake in putting complicated, finished toys into their hands from earliest childhood, thus deadening creative ingenuity.

Bearing in mind this somewhat cursory view of the conditions into which modern city children are born, let us inquire what the primary school, to which they must wend their way at five or six years of age, has to offer them.

Though the children of to-day and those of past generations possess such different mental and moral equipments, because of the changed and vastly more complicated environment of to-day, the matter taught in the first three years of school life, remains the same,—the "three R's,"—only sugar-coated in order that the dry facts may be more palatable. A little science, a few stories, are thrown in as a sort of center around which the other work is to group itself; nevertheless, teacher and child are judged, not by these accessories, but by the latter's ability to read, write, and use figures. There is not the slightest doubt but that the child of ordinary—yes, of less than ordinary intelligence—can, between the age of five and eight, be taught to read and write well and use figures to some extent.

The only means of securing this result is through a process of repetition. The best thought of intelligent teachers has long been seeking to relieve this process of some of its irksomeness, and a large measure of success has attended their efforts. But there is another side to the problem which has not received such close attention. While it is now possible to present the same fact in such a variety of ways as to retain attention and interest until the fact has become a part of the child's mental possession, try as we may, we nevertheless are forced to call into play the same powers of mind, the same senses,

the same muscles on the part of the child. Nature has set an absolute limit here. Certain senses, muscles, mental powers, must respond each time to similar stimuli. All must perceive the harm resulting from this constant use of one set of powers to the exclusion of others. That it naturally results in the child's drifting into a more or less mechanical habit of thought and life which, unless counteracted, will result in an atrophy of individuality and of those qualities essential in coping successfully with life's practical difficulties, is patent to any thoughtful mind. Happily for the child, his own nature so rebels at being run into a mold that he responds with amazing quickness to the slightest help in the direction of freedom.

The kindergarten, manual training, and child study are slowly opening our eyes to the radical changes necessary if education is to preserve individuality, increase the power of self-direction, develop forethought and ability to master difficulties, and train to a respect and love for work, whether mental or physical. Mere ability to read, write, and figure will not make men and women qualified for intelligent citizenship in this great republic. In the past, when outside environment supplied opportunities for developing the other qualities needed, the state's duty to its children was done when it furnished instruction in the "three R's." But the changed conditions of to-day demand a different training if it is to be an efficient one.

Visit a kindergarten sufficiently often to become conversant with the methods used, and to become acquainted with individual children, so that you may perceive their steady growth in the power to discover facts through the use of their own senses, and to express their gain in thought by language or concrete hand work; watch the mastery of self, the tact in overcoming difficulties; see the growth of a community spirit. Also watch with equal care a primary class conducted according to the most approved modern methods. A comparison at the close of the year will reveal the fact that the children of the former have outstripped the latter in general intelligence, in power to think and act independently, and that they are more amenable to social laws.

"The most colossal improvement which recent years have seen in secondary education lies in the introduction of the manual training schools; not because they will give us a people more handy and practical for domestic life and better skilled in trade, but because they will give us citizens with an entirely different intellectual fiber... Laboratory work and shop work engender a habit of observation, confer precision, honesty, self-reliance."

After years of patient struggle, manual training has won for itself a place in secondary education because of its effect upon character. Thus the kindergarten and secondary education meet upon a common ground, but between them is a wide gap. That which meets and satisfies the needs of early childhood, that which

affords a development in stability of character which mere intellectual training failed to give to youth, surely cannot fail to be of benefit between the ages of six and twelve years. Why then has it no place in our primary curriculum?

Tradition and habit are strong. Though the kindergarten on the one hand and manual training on the other have opened our eyes in a measure, we are slow to follow their leading. The great mass of mankind still believes that a sort of magic lies hidden somewhere in the mere ability to decipher a printed page; not realizing that the power of mind which can make use of what is so gained is the force which counts in the world. The bare art of reading is valueless; it is the transmutation of what is read into thought, act, and character which works for good or ill. If we teach the art (a thing offering no difficulty at the right time and place), —if we teach the art without training the mental habit, without awakening the moral force to grasp and use purposefully such matter as can be gained through the art,—how are the children benefited?

There comes a time when certain powers of body and mind have developed, when certain mental habits have been acquired, when certain ideas and ideals have been fostered in the child mind and heart, when he feels the need of and has the preparation for receiving with little effort those mechanical aids to further knowledge,—letters and figures. All that is now so laboriously struggled for from the age of five to ten, and which results in a stultification of the reasoning power, in the elimination of the individuality of such a large percentage of the mass of children, can readily be acquired, (if a suitable training has preceded,) between the ages of eight and ten, and so acquired as to leave the children in full possession of all their powers, keen, active, trained for their highest usefulness.

The child of six to eight years of age has the same need, nay, an increasing need, of the civilizing influences of sympathetically directed play. An insight into the deepest ethical principles is often gained upon the playground. Principles of justice, of fair play, can be inculcated there as nowhere else, because practical results are seen and felt; and because these principles are not represented by arbitrary injunctions imposed by superior strength.

Literature opens to the child its rich treasures of imagination and experience,—treasures which deepen and broaden the life while satisfying the instinctive craving of the child heart for a means of comparing its own little life with the experiences of others. The story hour is all too sparingly used. It offers to the child soul, as nothing else ever can, the noblest and truest thoughts the world possesses, in a form which childhood loves and claims as peculiarly its own. Once given its proper place and allowed to fulfill its mission of storing heart and mind with its best, the problem of keeping the youth of the land from vile literature, will be largely solved.

At the present day, we starve the heart and soul that we may gain time to furnish the mind with the key to unlock the storehouse of knowledge for itself. There is no time to bestow the greater boon, the creation of ideals which contact with the great thoughts contained in the told story would engender. Think of the thousands of little children who have no higher ideals than those gained from the squalid surroundings into which they are ushered at birth, and amid which they must live and die. Where are they to gain food for heart and soul? How are the garnered treasures of the ages to be brought within the reach of the great mass of children and made of service to them? What better or more natural way is there than through the story told?

When the time has come for mastering the technicalities of reading, the delight of discovering on the printed page the much loved stories serves as an added incentive to effort. Under our present method, thought has to be sacrificed to gain repetition.

Manual training should continue (in form suited to increased strength and ability) that training, begun in the kindergarten, which satisfies the instinct for making, which develops judgment, concentration of mind, perseverance in the accomplishment of a purpose,—and this in addition to the sense training for hand and eye. There should be included in this connection also, a practical working knowledge of all the common weights and measures. Children of this age dearly love to play store. Why not let them do so to some purpose? The amount of genuine mental effort made under the inspiration of pleasure, free from the entanglement of figures, is amazing. A cultivation of a quickness of ear in detecting differences of sound, a keenness of eye in distinguishing differences in form, a delicacy and deftness of touch, must have a place in the curriculum if it is to prepare for an easy mastering of "the three R's."

Science has opened up a new realm to childhood as well as to mankind. All about him, arousing curiosity and interest, the child sees the forces of nature swiftly and accurately performing the mandates of man. Into what better channel than a study, through simple experiments, of the manifestations of the elementary forces of nature and their practical application to daily life, can you direct a child's instinct for investigation? Such work, aside from its intensely interesting character, leads to habits of close observation and concise statement, and offers large opportunities for the exercise of comparison, inference, reason, judgment. The finer qualities of the soul—sympathy, kindness, care for helplessness—are quickened and deepened through a right contact with plant and animal life.

Is it more profitable in the end to spend from three to five of the most impressionable years of a child's life in mastering technicalities by means of constant drill, or to devote as much of that time as possible to developing brain power and character, acquiring the technicalities at a time when the child's own ability fits him to do so

with ease and speed? Were it not that the former method comes to us weighed with the authority and veneration of hoary-headed tradition and habit, there could be no hesitation.

With senses trained to be alert, active, accurate; with minds stored with facts obtained by observation or experiment; with the ability to express thought in good language; with the opportunity of using their now pent-up energies in the production of objects which are concrete expressions of their own mental images; with the gain in self control, moral purpose, and forethought through persistence in adjusting means to the accomplishment of an end; with a healthier insight into the meaning and relations of life, gained through story, games, and contact with nature;—possessed of these qualities, can anyone doubt that children will be happier, will be better prepared not only to be taught the technicalities which permit of more rapid advancement in formal knowledge, but that they will also have a fairer chance to grow into men and women possessed of nobility and strength of character?

The birthright of every child is an opportunity for the free development of all his powers of body, mind and soul, that he may be fitted to meet life's struggles and opportunities.

Education will have accomplished its noblest purpose, have reached its highest ideal, when it secures this for all children.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. HENRY BARNARD.

By Lucy Wheelock

ON the shelves of every kindergarten library appears a certain brown covered book, familiarly known as "Dr. Barnard's Volume."

The older generation of kindergartners remembers the welcome accorded to this collection of valuable papers at the time of its publication. It contained all the literature on the subject then available, and several important translations were made for this volume.

The correspondence between Dr. Barnard and Miss Peabody at the beginning of the book explains its purpose and its history. It is of especial interest as an evidence of Dr. Barnard's early appreciation of the educational value of the kindergarten, and his readiness to advocate a cause, which, at that time, had received scanty recognition among educators.

His interest in the system was first aroused by an exhibit at the London Exposition in 1852. An article, written on his return, was the earliest publication on the subject made in this country. Dr. Barnard's cham-

pionship of the new movement is characteristic of his whole career. The story of his life is one of singular devotion to the service of a great idea. Like Comenius, Pestalozzi, and Froebel, he sacrificed all personal ambitions and all material interests to the cause to which he had pledged himself. With the finest gifts of oratory, the ripest culture, and the best academic and professional training, he resolutely forsook the pathway of a brilliant career open to him, that he might become an apostle of education, the advocate of the great coming humanity taking form within the common schools of the land.

The noble life, whose earthly record closed on July 6, had been prolonged to a ripe, old age, which permitted a knowledge of some of the fruits of its labors. Few men have been permitted to enjoy an equal measure of esteem, love, and gratitude. The improvement of the common schools of the country, the unification of the school system, the proclamation of the gospel of the new education, and the general propagation of the principles of the kindergarten,—these are some of the educational reforms which Dr. Barnard saw and, he might have said, "a great part of which I was."

The celebration of his eighty-seventh birthday, January 24, 1897, was a grateful recognition of his distinguished service to the cause of education.

A great company of men and women, prominent in literary, academic, and professional circles, assembled in Hartford to honor the "Nestor of American education." The state of Connecticut was represented by its highest officials, and the country by its most eminent educators.

When the venerable man with his majestic presence and benign face appeared on the platform, the entire assemblage, as by one will, rose to receive him. A thrilling moment of silence was followed by long-continued applause.

With silver-tongued eloquence, Dr. Barnard spoke his message of cheer to younger workers, whom, with the prophet's vision, he saw marching to take possession of the promised land, into which he had been permitted to look. The voice and words seemed verily to come from some lofty Nebo, and rested like a benediction upon the audience.

It was a fitting climax to the public work of a great leader.

Of the literary and encyclopedic works of this notable author and editor there will be many accounts. Of his public service there will be no lack of recognition. Of tributes of affection from those who have known him in his "work shop," as he called his library, and in his beautiful home-life, there will be no dearth.

By kindergartners he will be remembered as one who proved by his life his love of "God, men, and little children."

For me, it has been, since the first year of my study of the kindergarten, one of the blessings of my life to call him friend.

ANSWERED.

By Edith H. Kinney.

"Where is the fairest place I know,
For weary eyes' beholding?"
The garden where the children grow
Like human buds unfolding.

"Where wakes a tone, that back will bring
Life's lost melodious weather?"
Oh, listen while the children sing
Like birds at dawn together!

"Where catch a glow to charm away
Grave glooms from shadowed faces?"
Oh, watch the children as they play
Like lambs in Spring's green places.

"Where seek as boon, a balm for care,
A sad soul to enhearten?"
O questioner, ere you farther fare
Knock at the Kindergarten!

SUPPOSED IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW CHILD IN KINDERGARTEN.

By Florence A. Kellogg.

"GOOD-BYE, precious boy! Be a good child in kindergarten," that was what mamma said when I left home; and I will, of course,—if I like it!

White curtains,—and there 's a little boy's head in the window! Must be children in the family! That 's one good thing. How funny and nice it would be to play with people of my own size! Big ones mean well, but they over-do it so, —all but mamma!

What does this mean? This pleasant grown person shakes hands and wishes me good-morning. She 'd be jolly to play with, I know that by her looks. Spoke to me as respectfully as if I 'd been just her size. I 've always thought there was something more in the world than just the bigness of it. She knows!

Music—and pictures—and children;—what 's that I hear about a story? Yes, Miss Mary, I 'm yours, heart and hand! You 'll find me small and rather inexperienced in society, but I 'll do my best. * * * *

Nothing but play and work and politeness and a good time, the whole morning long. I declare, I forgot to have my daily cry to-day! You see I was so busy. Do you suppose, if I keep on coming here, I shall get all out of practice?

Well, I 'm growing up now. The lady who lives here likes to have a boy fly round and help; that was all I ever cried for, anyway! Hope they 'll get me ready early to-morrow.

THE EDUCATIONAL USE OF MUSIC FOR CHILDREN UNDER THE AGE OF SEVEN YEARS.

By Mari Ruef Hofer.

THE ideas of the new education as inaugurated by the kindergarten have been so generally accepted during the last decade that they no longer furnish occasion for argument, but we find them incorporated very generally in good theory and practice. The terms Self-activity, Creativity, Spontaneity, Self-expression, the Play-spirit, and their equivalents have become familiar words in school circles,—in fact, it may be said of them that they have graduated from the kindergarten and are now receiving most serious attention at the universities and other seats of advanced learning!

In the early days, these magic words came as heaven-sent messages to the teacher. At their bidding, she found herself called from the plain fare and unadorned conditions of the three "R's," to revel in a munificence of Philosophy, Science, and Art, with the liberty to think, feel, and experiment freely. What vistas of joy and growth revealed themselves to her in the new methods! What luxuriant browsings in hitherto unexplored fields were now permissible! Also, what problems of individual reconstruction had to be met, what bridges of inefficiency and despair had to be crossed before these things could be!

If in the embarrassment of her riches it was at first difficult for the kindergartner to act with judgment and discretion in the use of her resources, it is hardly to be wondered at. The first great step was the conquering of herself and her material. The second step, immanent in all education to-day, is to learn to discriminate, and use things in their right proportion and place. The days of first enthusiasms are long past, and the cool eye of professionalism is upon the kindergarten, questioning its uses and the effectiveness of its work.

In its motiving capacity, the kindergarten holds a peculiar and prophetic relation to all later education. Here the ingredients for future life and living receive their initial stirring; and the question as to future flavor and quality are largely determined. Here in the realm of the impulse and caprice of childhood is recognized and conserved the creative element as the chief corner stone of future progress. Froebel, as no other educator, prognosticates the artist. By joining intuition to education he left the door of the soul ajar that its mysteries might mingle with the common life. Through this open door the young artist enters the land of fancy and imagination.

In the materials of education Froebel sees only the media through which in the end shall be attained the perfect man and his perfect work. If Froebel's principles are true, the production of the artist must be not only a theoretical but a practical aim in the work of teaching.

We may well question ourselves: Are our methods conducive to this result? With all our insight and philosophy are we practically demonstrating our problem? Are we really working from the creative, thought-generating standpoint? Are our children creative, originative, originating beings, or does much of our work yet remain fanciful theory and undigested practice? Are we doing the inceptive work in the kindergarten which truly motives the individual and starts native impulses well along the path of creative doing?

In music, as in other things, it is necessary for us to lay a broad platform, if we wish to utilize fully the opportunity offered in the initial training. In the present urging of the musical ideal, and in our eagerness to give the child the best from the standpoint of to-day, the danger is to plunge him too soon into the full representation of music and its reproduction, ignoring the creative effort which should be encouraged from the start, and not permitting him the benefit of natural growth and development. Especially is this detrimental in the case of the many children who are partially defective along hearing and ultimately musical lines.

While music can be appreciated and understood—certainly felt as an influence—without analysis, as can no other art, the larger, formulated ideal of music must be abstract and incomprehensible and confusing to the child. The first step here should be a simple concrete treatment of musical elements in relation to the training of the ear.

For this reason, the beginning work should have less to do with direct training in music itself than with the accessories and environment which will help a child to become musical. In this early period, all is grist which comes to his mill;—all sound, all motion, is music to him. He claims the whole earth and the heavens above for his themes;—the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the air, "and all that in them is," furnish him with the musical occasion. He hears, feels, imbibes, and appreciates the materials of music in a thousand forms. The world is his instrument, and Nature supplies him with melodies, rhythms and harmonies at first hand. All this is theoretically recognized in the kindergarten as in no other phase of education. Here the work is to convert nature into materials for life. In the order of impression a concrete tone experience should precede general musical training. This can be gained naturally and unconsciously in the poorest neighborhood. A little thoughtful work on the part of the kindergartner and first primary teacher, and, later, in connection with the science work of the other grades, would be sufficient to equip the most backward child with a hearing experience, with the power to discrim-

inate and reproduce all sounds through imitation and association. This is the significance of the early imitative or "bow-wow period," which, through the ignorance and indolence of parents and nurses, is unutilized, and the sense remains dull and undiscriminating and uneducated.

As the child looks forth from his undefined wonder-world, it takes but the magic of a "See the flower!" or "Hear the bird!" to arouse and focus baby interest into active appreciation. From listening to individual sounds, we pass rapidly to the association of sounds with objects, the discrimination between sounds, to comparing and contrasting and locating sounds. Indeed, a very simple but logical program can be carried through the year, based upon everyday happenings, with the result of greatly quickening and developing the hearing sense.

Nor need we go far from home in order to effect this training. A teacher, hearing some of these suggestions, anxiously asked: "Where and how shall I get the apparatus?" But just sit still and listen. Whether in the city or country, house or street, in five minutes you will hear more sounds than you can analyze in an hour; and all to the end of ear training and undoubtedly leading to the establishment of an auditory imagery which must be effective in assisting the later appreciation of music. The arousing of the musical consciousness, through the enlarged capacity for hearing and appreciating through tone, would be a stepping stone to the creative imagination which is the equipment of the one gifted in music.

The new education hardly guarantees to manufacture genius, but it does and can undertake to free the powers which may lead to it. As a tree cannot blossom without an overfullness of life, so a child cannot function song without a fullness of experience and an overflow of mind and soul.

In regard to voice, how fully we are becoming aware that it is the mind primarily and not the body that sings. The utterance of the individual through the voice is as inevitable in kind and quality as the very identity of the individual himself. The color and character of the human voice is not a matter of chance or accident, when unhampered by habit and disease, but is the result of law and proportion, unmistakably speaking out the story of its possessor. In this voice are involved not only the proportions, the fiber, the *timbre* of the individual, but race, nationality, environment, local influences, temperament, habit, etc. Here we find the old principle of the vacuum applying itself. Unoccupied space, whether in earth or brain tracts, has a fatal way of growing crops of its own if allowed to remain untilled and uncultivated. Inability to sing is not always due to a fundamental lack of power to sing. Following a sort of "House that Jack Built" method, we might say that lack of voice is due to lack of response on the part of an unused member, due to a lack of desire to sing, due to

indifference of mind to the higher sentiments, due to cares and worries, worldliness, business absorption, etc., etc. Most of the cases of unmusicalness and lack of vocal ability can be traced to spiritual and æsthetic indifference. Highly intellectualized habits, the modern mental approach to life, in which the emotions are little concerned and involved, have a tendency to absorb the energies which go toward the more vital function of song. Is it to be wondered at if many of these sins of omission and commission reflect themselves upon the children?

The delicate sense-adjustment of the child easily becomes jangled and tuneless through neglect; while, as we know, with careful, sympathetic treatment it may be made continually sweeter and truer in its vibrations. In the case of the monotone and others who are unmusical (so called), much can be done if we "catch the Scotchman young enough." The psychological subtleties of "Why people do not sing" have not yet been sufficiently revealed to suggest cure-alls for musical inefficiencies. Upon investigation, it must be confessed that ignorance and indifference seem more potent than either heredity or disease. The fact that with the monotone child the desire to sing is often stronger than in the case of the normal child shows that voice is more than a physical fact. The kindergartner has too often witnessed the miracle of the deaf being made to hear and the dumb to sing, to question the efficacy of early musical influence to open the avenue of song to the child. The interesting process of scientifically "uncovering" voices is going on daily in the best vocal studios of the country. Most indifferent material is often converted into voice of rare quality and power. What more interesting conditions present themselves to the kindergartner than the vocal individualities of her little flock? What a variety of coloring and contour is here found, just as in complexion, faces, and hair! Hoarse, suppressed, harsh, wheezy, gold and silver voices mingle together. The careful study of their needs and limitations would inspire many happy experiments and a better adjustment of song and verse to the child.

While children understand melody almost instinctively, the "word" stands to them for the meaning of the thing and is the natural bridge to conscious knowledge. Froebel gives us valuable thought in connection with the early teaching of language and of the use of the "word" as the medium between the thought and the thing. The proper expression of the word through sound, with a pure vowel quality, would be a valuable aid in vocal development. The careless use of language in regard to vowel quality; the perfunctory, hurried and chattering use of words in common speech; the purely intellectual use of language on the part of the adult, with no regard to expression, involving no emotional element,—result in a paucity of tone and individuality in the quality of the voice, which must go far in limiting the vocal power. For this reason, song

as speech and speech as song should be thoroughly interblended during the kindergarten period. Song in the kindergarten should at first be musical conversations, largely of the active mode, first person, and present tense. These should naturally lead to musical good mornings and to the singing of all kinds of simple phrases, bits of talk and song made up by the children themselves and sung without the piano. From this the skillful teacher can lead to the treatment of difficulties of pitch and individual defects.

A careful study of the relation of voice to pitch in the natural expression of idea must here be made by the teacher if she is to do intelligent work. A child thoroughly sensitive to tone impressions and discriminations naturally and logically takes the next step. This step is the creative effort in making up tunes, which, in the as yet uncoördinated condition of education, the kindergartner is not always permitted to foster. We may fairly forecast that the formal and largely imitative use of songs will decrease as we learn to appreciate the creative opportunity.

The soul of the child lives in motion as the mind of the adult does in thought. In rhythm, we are asserting the broader freedom. The old and more formal and technical plays are dividing honors with freer rhythmic expression, which represents the more impulsive and spontaneous activity of the child. Here, the vital and physical energies come more fully into play, and in turn supply vigor and grasp to the thought side of the work. While the kindergartner is always in pursuit of the "thought," as can be testified by suffering relatives and friends, the children in the kindergarten *may* suffer from passivity, and enter the game not sufficiently awake or aroused to dramatic action. Through simple rhythmic activities we can help lay the foundation experience in feeling, which will enrich the larger experience of the game. One teacher says: "I find that through working out their incidental experiences more fully in free, rhythmic play the children are better prepared for vital and spontaneous participation in the later dramatization of the games. They think out their own activities better and more creatively and show greater freedom and better control."

By working constructively, covering all with the spirit of play, avoiding sensational music and dance forms, the element of rhythm becomes a valuable adjunct in child training.

In the kindergarten, one is specially impressed with the discouragingly slow process of formal music assimilation on the part of the children. It often takes weeks and even months for a song, seemingly childlike and suitable, to reach the point of reproduction. We fail to remember that a song is a logical and sustained activity involving many coördinations, —simultaneous control and functioning of body and mind. To express a song the entire organism must be poised ready.

Little children are often dreamy while the song is in progress, or are inspired to other activity than that

of utterance. Cannot the piano find its right use here, instead of usurping the place of independent song on the part of these children? We are handicapped in bringing this about by the lack of organized material, the lack of taste and judgment, and by the kindergartner's inability to play. The delight of children in having their concrete experiences told in another kind of story,—by the piano, in harmony, tone, and rhythm—this alone will compensate any effort made in this direction. The child's ear-mind can appreciate and understand long before he is able to reproduce.

In review: The child to whom everything "sings," from the rocking "whirr" of the passing street car to the crackling flames in the fireplace, will never need to have the mysteries of interpretation especially explained to him. Further, the child who has concretely experienced and represented, observed and appropriated the life qualities of the things about him will easily recognize their tonal and rhythmic meanings. Music becomes a language to him, another way of telling things, a means for the communication of ideas. From the simple and concrete, we can pass to the higher and complex in music culture, gradually leading the mind into the realms of art appreciation and spiritual unfoldment.

WINCHESTER AND ITS KINDERGARTENS.

By John W. Suter.

THE story of the public kindergarten in a suburb like Winchester, Mass., of the struggle attending its beginnings and its continued maintenance, is probably a familiar story in many communities. The last chapter in this story is, however, of sufficient interest to be recorded, because of the encouragement it gives to the spread and progress of the work in communities similarly situated.

Winchester is a town of only seven thousand inhabitants, and has grown rapidly within the last ten or fifteen years and attained in that time its suburban prominence. It is beautifully situated and filled with attractive homes, and is ambitious. It wishes to have its schools conform to the highest standard.

The first suggestion for a public kindergarten, made in the town meeting of 1891, was received with amazement, not to say scorn. In 1894 the school committee was authorized to experiment with five or six hundred dollars, and opened a kindergarten in a section of the town that adjoined the tannery district of Woburn and Winchester. The movement was reason-

ably rapid from that time until there were five, and then, by consolidation, four kindergartens established. These four are now being maintained, and cover the ground. The kindergarten population is about one hundred and sixty-five.

There has been more or less opposition from the beginning, and the forces in opposition, by a combination of circumstances rather than by organized effort, secured the passage of a vote at the annual town meeting, aimed to cut out manual training and the kindergartens from the public school curriculum. The forces in opposition were the preachers of economy who have believed the kindergarten an inexcusable luxury; the village inhabitants inherited by the suburb from the town's earlier years, who say, "*We* never had kindergartens and these new-fangled notions, and look at us!"; and the professional grumblers. To these should be added certain seekers of notoriety, ready to take up any matter that might serve their ends, and certain honest opponents of new methods in education, who maintained that no child under five years old should leave its mother and its home.

The whole number of voters present at this adjourned meeting, and at the late hour when the vote was passed, represented only about an eighth part of the town's voting list. When the result became known, the town awoke to the situation, and asked itself if it approved of this action.

Citizens acknowledged that an old lesson was once more enforced, viz., that citizens should do their duty and attend town meetings; but they determined that a full and fair expression should be had upon this important matter.

A special meeting was called; and during the interval there was only one topic in the homes of Winchester, on the street, and in the trains. Men investigated the subject, read it up, wrote to other cities, interviewed educators, took all means to reach a careful and well considered vote. The education of the whole town in these days was an accomplishment of great moment. It set in motion a community interest in educational matters which has found expression in the formation of an educational association, and which promises much for the town's future. When the time of the meeting came, the hall was packed to its utmost capacity,—the galleries and stage filled with interested spectators, representing the women of Winchester. The speeches were excellent; all was said that there was to say,—the discussion was full and free. A statement of what the kindergarten is was followed by estimates from educators, and by testimonies from parents and citizens of different classes and conditions.

The opposition mustered all its strength, and spoke with eloquence. The vote came first upon an amendment to set the age limit for reception of children into the public schools at five years. But the sentiment to leave this to the judgment of the committee prevailed, and the amendment was lost 136 to 380. The amount of money required for man-

ual training and kindergartens was then voted, 402 voting in favor of the motion, and 36 against it.

The result is highly satisfactory to the friends of the kindergarten in Winchester, and to all here who believe in progressive methods in education. It is another instance going to show that a community that has enjoyed the benefits of the kindergarten will not lightly surrender them. This is emphatically a case where a town has spoken its mind, and ought to make other towns which are without the kindergarten wonder if the kindergarten is not something they ought to possess; and wonder until for them also the blessing comes to pass.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST.

By Louise Connolly.

Bossy in the barnyard has a little calf;
When it tries to stagger round, all the cattle laugh.
Bossy's very proud of it, licks it gently over,
Mooing songs of shady trees, brooks, and budding clover.
"Don't you wander off, my dear, stay by me and rest;
For your Mamma Bossy
Knows best."

Biddy in the henhouse had a nest of eggs;
Now they 're little balls of down on tiny yellow legs.
Biddy clucks to them a song of spiders, worms, and slugs;
Scratches up the earth for them and finds them tender bugs;
Spreads her wings and folds them in around her speckled vest,—
"For your Mamma Biddy
Knows best."

Tabby in the woodshed has some little kits;
When old Towser ventures in, lifts her back and spits;
Washes up their fuzzy coats and keeps them clean and nice;
Purrs to them a wondrous tale of frogs, and birds and mice.
"Don't you dare to venture yet far from mother's breast,
For your Mamma Tabby
Knows best."

Dinah in the kitchen has a little boy;
Dinah's very fond of him, full of pride and joy;
Sets him on the kitchen floor behind the ironing board;
Sings to him of Zion and the glory of the Lord;
Shakes him when he runs away—"You set still, you pes'!
Fo' yo' Mammy Dinah
Knows bes'."

Mother in the parlor has a baby fair—
Rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes, and tumbled yellow hair;
Clothes it in the costliest of ribbon and of lace;
Glories in its beauty and its dainty baby grace;
Sings it that same lullaby, "Rest, my baby, rest;
The safest place for any babe is on its mother's breast,
For your Mamma Bossy
Knows best."

YE BIRDS AND LITTLE FISHES!

By Marion Springer.

HOW many kindergartners would accept the accusations of holding to a worn-out tradition and of being inconsistent? Not many, I think; and yet we kindergartners, especially, are open to the accusation of inconsistency when we keep caged birds and globed fishes in our kindergartens. And when we say, in excuse for so keeping them, that they always have been kept in cages and globes, we are merely intrenching ourselves behind a custom of the dark ages, when all things suffered that the senses might be delighted.

Yet let me not make the accusation too strong; for we all recognize that the child should have something to care for if he is to become a nurturer of life. Now, while we believe this, do we also believe that it is the freedom of the bird and the fish which attracts the child? Froebel's own words may here prove the accusation of inconsistency to be a true one.

"Fishes and birds, fishes and birds," he exclaims; "why is it that the child finds in these an ever fresh delight? Is it not because they seem to move with such perfect freedom, the one in the clear water, the other in the pure air? Unimpeded activity in a pure element,—this is the magnet which attracts the child to bird and fish."

All through Froebel's works we find him pleading for this sympathy between man and animals, man and all nature; but have not we, his students, fettered some of God's free creatures not only for one weary century but, through our children, for coming centuries?

Poets and scientists have called these our brothers; and the good Michelet, writing of birds, says: "These are your brothers, who suffer and enjoy even as you suffer and enjoy." Would you then reduce your brothers to imprisonment for life?

But this we have sometimes done;

and, because we have done it so long, we think it no harm. We forget that the little warbler did not choose to give up his love for his kind, and enter bondage. Two days of the week the kindergarten bird is left alone, and often during the longer vacations he is left to the care of the busy janitor. Is it surprising that we so often hear from the kindergartner: "My bird is dead. That is the second one I 've lost this winter!" As for the number of fish we lose, we scarcely mention them; they are so easily replaced. Fifteen cents will buy one!

Walk into your kindergarten on a Saturday morning, as I did once. Oh! I shall never forget the darkened room, (the blinds being closed when school was not in session,) the piteous, faint "*yip!*" the restless hopping of my poor little brother. If it be true that

> "Spirit that lurks each form within
> Beckons to spirit of its kin,"

then you have, under these conditions, comprehended their pleading notes, their song out of season, loud from very loneliness; at times, you have been pained by their frenzied beating against the bars of their prisons.

Let us relinquish our derived belief and give to our children animals to care for which may live in their right environment. Even in my crowded district, I have found domiciled, in the homes of the children, dogs, cats, chickens, and rabbits. From time to time the children bring one or another of these pets to spend the morning with us in the kindergarten. Here they are fed, made the subjects of talks, the heroes of stories, and the themes of songs, and, consequently, are ever after treated with more sympathy. This kindly care spreads, and includes many of the domesticated creatures of the neighborhood, so that we can say that even the animals are directly benefited by the existence of the kindergarten.

Now if some one should say to you, "But birds and fishes make the room so pretty!" what would you say?

MAPLE SEED'S WISH.

By Jennie E. Barlow.

DOWN by the garden stood a maple tree. Its green leaves cast a pleasant shade and the children played under it. Far out on one of the branches hung a little maple seed. Brother and sister seeds, clustered around, waved and danced and grew in the sunshine, freshened by the rain.

One day, in the branch overhead, the maple seeds heard a great chirping and fluttering. Much did they wonder what it was all about, and little Maple Seed swung far out to catch just a peep; but nothing could she see. The Maple Leaf just over her head said, "It 's only some robins looking for a place to build their nest."

Such a cool, pleasant spot the

robins had not found before, and soon their mud-plastered home was snugly placed between the two branches.

Each day Maple Leaf whispered the news of the bird home to little dancing Maple Seed. Now the nest was cozily lined with hair; now four blue eggs lay in it; now Mamma Robin stayed close at home and watched her treasures, and Papa Robin sang his *"Chip-chip-cheery!"*

One sunshiny morning,—wonder of wonders!—Maple Leaf fairly danced for joy as he told the crowning secret of all to little Maple Seed. Three little robins chirped away in the nest! Then what a hustling and a hurrying! Mamma and Papa Robin had a busy time keeping the hungry mouths filled with food.

Each day the baby robins grew strong and large, until the nest could hardly hold them. Said Mamma to Papa Robin: "To-morrow we must teach these little birds to fly." So when morning came, each little bird took his turn, and, hopping up on the edge of the nest, spread his wings and fluttered down to the grass beneath. Many an awkward tumble did they take before they could float gracefully through the air.

Maple Seed watched their progress with interest, and perhaps with a little envy. "Here are those little robins, not nearly so old as I am, and they can fly all about the field. They have pretty red breasts, while I have to wear this ugly green dress all the time. I have two thin, gauzy wings, but I 'm fastened to this one old branch, and so can't use them. I should like to know what use there is in having wings if you can't fly with them! I do wish I might fly."

Just then little Breeze, who was Maple Seed's best playmate, came hurrying by; and, in spite of her ill-humor, Maple Seed was so glad to see him that she danced about.

Breeze could not stop to play with her, for he had some dust to whirl down the street. But he heard some of her complaints and softly whispered as he passed by: "Just grow your best every day, and sometime, perhaps, you may have your wish."

Little Maple Seed was comforted by the words of Breeze and took in the warm rays of the sunshine and the tiny drops of dew, and grew until she seemed a perfect maple seed.

Day after day passed. Nearly all of her brother and sister maple seeds had gone, she knew not where; and, one by one, the maple leaves over her head had changed their green dresses for brilliant red and yellow ones.

By and by along came little Breeze and whispered to Maple Seed: "Something is going to happen to you to-day! Just lean on me and spread your wings, and I think you 'll have your wish at last."

Little Maple Seed trusted Breeze, and gladly let go the branch. Oh joy! She felt herself moving! Yes, really, truly she was flying at last! Out through the yellow sunlight and the pure air, away from the tree, till she felt too tired to go farther, and fell to the ground to rest. There, if you look, you'll find her—waiting for greater things to happen by and by.

STORY FOR FROEBEL'S PICTURE OF "THE FISHES."

By Sarah Holbrook Williams.

ONCE there lived a little fish in the water near the foot of those fresh green reeds which you see in the picture. His name was "Silvertail." Why do you think they called him that? Because he was a silver trout and his tail shone beautifully, like a silver half dollar, as he swam through the clear water.

Silvertail lived happily in the pool with his mother and his father, and his sisters, and his big brothers, and a great many other relatives. Of course the older fishes were much stronger than our little fish, and they could swim out into the swift part of the stream where it foamed and murmured over the rocks. And Silvertail waited and waited until he should be large enough to swim away too.

One day when he watched

> "the shining river
> Go winding in and out,
> And little fishes in it
> Were swimming all about,"

he thought to himself, "Silvertail, you are rather a big little fish, and I think you can swim where you choose." So he swam softly into the middle of the stream, first darting straight along, then making pretty curves, playing tag with his tail. Then he darted from left to right close to the bank, gliding in and out of those bright water-flowers you see there; and he saw the beautiful straight trees, and the tall white lily, and the blue sky, and the sunshine; and he was happy, diving often to the sand and pebbles, and rising again to the surface. Once when he arose, he found himself held in something that felt like a soft cradle,—only it was n't a cradle exactly, and when he wanted to swim out of it he found he could n't. Pretty soon he heard: "Oh, Lucy, I 've caught a beauty!" and Lucy answered: "Bring it right here, Harry, and he shall swim around in my apron." So Silvertail felt himself lifted out of the water and placed in Lucy's apron. And do you suppose that he did swim around in Lucy's apron? Why not? What do fishes like best of all to swim in? Water, of course.

Well, Lucy saw that something was the matter with Silvertail, and said: "Run, Harry, and fill the cup with water; then he will grow happy again." And all this time little Silvertail was flopping over and over in Lucy's apron, breathing hard; and he saw crooked trees and dark shadows, and a winding snake on the stalk of that beautiful lily, and he thought, "Oh, I wish I were swimming around at home!"

And what do you suppose Father and Mother Fish and the rest of the family were doing when they found

that Silvertail was lost? They swam 'round and 'round to find him. They swam quickly up the stream and back again, in and out of the reeds at the foot of the tall white lily. What do you think they saw as they came to the top? They, too, saw all the dark clouds and twisted branches of the trees, and they saw the winding snake round the white lily, and they were not happy. But saddest of all, they saw poor Silvertail flopping against Lucy's apron.

Soon Lucy thought she heard in soft and very polite but sorrowful tones: "Oh, won't you let Silvertail swim home?"

And what do you think Lucy did?

Yes, Lucy was a very good little girl. She thought a moment of her own mother, then of Silvertail's. Then she called out, "Harry, Silvertail is going to swim home!"

So he swam happily home, and the little song tells us how all his friends accompanied him.

SONG.

Gaily in the brooklet clear
Swim the fishes far and near,
Darting, floating, see them go,
Some so straight, some like a bow.

MOTHER'S GOLDEN THIMBLE.

By Martha Young.

DOC, and Amy, and Elise, and Willy-boy were all in great trouble. Doc, and Amy, and Elise, and Willy-boy all sat on the shady side of the coal-house in the back yard and talked their troubles over.

The Palma-Christi stalks grew close to the coal-house, and grew as tall, oh, taller than the coal-house; and the shadows of the great leaves of the Palma-Christi fell all around in the sunlight, like so many black stars.

Doc, and Amy, and Elise, and Willy-boy were always fond of sitting on the shady side of the coal-house and watching the black shadows of the Palma-Christi leaves twinkling on the ground like black stars. But they were all in too much trouble to look to-day at the dark star-shadows on the ground.

"I remember," said Doc, "that when the Perret children were over here last, I got It from Mother to play with. We played Thimble on the Green. I don't remember any more."

Doc, and Amy, and Elise, and Willy-boy all looked solemn, and thought over their troubles.

"I remember," said Amy; "I don't know what day it was, that I got It from Mother to draw scollops by on the apron Aunty is showing me how to buttonhole-edge for Mother's birthday present. I remember the monkey-and-organ-man came by then and I ran to the Green to see them. I did n't see my scolloping any more till I found it under the lilacs where Toto had dragged it in play. But Toto, although he is such a mischie-

vous dog, had n't torn the work any. I don't remember any more."

Doc, and Amy, and Elise, and Willy-boy all shook their heads solemnly. They were very much troubled.

"I remember," said Elise, "that when I had lost the gold-heart-bangle off my bracelet—my Christmas bracelet—I took It from Mother's basket and went to the gravel-walk where I thought I had lost my gold-heart-bangle, and I shut my eyes,—tight, —and I turned all round, and I said:

> "Gold, find gold!
> What I have let me hold!
> Gold, find gold!"

Then I threw It as far as I could! With my eyes shut,—tight. And sure enough when I opened my eyes there was my gold-heart-bangle right near where It had fallen on the gravel. I was *so* glad to see my gold-heart-bangle that I ran and picked up the gold-heart-bangle, I know;— but I don't remember any more."

At that Doc, and Amy, and Elise, and Willy-boy all looked more solemn than ever. "Oh, I know," said Elise, "that I have been worser than all!"

"I remember," said Willy-boy, "when I played I was a man-cook to he'p Aunt Chloe cook, I got It from Mother and cut weeny, teeny biscuits wif It. I don't remember any more."

"We have all done wrong," said Doc.

Doc had a right to speak first because he was the oldest. He was entirely ten; and Mother and Father both relied on him and called him just "Son."

Then Amy, and Elise, and Willy-boy all said: "Yes. We have all done wrong."

It was darning day and Mother's golden thimble was lost.

"We must all do something," said Doc, "because we are sorry, and because we don't want ever to be so careless with Mother's golden thimble again."

"I once saw a thimble-case at a ladies' bazaar," said Elise, "and it was made out of a white walnut shell."

"Oh!" said Amy.

"A walnut shell?" asked Doc.

"That's what she said," said Willy-boy.

"Let us try to make one," said Amy.

"I think I can tell exactly how," said Elise, who was just as anxious as could be that something should be done.

"Don't let Mother know until it is finished," said Doc; "then let us all look and look, till we find the thimble; then let us never lose it again."

"—If we can help it," said Amy.

"I will go to Aunty for a walnut," said Elise.

"Everybody must do something about making it," said Doc.

"Doc, you must split the shell carefully down the *seam* of it and divide it in two," said Elise, "and then there must be two holes in each half shell,—little round holes for a tiny ribbon to run in."

"Oh," said Doc, "I know how to make a round hole! We can burn the holes with a red-hot iron or wire."

"I 'll get a hat-pin from Aunty,"

said Elise, "and we can heat it at Aunt Chloe's ironing furnace. She is ironing to-day."

"And what can I do?" asked Amy.

"There is a tiny silk bag, to hold the thimble, made and fastened with the ribbon run through the holes,—fastened in to shut up between the shells," said Elise.

"Oh, I can make the tiny silk bag," said Amy.

"And what can I do?" asked Willy-boy.

"Somebody must eat the nut," said Elise. "Willy-boy, you can eat the nut."

So, when all was ready, Doc divided the shell carefully down the seam. Willy-boy ate the nut. Doc cut out all the inside bits of shell that had held the nut closely in place, and scraped the inside of the two half-shells almost as smooth as the outside. Amy had a bit of rose-pink-silk cut from the end of her prettiest ribbon sash; and while she sewed so carefully on the tiny silk bag, to fit between the two half-shells, Doc and Elise went to Aunt Chloe's ironing furnace to heat the hat-pin and burn the four small holes in the two halves of the shell.

Oh, that was careful work! The children had to be so careful not to crack the two half-shells. There was to be a hole in the top end of each half-shell, and a hole in the bottom end of each half-shell. Then when the four tiny holes were burned,—and not a crack in the two half-shells,—the tiny silk bag was finished, too.

Then a small rose-pink ribbon was fastened,—sewed fast with rose-pink silk-thread—to the bottom of the tiny silk bag. Then this ribbon was run, one end through the small hole in the bottom of one half-shell, and the other end through the hole in the bottom of the other half-shell. Then the two ribbon ends were tied first in a tight-and-fast knot, then again in a pretty bowknot.

Through the top of the tiny silk bag a double ribbon, arranged to slip-and-draw had been run; so that the double-ends of this slip-and-draw ribbon had only to be run, one double-end through each hole, in the top of each half-shell.

Then the thimble-case was finished; and it opened and shut on the rose-pink-slip-and-draw-ribbon most beautifully!

And when the four children went all to look for the golden thimble, where do you think they found it?

Pussy was playing with it in the corner of the dining-room. She was rolling it up and down on the matting, and tossing it up on her downy fore-paws. So the four children took the golden thimble from Pussy and put it in the thimble-case.

"Now," said Doc, "when people, grown people, band together to do anything, they call themselves a society, and they make themselves a name."

"Oh," said Amy, "we are banded together to be careful not to be careless with Mother's thimble any more, and to help her keep it safely so that she can always find it on darning day. We are a society and we must make ourselves a name."

"We are the Trusty Thimblers," said Elise.

So the Trusty Thimblers went, all four hand in hand, to Mother; and Willy-boy carried the thimble in the thimble-case, because he was the youngest. He was only three years old, but he had helped, too, for he had eaten the nut.

And was n't Mother surprised at the gift of the thimble-case! And was n't Mother *pleased* at the gift of the thimble-case!

The four Trusty Thimblers felt very proud indeed; and Doc said if Pussy helped to lose that golden thimble any more by playing with it and forgetting to put it back in the thimble-case,—why, she would have to be made a Trusty Thimbler also!

INTERLEAVES FOR THE MOTHER PLAY.

By Emilie Poulsson.

Under this heading will appear new versions of the Mother Plays, or songs and rhymes related to them.

The verses entitled The Fishes were written by a mother whose child has always had Froebel's Mother Play book in common use as a picture book.

Fishes at Play will suggest many different movements to children who know anything about fishes. When it is used as a circle game, let the "fishes" give themselves up to the activities while the children standing in a circle (thus outlining the "pond") sing the song. Any of our lively short meter tunes will furnish music which will serve for these words.

THE FISHES.

By Kate Whiting Patch.

See, within the water clear
Little fishes swim about;
In the shadow of the rock
Watch them darting in and out.

Some are very, very straight,
Like an arrow swift they go.
Others wiggle this way, that,
Often bended like a bow.

Could I catch a little fish?
Would he like to play out here
Where the grass is soft and thick
And the sun shines warm and clear?

No, the water is his home.
He is not a child like me;
He would only faint and die,
All his motion stilled, you see.

So I 'd rather let him stay
In his pleasant water home.
He is strong and happy there;
We upon the earth may roam.

FISHES AT PLAY.

Finger Play or Game.

By Emilie Poulsson.

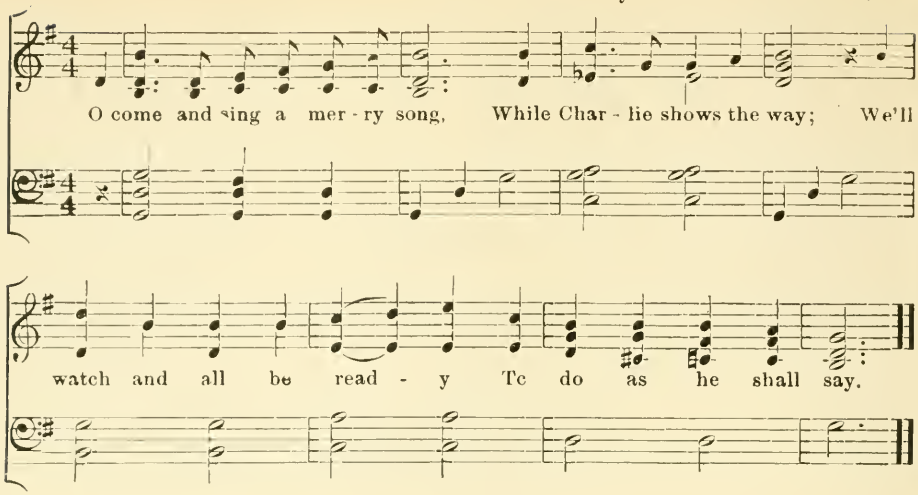
In the rippling water,
Clear and cool and bright,
Shiny little fishes
Frolic with delight.

Swimming through the ripples,
Diving down below,
Rising now, and sinking,—
Oh! how fast they go!

Now they chase each other,
Now they dash away.
Thus the little fishes
In the water play.

INTRODUCTION TO THE GAMES.

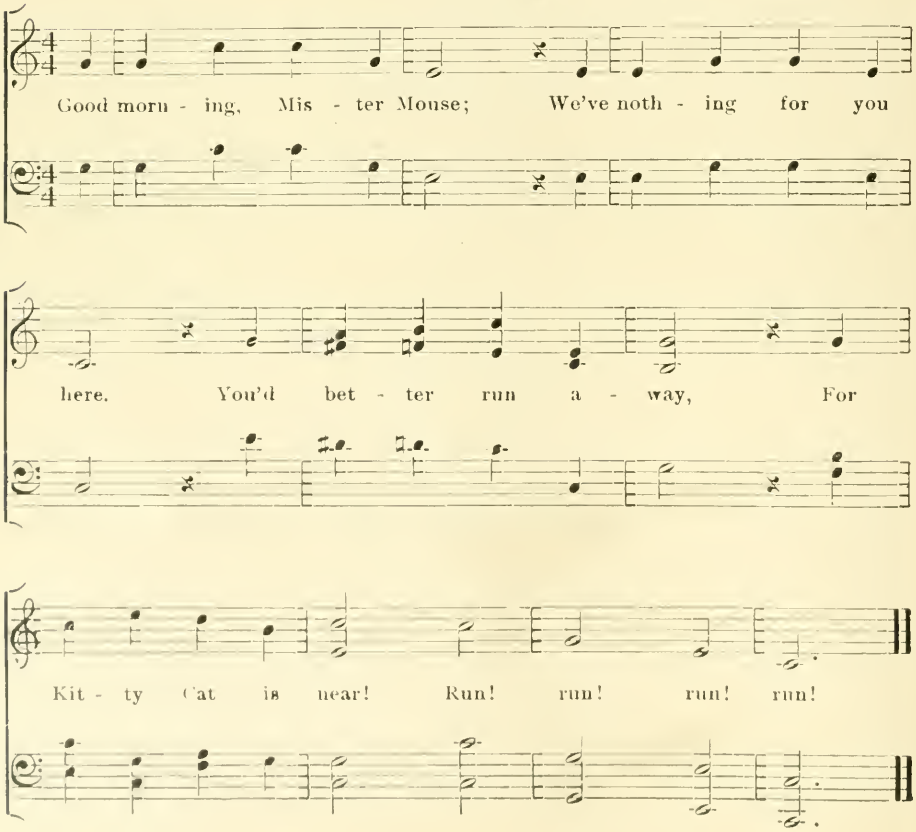
Words and Music by HELEN LOUISE GRAY.



MOUSE AND CAT.

A CHASING GAME.

Words and Music by HELEN E. G. KNIGHT.



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SEPTEMBER'S BUGLE CALL rings out over mountain, valley, and sea, and back from all come trooping to the schools great companies of sun-browned, gladsome boys and girls, and invigorated men and women,—the rank and file and the officers of a "regular army" whose conquests entail no bloodshed and the downfall of whose foe can be deplored by none. Established for the overcoming of ignorance, this vast army lends its aid in bringing about an "expansion" which cannot be caviled at,—an expansion, not over greater territory, but on toward a higher plane, through the elevation of the minds and characters of its citizens. The recruiting, maintenance, and training of this army make imperative demands upon us, one upon one class of individuals, another upon another, and thus we are all concerned. Upon the fullness and thoroughness with which these demands are met, depend largely our true glory as a people and the true prosperity of our beloved country.

THE UNIQUE and, as some considered it, romantic scheme of transporting nearly 1,500 Cuban teachers to the United States and providing a Summer school for them at Harvard, grew into a demonstrated and beautiful fact as the summer weeks went by. For six weeks, Cambridge, Mass., was thronged with these guests, who studied earnestly in the morning, went diligently on geographical or other instructive excursions in the afternoon, and danced with joy and *abandon* in the evening, thinking, until they were enlightened, that the dancing was an ordinary feature of our Summer schools.

Courses of instruction were offered in English, History of the Spanish Colonies in America, History of the United States, Physical Geography, Kindergarten and Sloyd; and there were also a few lectures on American Schools, Psychology, and Public Libraries. A visitor with any educational proclivities whatever found every class interesting; but a brief description of the kindergarten course is the most pertinent for these pages, so we will not linger even in one of

the English classes where we find a kindergartner, Miss Rachel King of New Haven, instructing, and the Cuban teachers composing and offering their original English sentences, such as: "The Cuban teachers wish to learn to speak English"; "The American public is very kind"; etc.

The course in Sloyd was given to men only; that in Kindergarten to women only.

Miss Laura Fisher, director of the Boston public kindergartens, gave the course in Kindergarten, devoting the first week to the Gifts, the second to the Occupations, and the remaining two weeks to the Mother Play.

The Cuban women were divided into four groups, and the lessons of the first group were repeated for the other three.

Much interest was manifested in the Gifts and Occupations, especially in doing something with them. The many inventions, particularly of forms of beauty with the Fourth Gift, testified to the aptness and inventiveness of the Cuban teachers, as their interested attention and their enthusiasm testified to the excellence of the teaching which they received. Sentence by sentence, first in English, then in Spanish, the lectures were given; and more than one of the American kindergartners present marveled at the skillful presentation of the familiar truths. They were given with such telling force, though so simply.

Lectures on the Mother Play with the plays left out, was by no means what the Cuban teachers had. Ten of the Boston kindergartners were Miss Fisher's *"ayudantes,"* and part of the assistance which they rendered was the singing of the Mother Play songs, both in English and Spanish, —the Cubans learning and singing the songs also. As the interest grew, a few devoted listeners joined the successive groups from day to day, for the sake of hearing the same lecture three or four times. More enjoyment was evidenced during the talks on the Gifts and Occupations; but the interest in the whole course was so strong, and the desire for more kindergarten lectures so outspoken, that Miss Fisher acceded to the request of the Harvard authorities and gave an extra week to the work.

The Cuban teachers have not only heard of kindergarten; under the guidance of one or another of Miss Fisher's assistants they have flocked in large numbers to a vacation kindergarten of Cambridge, where they have been quiet, pleased observers of all that went on.

When the Cuban teacher goes home, will she have only her memory of these kindergarten lessons to take with her? No, she will have a small manual, printed in both Spanish and

English, giving the basis of all these talks. She will have some pieces of kindergarten work, given for distribution by the kindergartners of Boston and vicinity; and, if she is a buyer of books, she can have, *in Spanish,* The Education of Man, Child and Child Nature, Leonard and Gertrude, How Gertrude Teaches her Children, Spencer's Education, Sully's Psychology, Taylor's Study of a Child, In the Child's World, and several other books.

Naturally, there was no idea, in providing this instruction in kindergarten, that it would do more than give the Cuban women enough knowledge of Froebel's system to make them desire more, to show them how the new education regards the child, and to prepare their "apperceptive centers," so to speak, in order that their minds may more readily receive whatever comes to them about kindergarten in future.

A French writer, describing the exhibits of the French primary schools at the Paris Exposition, touched upon the advance which had been made throughout France in the teaching of drawing. "Reproductions at sight of plaster models and real objects, in relief," he said, "have entirely superseded the servile copying of prints;" and he recommended other teachers to see for themselves the remarkable results obtained by those means, in all parts of the country; adding that it would make the teachers feel both happy and proud to do so. In a footnote appended to this statement, the editor of the journal, a leader in the French educational world, pays a warm tribute to the art methods pursued in this country in schools for little children, which may well make the American primary teachers feel happy and proud also. He says: "We advise them (the French teachers), however, to visit the foreign exhibits, and observe them with particular care, notably the exhibits from the United States; for in these will be found astonishing results obtained by a method much more bold and radical than our own. This method ought to be a French one, so well does it represent our traditional qualities. It gives to the child even in his first years at school, a quickness of perception, a correctness of observation, a certainty of touch and a feeling for the positions and relations of things such as is truly worthy of being called to the attention of our educators and school authorities."

Will contributors to Kindergarten Review, and publishers sending books for review, kindly notice editors' change of residence and address them hereafter at *Waban, Mass.*?

HOME OCCUPATIONS IN RELATION TO NATURE—I.

By Frederica Beard.

THE suggestions in these papers are not for experienced kindergartners, nor for mothers in touch with the work of the kindergarten or whose children attend kindergarten. None of these people needs them. But the writer knows a group of children whose double may be found in many suburbs or country towns (to say nothing of the larger cities) who do not or cannot go to kindergarten, who are surrounded by nature in its many forms yet are missing the opportunities of interest and occupation which are only waiting to be brought forward. It is for the mothers of such children that these suggestions are written.

Seeds. How strange it seemed the other day that in a place filled with oak trees, and where acorns lay scattered all about under the branches, many boys and girls of six and seven years saw with surprise, at Sunday-school, a sprouting acorn! Oh! if the fathers and mothers had seen the expression of wonder, approaching reverence, in the little faces, they would surely have been impressed. And yet they themselves, had they but known how, might years before have nourished, by such means, the spark of reverence in the little hearts! The kindergartner is surprised that this is left undone, but is reminded that "most mothers do not know how to work at these things" which seem to them to be "tricks of the trade." Yet the busiest mother wishes sometimes that she knew of a fresh interest for the eager little worker who cries for "something to do." She must give *some* time to the little one, and how shall she use this that the child may be employed at other times without her help?

The following suggestions should not be carried out in an arbitrary manner as to time and method. If the child's interest be awakened in an apparently incidental way a greater good will be accomplished. For this, and several reasons, it will be best to take that which is right near the child, it may be in his back yard. It will not be acorns for every one!

September,—what does it suggest? In nature the completion of the summer's work—a beginning of change and a preparation for it. Through the child's observations he may discover nature's care; *let* him discover it, by making a way for him to do so without directly talking to him about it. Much is said nowadays about the suggestive method. As the child observes and makes some discoveries, a suggestive act or word will often lead him to make more.

Have you a morning-glory vine, or wild cucumber, or some nasturtiums? Before you pull down the morning-

glory vine, look for some of the seed vessels and gather them. Taking one, tell your child that you have found something which the flowers left behind them when they went away; some tiny flower-babies hidden safely in these coverings. The little listener is all curiosity, and perhaps he wonders with you what the babies look like. Off comes the cover of the seed vessel which you hold (it may be that you will call this cover a "cradle," a "pocket," a "coat," or just a covering), and there are some tiny black seeds,—flower-babies, which are asleep now, but are to grow bigger and very different some day. The morning-glory seeds may then be laid safely away; and another day there will be the harder covering of the nasturtium seed to examine and open. If wild cucumber has been growing in the garden, there will be the green, sharp-pointed "cradles" to hunt for in the vine. One or two may be opened and the rest left on the vine that you and your child may watch them and see what will happen.

A place is needed for the different seeds found. You might say to the child, "Suppose we make a box with a place for each kind of seed." Let the child make this box, directed by you. Have a piece of manilla paper 8x4 inches, and simplify the following directions by explanation or by showing; fold paper in half, bringing two opposite edges together; open, and fold paper so that the other two edges will touch; open, and fold an edge to the center line; fold opposite edge to center line; fold two other edges in the same way; open, and the paper ought to show sixteen oblongs. At the short ends of paper make cut on each side-line to first cross-line; then paste to make a box, folding over and pasting the paper that is too deep, at each end. Cut three strips of paper 2½x1 inch; then turn in ¼ inch of paper at each end of strips, and paste same to side of box, so making three divisions. This box can also be used for a cupboard, if stood on end, and boxes of various sizes can be made on the same plan.

Has your child ever thought of cutting an apple for other purpose than that of eating? If he hears of a red house in which are five cradles, for sleeping babies, the apple will be invested with new interest when it is brought forth (having been hidden perhaps under an apron). When the seeds are lifted out (with the help of a penknife) let him take off the "babies' brown coats."

Again, most children are familiar with oats,—not as these grow in the field, but as they are fed to horses or eaten at the table. Surprise and wonder will probably be awakened, if *one* oat is examined and the discovery made that this "oat-baby" has two, sometimes three, "coats." If the children have not watched seeds grow in the summer, they will have to take the life-thought expressed in the term "babies" simply on faith, unless they can observe some change and growth; therefore an illustration of seed life may well be given even in the autumn. You can say: "Most seeds sleep through the winter and wait for the springtime,—do you know why? But, so as to see that seeds are

really living, we will keep a few oats in our warm home and watch for them to wake." Take a glass of water, put over it some cotton batting; on this sprinkle some oats, and set the glass in the sunshine. Let the child see what happens. Oats started in this way will send forth green shoots three or four inches high, and last a week or two. When they are gone, it is well to explain that to grow more they needed the food which the good brown earth gives the roots. If possible, show a sheaf of oats. Tell of the oats which are sown in the fields and which wait in the earth until spring comes, and then grow as tall as those in the sheaf. Tell also about the threshing and grinding. Of the oats which are not sown, some are eaten by horses and help to make them strong; some are given to the chickens; and some are made into oatmeal for people to eat. Your child will enjoy grinding oats into meal to be made later into a tiny dish of porridge. A coffee mill will serve for the grinding, to the great satisfaction of the little worker.

The grinding of the oats and the talks about oats as food should not come in connection with the references to the seeds as "babies." But children do not generally make such exact connections as adults, and gradually they must realize that much that grows—that has life—is used for food, and that thus the lower serves the higher. If your little one needs occupation, as you sit sewing, let him make pictures, on the blackboard, of the seeds and their homes.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 7–13, 1900.

THE N. E. A. Convention of 1900, in character and achievement, was one of the most harmonious and satisfactory in the history of the association. Owing to the natural tendency of people to seek cooler climes in the summer months, and also to the absence of most of the teachers and educational leaders of the South, the attendance was not as large as it has been at previous meetings since 1884. It is believed, however, that the Charleston meeting has given additional emphasis to the importance of education from a national standpoint, and that it has probably done more than any meeting of the past to create a warm feeling of national unity and brotherhood.

"There is no North, no South, no East, no West; it is all one glorious, beautiful country," said one of the speakers in the opening meeting of the Convention; and while the splendid band of the First Artillery played first "Dixie" and then "Yankee

Doodle," and the assembled people stood up and cheered and waved handkerchiefs and hats, it seemed as though truth must be in the statement. "It is significant," said another speaker, "that the first great national gathering to be held in Charleston since the war, should be that of the National Educational Association—an association whose sole aim is the elevation of character, the exaltation and glory of our national life. How beautiful is the thought, also, that the childhood of the nation should be the mystic power that has drawn us together."

Thomson Auditorium, where the general sessions were held, was built originally for the Confederate Reunion of 1899, for which some 25,000 visitors came to Charleston; the accommodations were thus quite ample for the educators.

The Auditorium was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The stage was a great bower of red, white and blue, and at every point of vantage a large United States flag was artistically draped. A stand of colors occupied the immediate center of the stage, with a spread eagle holding the staffs.

Along the galleries were hung the flags and coats of arms of every state in the Union, each flag being directly over the space allotted to the state which it represented.

The various headquarters were at the Charleston Hotel, and many of these were beautifully and elaborately decorated.

The committee in charge of the Florida headquarters had arranged the room in a strikingly artistic manner, using palms, ferns, growing pineapples, flowers, and pictures in profusion. A white silk flag, on which was painted the coat-of-arms of Florida, greeted the eye on entering; and an immense colored photograph of Stetson University, one of Florida's leading colleges, and a large portrait of the state superintendent of schools, were also prominent. A committee of ladies served iced lemonade, made from Florida lemons. Energetic Tampa sent a fine display, which occupied one whole side of the room, and included a mammoth tarpon,—so huge that the visitors could scarcely believe it to be the reality it was.

The people of Charleston were hospitable, kind, courteous and generous in the extreme. Many attractions were provided for the visitors. There was an open air concert, a yacht race, and several excursions to various points of historic interest in and about the city.

An insight was given into the life of the South, and many of the guests return home heartily appreciative of those peculiarities which give this old town its unique charm of simplicity and grace. Several receptions were held; perhaps none more delightful than that which the South Carolina Kindergarten Association gave to the visiting kindergartners on the College campus, Tuesday afternoon.

The grand old elms made the campus shady and pleasant, and the fine breeze rendered fans entirely unnecessary. The ladies of the state who are interested in kindergarten work were hostesses, and their guests

included not only the kindergartners of many states, but a great number of friends and well-wishers. Ices and other light refreshments were served during the afternoon. Pinehurst tea, from Dr. Shepard's tea farm, Summerville, was one of the features of the list of dainties.

The First Artillery Band, Professor Koitzsch, director, gave a delightful concert. The program was well chosen and the music thoroughly enjoyed.

DEPARTMENT OF KINDERGARTEN EDUCATION.

The meetings of this department were held in Hibernian Hall, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, July 11 and 12. The president, Mrs. Maria Kraus-Boelte of New York city, presided, and more than ordinary interest was manifested in the proceedings by those in attendance.

Wednesday Afternoon.

The session opened with a solo by Miss Harriet Kersaw. Mrs. Kraus-Boelte then introduced President D. B. Johnson of Winthrop College, who delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the state. Mr. Johnson said:—

"I feel honored in being assigned the pleasant duty of welcoming this national body of kindergartners on behalf of the State of South Carolina. No more important meetings have been or will be held during this great gathering of the teachers of the United States than those of this department. As the foundation determines the strength, the extent, the form, the stability, the beauty of the building, so the work of the kindergartner determines the breadth, the height, the soundness, the scope, the effectiveness of the education of the boy and the girl. * * * * The Froebelian philosophy is altogether opposed to the idea that early growth must be wild, haphazard, undirected, in order to be natural. I am glad to know that it agrees with the good old teaching of the Book of books, that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' "

"The kindergarten idea is the basis of our national life, as Hamilton W. Mabie so clearly shows in a recent article in KINDERGARTEN REVIEW. Mr. Mabie well says: 'Froebel, almost alone among educators, saw that education is a creative process. He aimed definitely to put into the expanding life of the child those ideas which, placing the child in fruitful relations with society and nature, should bear the fruit of philosophy, religion, art and institutional life. * * * * Growth by putting a man in such natural relations that his personality finds the freest expression is the essence and the justification of democracy. The American political system is at heart a magnificent kindergarten.' I have shown my faith in the kindergarten by works. We have established at the college of which I am president a kindergarten department, skillfully presided over, I am happy to say, by a distinguished vice-president of this association. * * * * I welcome you most cordially to the State of South Carolina, and hope and believe that your meeting

here will speed the day when the kindergarten will be welcomed in all the communities of the state, and its great educational truths and principles will permeate the homes and hearts of the people of the state to the uplifting of all its educational interests, and enterprises of all kinds for the betterment of humanity."

Dr. Frank Frost gave the welcome from the city in one of those humorous addresses which afford a pleasant variety among the many of a serious character on such occasions and carry a refreshing whiff of fun to the listeners.

Superintendent Henry P. Archer extended a hearty welcome in behalf of the city schools; and Mrs. W. B. S. Heyward, speaking for the South Carolina Kindergarten Association, said:—

"It is my pleasant privilege to add a few words of special rejoicing and welcome from the South Carolina Kindergarten Association. Organized comparatively recently, boasting not more than about sixty members, with scant means, and meeting, as yet, with but little general sympathy and interest, these workers are yet stout of heart, and through their efforts a training school and a free kindergarten are maintained, and a monthly journal published.

"Your coming inspires hope in us and strengthens our faith, for we hope confidently for a great quickening of the public understanding of this great work through your proceedings.

"Many of our members greet you as fellow kindergartners. Others of us, mothers, guardians and friends of childhood, greet you with the cry of the Macedonians: 'Come over and help us!' Help us to study and understand our children aright. Help us to be skillful gardeners among the tender human plants; to give them the sunshine of love and the watering and enriching of wisdom; to prune away wild growths with judicious correction, and to place strong props for weak tendrils to cling to, so that fairer blooms and more perfect fruit may enrich and gladden the world.

"And so I add, with earnest sincerity, our very hearty welcome to Charleston."

To these addresses of welcome Madame Kraus-Boelte responded most pleasantly, alluding to the delightful weather encountered and to the hospitality that had been tendered by the people of Charleston. Before giving her address she referred to her life as a pupil of Frau Froebel, forty years ago, also to the introduction of the kindergarten into America. Mrs. Kraus has always taken a great interest in the work of the association and her words received the careful attention of the audience. Part of her address was as follows:—

The true aim of education is to meet as far as possible all the natural inclinations of a child's mind, and, through these inclinations, to offer opportunities and aid for the proper cultivation and growth of body and mind. The Creator has endowed children with these inclinations as a means of assistance, somewhat as He

has placed within the seed the substance for the formation of rootlet and sprout. These inclinations or tendencies, in the child as in the seed, are but the development of the life within (what is not existent within cannot be developed, neither from the child nor the seed); and the repression of any of the natural inclinations of a healthy mind will tend to dwarf the same, or to warp it out of its own individuality. * * * *

The aim of all true teaching should be to increase the pupil's fund of power and not to assist him merely in scrambling over present difficulties. Making one difficulty the means of conquest over the next is helping the child to help himself. * * * *

The kindergarten must be counted among the most valuable acquisitions of the present age, though to expect the universal improvement of the world from this institution alone would be folly. The salvation of the world does not depend upon one truth, one thought, or one act. If a new spirit is to arise in the human being himself, then a new inspiration must penetrate the atmosphere of life in every direction. If a new thought is to ripen new fruits in the field of education, it must not only embrace the first stage of life, but it must take in the whole season of youth, transforming all it touches.

Thus Froebel's thought must live and thrive as well in the family and the school as in the kindergarten, and then only shall we be able to speak of true educational improvement.

Rousseau was obliged to vindicate the rights of the individual as such, as also the ill-understood rights of nature.

Fichte had to combat the too inflexible self-regard of degenerate individualism, and therefore made prominent the social side, *i. e.*, education in and for the whole community.

Pestalozzi took up the interest of the oppressed, and, from the education of those who were quite neglected, laid the foundation of the modern education of the people and opposed object-teaching to the prevalent abstract method of instruction.

Froebel combined all these points, and would equally regard the individual and the social man, and give the family and the life outside the family the same educating influence, making both of these factors of human life work upon childhood from the beginning.

For his assistants, he calls upon the female sex to learn the art and science of this calling, which has been peculiarly assigned to women.

In his view, "the renovated and sanctified family" is the beginning of the renewal of society, because the family is the "elementary link" of Community, Church, and State.

The latest pedagogical reformers have all tried to introduce an education for work, or, at least, to use work as an assistant in education. Pestalozzi, Fourier, Fellenberg, Lancaster, Owen, etc., have declared learning and working, intellectual and bodily exercises, to be indispensable for childhood and youth, and have introduced them into their educational institutions. These institutions and all those developed accord-

ing to their pattern, in which field and garden culture, handicraft of all kinds, and bodily exercises have alternated with instruction, have never been estimated in their whole importance. If the good accomplished by them had been sufficiently recognized they would have been more widely spread. However, in those institutions, bodily and mechanical labor alternated with instruction, but they were not *means* of instruction, as is the case in Froebel's methods.

In the kindergarten, according to Froebel, the work is transformed in such a manner that it may give intellectual as well as mechanical discipline, that it may become part of instruction in the full sense of the word, and consequently unite intellectual and bodily training. At no time should the bodily and intellectual powers be put into activity separately. The soul of the young child should develop in and with the organs. * * * *

A critic as unsentimental as Herbert Spencer lays down the law that all education, in so far as it is true, tends to become play. He tests all methods by this criterion: Is it task-work, or is it to the child as good as play?

It is our ignorance of child-nature, our poverty of invention, our mechanicalness of method, which leave learning mere work. There is nothing incompatible between the merry play of the nursery and the school into which we would turn the child. Leaving to the children their free, spontaneous, natural impulses of playfulness, we may then lead these impulses up into a system which shall, with benign subtlety, unwittingly to the children, train them into the most valuable of powers, fashion them into the most precious of habits, open within them the deepest springs of eternal life. Only, for this finest and divinest of pedagogics we must, as the greatest of teachers has taught us, get low down to the plane of the little ones, and ourselves become as children, that we may enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Mrs. Clarence E. Meleney, of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave an address entitled,

A MOTHER'S ADVICE TO KINDERGARTNERS.

in which, after a modest and engaging preface, she made the following points:—

I. In some form every woman is destined to come in contact with childhood; why then should not every young woman prepare herself to perform her womanly duties as mother, teacher, or worker in the many social activities which demand a love for and sympathy with growing children? You will recall, perhaps, the story of Maria Mitchell. Born with a love for the children of the heavens, the stars, she had no thought of turning her attention to the children of men until she was sought out, because of her wide reading, to conduct the Public Library of her island home. This she did with such rare wisdom that the cultured life of Nantucket to-day may be traced to her work among the children so many years ago. The true maternal instinct which often, as with her, only needs

to be called forth, lies at the foundation of all successful work with little children.

The tendency of the kindergarten training is to develop motherliness, to transform the natural affection which the young woman may have for special children into a universal love for childhood. The kindergarten course trains her to meet the poor little distorted life with the same loving sympathy that she bestows upon more fortunate childhood. It demands from her earnest thought and study, yet it develops in her that playful spirit which is essential in gaining the confidence of the little child. * * * *

At a recent kindergarten commencement, an earnest young woman who addressed the honored teacher of the class said: "You have made us conscious of powers within us that we did not know we possessed." * *

II. As the kindergartner enters upon her work, it should be to her as a life work. The experiences she gains will be of untold value, if she learns to gather them up from day to day, and tries to organize them and observe how they illustrate or prove well-established educational laws. She should compare her experiences with those of other teachers in elementary work, counting it a privilege to be in touch with those who will train the children from the kindergarten on through the school. She should seek friendly advice; take kindly criticism from those in authority; show that in the period of transition from the home to the school she can lead the children in wholesome, well organized work and play. She must prove the value of her work in the general plan of education, making a study, as far as possible, of the work that precedes and follows her own.

III. The relation between the kindergartner and child should in a measure resemble the relation between the mother and child. * * * * The child should not feel for a single moment that he is being studied, analyzed, questioned, to find out what is within his mind. The little child should not be made to feel that he has defects which the kindergarten is seeking to remedy, or virtues which are to be nurtured. He should be taken as a *whole,* with whatever of good or evil there is in him, *appreciated, loved.* * * * *

In a tender, noble, womanly way the kindergartner may help the child to understand the experiences which come to him from day to day. We cannot bring the child in touch with all the typical experiences of life during the kindergarten age, nor can we bring to fruition every virtue. * * * * I fear we sometimes fail to realize how small the beginning must be, and too soon look for results in our work with the children. We want to hurry them on to things beyond their circle of thought and experience. * * * * In a recent visit to a kindergarten, where many of the larger children were absent, the little tots attempted to carry out the Blacksmith game, but were utterly at a loss because of the mass of detail which it involved. At another kindergarten, I was delighted to see

that the smaller children were given an opportunity to play in a circle by themselves, the games being simple and within their understanding. It was interesting to watch their faces as they entered into the spirit of the play;—this they could thoroughly do, since nothing was attempted which was beyond their circle of experience.

As the child grows, he is able to pass on to wider circles of thought. If he comes to the kindergarten at work or play suited to the child of five years he should not be given the three years of age. He is physically stronger, more mature, and should receive work suited to his larger capacity. * * * * The wise kindergartner and mother are quick to detect when the child is ready to pass from one stage to another, but are slow to force development.

We should think carefully before forcing the spirit of the age of *chivalry* upon the children before they are capable of understanding it. Knighthood is something quite remote from the very little child. Most people who have lived with growing children and observed them closely, find that this experience is best understood, because of some inward impulse, when the boy is ten or twelve years old. * * * * May we not leave, then, the stories of knightly adventure to their proper place in the child's development, and not introduce, into the kindergarten, games which will cause the little children to stand with wondering eyes while knightly exploits are enacted before them? The primitive life of the Indian so wonderfully pictured by Longfellow in his "Hiawatha," should be given *when the children are able to receive it in the beautiful language which has made it classic.* History stories should be left to the school, so that the teacher may present them with some degree of freshness and in relation to other events. * * * *

IV. In the few minutes remaining, I must speak briefly of the relation which the kindergartner bears to the parents of her children. In seeking to know the individual needs of the children she naturally turns to the home and the mother of each child. She finds much to encourage and much to depress her as she comes to know the home-life and the care the children receive in the home. The conditions are so varied that she wonders where she may meet the mothers on common ground. Each mother should be cordially welcomed to the kindergarten, her confidence should be won, her co-operation secured. She must feel that the kindergartner has the welfare of her child at heart. * * * * Colonel Parker said, in a recent address, that at present "The child lives two lives, has two streams of thought; one arising in the home, the other in the school. These two streams should be made one." Intelligent mothers realize this, and make every effort to have the home-life harmonize with the kindergarten. These mothers will be deeply interested in the principles which underlie kindergarten work and method. But how are the unintelligent mothers who are found in our densely populated centers to be

reached? To gain the co-operation of these women demands wise forethought and broad sympathy with the mass of humanity. The kindergartner cannot hold herself aloof in any way as she goes in and out among these people. They are quick to detect a spirit of condescension, and they are quick to respond to womanly courtesy. As the kindergartner meets these mothers in weekly or monthly meetings, her spirit should be cordial and inspiring. Beginning in a simple way, she may lead them to understand what she is trying to do for their children. It is not necessary or wise to attempt to teach unintelligent mothers the philosophy of the kindergarten. * * * *

To sum up these words of a kindergarten mother to her co-workers:—

I. Let me urge young women to take the kindergarten training as a preparation for womanly duties.

II. When trained, realize that you have entered upon a life work which should broaden with the passing years and harmonize with the entire educational course.

III. Let your spirit toward the child be tender, noble, womanly, appreciative.

IV. Take into your confidence and call to your help the parents of the children you are so earnestly trying to nurture.

At the close of this address the following committees were announced: *Nominations:* Miss Mary C. McCulloch, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Clarence E. Meleney, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Harriet Niel, Washington, D. C. *Resolutions:* Miss Emma A. Newman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Evelyn Waldo, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. O. B. Chittenden, Omaha, Neb.

"The Need of Kindergartens in the South," was the subject of a very able paper read by Philander P. Claxton, professor of pedagogy, State Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro, N. C. (This paper will appear in the October number of REVIEW.)

Miss Harriet Niel, director of the Phebe A. Hearst Kindergarten Training School, Washington, D. C., considered "The Kindergarten Gifts and Occupations and their Educational Value," proffering her paper as "A Fragment" only.

THE KINDERGARTEN GIFTS.

"THE latest gospel of this world is, Know thy work and do it."

"Man is blessed with struggle and labor, and God-endowed with capacity to win."

It has become in our kindergarten parlance a truism that we learn by doing. We need to remind ourselves that we learn, too, by intuition, hope and fear, by failure, faith and love. We need the critic to remind us that we learn by questioning and by seeing. * * * *

May I therefore remind you of a few of the great thoughts which were in Froebel's mind when he planned the kindergarten Gifts? and of his claim for them, which is no humble one?

Froebel declares their purpose to be to satisfy "not only the needs of childhood but of youth," "of educator and pupil." Their aim is "human

cultivation," both as individual and as social whole, "as member of a family, of a nation, of humanity."

Again, their aim is "to foster independent action," to foster "the anticipation, recognition and, finally, the comprehension of the inner coherence of material things and of the phenomena of life, and also of the oneness of material and spiritual worlds and of the increasing similarity of their laws." Furthermore, he claims that his instrumentalities "will especially state the clearly formed truths of nature and life obviously contained therein, for the purpose of self-discovery, self-observation, self-development." Nor is there omitted the express statement that they contemplate "satisfying the needs and requirements of the present stage of human development."

"Here will be presented," says Froebel, "in conformity with each line of culture, comprehensive summaries of all parts which belong together and of the relatively higher unities and the highest unity of all these parts. The purpose of these summaries is that the human being may be led from the visible and external to the invisible and internal, from *appearance* to *true being;* and, thus led into himself, may also be led to God. Thus man may clearly be shown to man in his nature, in his unfolding, and in his relation to totality * * * * and so there may come to man in all the relations of life, unity, clearness, * * * * insight, and therefore joyousness, peace, and freedom."

Truly these are claims of a man not afraid to "hitch his wagon to a star."

Our practice with the Gifts emphasizes the fact that nature and man's work show a preference for certain fixed forms,—as, spheres, cubes, and cylinders; and we proceed to induce children to repeat such sentences as:

Apples are round like the sphere.

Tree trunks are round like the cylinder.

Bureaus and houses have flat faces, like the cube, etc.

We count faces, corners, and edges, and vainly fancy we are giving the child a sufficient clew to nature; but, if we stop on the plane of thought which these examples indicate, are we giving the child in the kindergarten or the student in the training class any intimation of one of the greatest truths declared in our own day—of nature as a colossal process of becoming?

The type aspect of the Gifts, as crudely conceived, shows nature only as a collection of fixed forms. But the truth about nature is that she is not static,—a *congeries* of forms and colors and magnitudes,—but that a persistent energy is working back of appearance, producing all phenomena.

The truth about Froebel's Gifts, as interpreters of nature, is not alone that as types they stand for particular things or classes of things, but that they furthermore intimate, through their succession, nature's ascending manifestations. A new exploiting of Froebel's Second Gift has revealed its possibility of bringing to the ex-

perience of little children illustrations of this evolutionary characteristic of nature. * * * * May I briefly illustrate by the twirling exercises, and the cuttings suggested by Froebel for the extended Second Gift?

1. The sphere, cut by its three dimensions, produces the forerunner of the cube. The cube in static form is produced by getting to the center of the sphere itself; in other words, the sphere contains potentially its own opposite.

2. The cube thus produced, by twirling—that is, revolving on one of its three axes—reveals in shadowy form, its antecedent, the round; and it also supplies, by the different velocities at which it moves, a great many shadowy forms intermediate between these extremes. The child can behold the merging of one form into another and the final restoration of the original cube, when the motion ceases. Such exercises call upon him, "to make a distinction between the thing or being and its appearance, and thus to protect himself from delusion."

3. Froebel's fourteen forms crystallize the passing ones hinted by the twirling.

4. Miscellaneous forms. [Miss Niel told how they had been used in her kindergarten during the past year.]

5. Miss Glidden's three circles at right angles. Structure of sphere. Inner workings seen by looking through.

6. Nested balls, nested cubes, nested cylinders, which bring to the child's experience the fact that the essential thing in these forms is not dependent upon the accident of size.

All these and similar exercises are an approach to the grasp, not of form alone, as our practice too frequently distorts the intention, but of the evolutionary process of "formation."

What interests the child in these twirling and subdividing exercises as well as in the jointed slats and thread games, is just this transformation, taking place before his very eyes and at his own command. One of the deepest mysteries of our unfathomed nature is that *we persist* through all our varying caprices, moods, and tenses.

Critics of Froebel's school of drawing fail to discover that in this occupation he is trying to show how the simple element, one straight line, multiplied and varied in the two predicates of length and inclination, will afford illustration of a complex and varied whole's resulting from this simplest element; and how from this simple line itself, points are offered in common with a curved line, its own opposite. Recall cobweb figure of the drawing. * * * *

We have kept our experiences and exercises with children too fixed, not fluid; and so have given a bias toward a one-sided view of even nature. We have not built enough on, or thought enough on, or planned exercises enough on, the interesting and suggestive twirlings, analyses, and reconstructions of the total Second Gift, which projects the whole tour of the Gifts.

We, ourselves, have not understood what Froebel means by a simple and a complex unity as related to the sphere and back to the sphere itself again. We conceive the simple unity to be epitomized in the First Gift, the complex unity in the Sixth or some succeeding Gift.

Froebel meant the child, in the nursery and early kindergarten experience, to have the ball given him; that he should freely play with it, as he needs no urging to do; that in his play he should get clearer and clearer perceptions of its representative character (through its hopping like a bird, etc.), and of its movement in typical directions (up, down, right and left, round and round, and then round its own axis); but that these directions which the ball travels on an outward track, so to speak, should later be discovered *in* the ball itself, as I tried to show a few moments ago in the divided sphere. The child's desire to get to the heart of things is not restricted to the Third Gift, but is carried back to his first plaything as well; and, either in the kindergarten or the connecting class, the ball, which he received primarily as a free gift, he shall possess ultimately by conquest. Finally the child is to make in clay or cardboard these same Gifts. * * * *

Children should have repeated experiences of making inside outside—turning pockets inside out, cutting apples and oranges, etc.—and discovering the formation there. You will remember that just this reversal of making the inner outer, characterizes the method of Froebel's drawing, as it does also all investigation. Froebel points out that the botanist must get to the heart of his tree or flower to approach its deepest secret, and that the hammer of the geologist is indispensable to his study.

But this aspect of the Gifts, as offering means for the interpretation of nature, is not the only one in the plan of their projector. Froebel also marshals his forces around that nature which education contemplates, —human nature, the nature of mind. * * * *

In one place he declares the goal of his instrumentalities to be "self-discovery, self-cultivation, self-determination, clearness, insight, peace, and freedom," bestowed as dower by the institutions of men, and won as possessions by individual man.

Is his claim too much? Has he aimed higher than his arrow has struck? Are our sympathies with the cat or with the bird in Dr. Raymond's clever little poem?—

FELIS AGNOSTICA.

Said the cat to the bird:
"Those things on your back are absurd!
Why don't you cast them free,
And walk about like me?"
Said the bird to the cat:
"Don't be so sure of that.
You would more wisely not
Despise what you have n't got!
Those things
Are wings."

"I know what legs are worth
To walk upon the earth;
And I, whene'er I choose,
My legs like you can use.
We both tread earth; but I,
Whenever I choose to fly,

Command both earth and sky."
Then away the bird flew
And the cat cried "Mew!
How do I know it 's true?

"That 's always the way, I find,
With folks of a fanciful mind.
If you try to set them right,
They defy your logic quite,
And go somewhere out of sight!
Now what sort of proof is that,—
To a cat?"

Froebel's great aim,—to give men themselves,—runs through every instrumentality which he fashioned. The Mother Play is undoubtedly the apex of its attainment; but the Gifts and Occupations are in the series, too, and aim at the same goal. * * * *

To be convinced that, in the plan of Froebel, human nature or mind was the dominant thought, one need only read the first few pages of his chapter on the Gifts and Occupations, to which I refer you. He begins with not a word specifically about the Gifts and Occupations, nor does he mention them in the first six pages of the forty-one. He rings out a clear note at once on the threefold nature of man and his threefold relationships. The illustrations which follow emphasize the mother's mediatorial services, and culminate in the child's own nature as mediator. All this is, of course, introductory to the mediatorial aspect of Froebel's Gifts.

Reflecting on the nature of man, can we escape seeing his life work to be a bridging of the chasms between his own potential and his actual self, between himself as individual and his larger self as social whole, between himself as spirit and a universe of phenomena which can be mastered only by spiritual interpretation, between himself as an unconscious and himself as a progressively conscious being?

The mastery of technique in Froebel's Gifts and Occupations is very little; but that through the *use* of them there begins to emerge the power to transform, to reflect, to interpret—*that* is everything.

A little boy in a kindergarten said not long ago, after looking at the sphere, "Why, it has so many corners, it has n't any." Not a bad preparation for Harvard's accepted definition of a circle as "a polygon of an infinite number of sides!"

The Gifts hint in wood, etc.—in stuff—what the parable sets forth in word.

Froebel, you remember, has a great deal to say of the parable—in work of the transition class; and the innate transmuting power of the mind readily makes the transfer of meaning implied.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" "A sower went forth to sow his seed." "I am the vine; ye are the branches." None of these have failed of their aim, which certainly was mediatorial between the hints of nature and the truths of character. I once heard education defined as "the giving of life *from* the living, *through* the living, *to* the living." * * * *

No education is vital which does not coincide with the main issues and interests of individual and community life,—indeed, with the ascent of human history. Has that not been

a spectacle of man's coming to *know* and to *own* himself? There is no possession to which the child has so inalienable a right as to self-possession. There is no possession to which the adult would consent to receive so poor a title as most of us hold to our own self-possession. * * * *

The stuff we are working *on* is human souls. The stuff we are working *with*, in the last analysis, is not wood nor clay nor paper nor wool; not even sunshine and sky and flower and art, but our own defective, hungering, individual souls. What gifts of the spirit are ours to bestow? What waters of life can we set a-flowing, in our few short months of influence, in the children, in the students, in the homes? Have we not need of self-refreshment? Do we not need to keep in the company of the great, to be reassured and re-accoutred for our work? Not the doing only, but the doing and the seeing, the questioning and the answering, will equip a teacher. Listen to the testimony of the great race teacher, Dante:

"The greatest gift which, in his largess, God
Creating made, and unto his own goodness
Nearest conformed, and that which he doth prize
Most highly, is freedom of the will
Wherewith the creatures of intelligence
Both all and only are endowed."

and again, listen when he, the poet of the 13th century, hears realized what Froebel the educator of the 19th century hoped to minister to:

"Free and upright is thy free will.
Thee o'er thyself, I therefore crown and mitre."

Can the 20th century teacher, in a country committed to individual free will and self-government, have a higher incentive for the contribution of her mite? Can she fail to realize the glory, the privilege, and the responsibility of her vocation?

Thursday Afternoon.

Miss Mary C. McCulloch, supervisor of public school kindergartens, St. Louis, Mo., was introduced as the first speaker of the afternoon. She gave a strong and able address on "Froebel's Mother and Cosseting Songs, with Practical Illustrations."

Miss Emma A. Newman, Teachers' Training School, Buffalo, N. Y., presented a paper on "The Kindergarten and the Primary School in their Relation to the Child and to Each Other." This paper appears elsewhere in this number.*

Mr. W. H. Jones of the Barnwell Graded School, discussed Miss Newman's paper. He said:—

"The South is slow to change the ways of generations, but when once she espouses a cause she is a champion indeed. In educational matters we walked for many years, Chinese-like, in the paths of our ancestors. Scarcely more than ten years ago the great revival of learning began with us. With it came the kindergarten; and seeing the latter's inestimable importance and beneficial relation to the public school, we were not slow to adopt it.

"Its growth has been rapid, I might say phenomenal; and its hearty

* Page 5.

reception by our people is a pleasing testimony to its worth. The kindergarten, having found a permanent place in all of our cities and in hundreds of our towns, and a large number of training schools having been established, we may now safely say that its future as a part of our educational system is assured.

"Until within the last few years, owing to the difficulty of getting school boards to make appropriations for their maintenance, all, or nearly all, of the kindergartens that were established have been supported by private means.

"The public schools have received the children trained in private kindergartens and it has been evident that they are capable of doing better work than those who have not had the advantage of such training. In fact, the results have been so generally recognized as beneficial that in many places the kindergarten has been given a permanent place in the public schools, where, indeed, it properly belongs.

"It is true that the kindergarten has been regarded with no small degree of suspicion. In some sections it has been treated with scorn and in others with contempt. Withal, there has been a vast deal of ignorance concerning its purpose; to illustrate which I shall mention an incident that happened in Virginia several years ago. At that time I was principal of a school in the southwestern part of that state. After much persuasion I had induced the school board to employ a kindergartner. While the matter was under discussion, a good patron, who was an ardent Democrat, came to me and seriously declared that, while he was a good friend of mine, he would be obliged to keep his children from school if we established a McKinley-garten.

"This kindergarten, the first in Southwest Virginia, was the precursor of many others that were established in neighboring towns. We may safely say that the kindergarten has passed its infancy and is now in a vigorous, growing condition. Its future in the South depends on the mothers, whom Froebel regarded as his natural allies, and I for one feel that it is in safe hands."

Miss Mari Ruef Hofer, Chicago, Ill., owing to the delay of trains, was unable to reach the meeting in time to present her paper on "The Educational Use of Music for Children under the Age of Seven Years." We are glad that it is possible for us to give this interesting paper to our readers in the earlier part of this number.*

Professor Dudley R. Cowles of Williamsburg, Va., president of the Virginia League of Teachers, was called upon, and offered valuable suggestions for the continuation of the kindergarten work. His remarks brought forth hearty applause. There was a general discussion of various features of kindergarten work, which was participated in by different members; and then came the reading of the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

* Page 15.

Whereas, the Kindergarten Department of the National Educational Association is deeply sensible that the success of every meeting is largely due to the arrangements made by those in charge of the preparation for its reception and comfort, therefore be it

Resolved: That this department desires to express its deep appreciation of the cordial welcome and great courtesy extended to its members, and particularly to thank the Local Executive Committee, Mr. W. H. Welch, Chairman; the Local Kindergarten Organization, Miss Sophie G. Rose, Chairman; the South Carolina Kindergarten Association, Mrs. W. B. S. Heyward, President; the Press of the city; the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly placed their musical talent at its service; and all those who so generously contributed time and effort to render this meeting a memorable one in the history of the Kindergarten Department of the National Educational Association.

Resolved: That a sense of our sincere regret be recorded and extended to Miss Anna Stovall, Superintendent of the Golden Gate Kindergartens, Cal., and to Miss Ella C. Elder, Supervisor of the Free Kindergartens of Buffalo, N. Y., whose circumstances rendered it necessary for them to resign from their positions as Vice-President and Secretary of this Department.

Resolved: That our sincerest sympathy be extended to Miss Minnie Maefeat, of Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C., Vice-President of the Department, whose illness prevented her attendance at the meetings.

Resolved: That a sense of our great appreciation of her efficient services be tendered Miss Evelyn Holmes, director of the Kindergarten Training School, Charleston, S. C., as Secretary of the Department.

Officers for the year were elected as follows: *President*, Miss Evelyn Holmes, Charleston, S. C.; *Vice-president*, Miss Anna Williams, Philadelphia, Pa.; *Secretary*, Miss Annie Laws, Cincinnati, O.

One of the most interesting features of the kindergarten department was the parents' conference which followed the regular sessions.

It was held at Hibernian Hall, Friday afternoon at four o'clock. Mrs. Kraus-Boelte presided.

The object of the meeting was to call forth the questions and responses upon everyday problems of the home life relating to parents and children, and it took the form of three minute discussions.

Among those who took part in the discussion were: Mrs. Theodore Birney, president of the National Congress of Mothers; Col. Francis Parker, of Chicago; and Mrs. Marion Foster Washburne, of Chicago.

Miss Mari Ruef Hofer sang several of her charming songs.

God sends great angels in our sore dismay,
But little ones go in and out all day.—

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.

MAY 21–25, 1900.

THE fourth annual meeting of the Congress of Mothers was held this year at Des Moines, Ia. This is the first meeting outside of the nation's capital, and the large and notable audiences spoke for the success of the new departure. The denizens of the beautiful city opened their homes for the entertainment of a thousand delegates. Everywhere was felt the spirit of kindly welcome and the general hospitality arrangements were so admirably carried out that confusion was unknown.

The first meeting of the Congress made an auspicious opening for the work of the week.

Ex-Gov. Frank D. Jackson gave an enthusiastic welcome for the state. He spoke with sincere feeling of the development of the state of Iowa and its attitude toward all good work, and talked eloquently of the mission of a mother and her place in the world.

Mayor Hartenbower gave a brief address of welcome for the city and by the simplicity and warmth of his expression made the delegates assured that they were not among strangers.

The Iowa Federation of Woman's clubs extended a welcome through Mrs. Mabel D. Hutchinson of Ottumwa. Mrs. Theodore W. Walker gave welcome for the Des Moines Woman's club, which organization is in large measure responsible for the excellent way in which delegates were cared for in the city.

Mrs. Isaac Lea Hillis spoke in behalf of the Iowa Mothers, and when she had concluded her warm words of welcome she presented the president, Mrs. Birney, with ninety-nine pink roses, representing the ninety-nine counties of Iowa.

The responses given were most gracious. Mrs. D. O. Mears, president of the New York State Assembly of Mothers, Albany, responded for the East; Mrs. Clarence E. Allen, Salt Lake City, Utah, for the West; Miss Harriet A. Marsh, president of the Michigan Congress of Mothers, for the North, and Mrs. Robert Cotten, Falkland, N. C., for the South. Lastly came greetings from noted representatives of national organizations.

The Tuesday sessions of the Congress were devoted almost entirely to routine business, including the reports of all the officers and chairmen of standing committees. There were two addresses, The Power of Organized Motherhood to Benefit Humanity, by the president, Mrs. Theodore W. Birney; and The Science of Child Study, by Professor Oscar Chrisman. Mrs. Birney's annual address was a résumé of the practical results of an organized motherhood. Of the organizations interested in it, she said:—

"They have used their influence in behalf of free kindergartens in connection with the public schools; in behalf of having school buildings properly constructed, lighted, heated and ventilated; in behalf of shorter hours in schools, and less study outside school hours. They have manifested an interest in the teacher, which, in time, shall cause her to be regarded as a friend and helper rather than a machine, and which will demand that her salary shall be adequate to the faithful service she renders.

"They have lent their efforts to the uplifting and purifying of the drama, since, rightly used, this can be made a powerful educational factor.

"They have worked for a pure press, clearly recognizing that it is the greatest material power in the world to-day.

"They have not left the vicious and vulgar to enlighten their children in the sacred mysteries of sex, but lovingly and wisely have they transmitted knowledge concerning it and the sacred responsibilities it entails. They have tried to develop and foster the maternal and paternal instinct which exists in every human being, but which is often destroyed or subverted through false education. They have regarded their children, first

of all, as future mothers and fathers, next as citizens, and they are demanding that public education adopt their standards of values in the adjustment of its curriculum.

"They have established mothers' clubs in their communities; have interested clergy and press; have formed clubs among the women whose opportunities for training of any kind have been meager; have seen to it that teachers and free kindergartens were provided for the children of the poor; that reading rooms with suitable superintendents in charge are open for the use of boys and girls, young men and women; have urged the presence of women upon all school boards and in all prison and reformatory institutions; have taken the city fathers to task wherever laws pertaining to the cleanliness and health of a community are not enforced; have called mass meetings once a month to discuss questions pertaining to the welfare of the child. By precept and example they have set forth the advantages of simplicity of dress and entertainment; have been themselves, as nearly as they can, what they would wish their own children to be, and have interested them in humane work by refusing to wear plumage in their hats which has cost either suffering or loss of life among birds; and they have protested against the crnel curb or check rein and the docking of tails for horses; against cruelty in any form toward dumb animals."

Regarding the position of the Congress toward the so-called higher education of women, Mrs. Birney said:

"I believe in higher education for woman, as much as she wants, and as high as she wishes to go; but I claim that it is unfair to her and unjust to the race to place this before the world as the object most worthy of attainment, and to make it a shrine upon which much of her sentiment, her power of intuition, her spontaneity, and above all, her maternal instinct, are to be sacrificed.

"It is not for organized motherhood to take down the altar of higher education, but to turn the gaze of public opinion upon some of its defects, some of its errors, and to substitute in its curricula much that is vital for that which can be dispensed with."

Professor Chrisman, of the chair of paidology in the Kansas State Normal School, Emporia, explained to the Congress what is meant by paidology, and gave a brief outline of its work in a department in college to show the practical need of such a department. Professor Chrisman said he evolved his theories of child study while working in the psychological laboratory of Clark University, where in his researches he saw that if one could bring children into a laboratory to study them, the world's ideas of them would be revolutionized.

He defines paidology as "a pure science whose duty is to inquire into the life, the growth, etc., of the child, just as botany has to do with the plant. It is not pedagogy, for pedagogy is an applied science. It has no more to do with pedagogy than with medicine or theology. Its position lies at the basis of all sciences and arts which have anything to do with the child. Its sole and only purpose is to study the child in all its phases in a scientific manner, which will offer material for a scientific application of pedagogical principles, for medical practice, for a proper manner of carrying theology to the child, and as an aid for the home training and care of the child." Dr. Chrisman having, in the course of his address, stated as one of the articles of his biological creed that Man is reason, Woman is love, and that man's feeling for woman is only sex-attraction, a spirited discussion ensued. In this discussion the Hon. T. H. Smith of Harlan, Iowa, spoke eloquently of man's love for wife and mother and earned the grateful thanks of all the women present.

Tuesday evening was given over to social functions. From seven until nine o'clock Governor and Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw and the state officers and their wives received at the State House, which was brilliantly illuminated and elaborately decorated. Following this was the reception at the club rooms of "Our Circle" by the Woman's Club of Des Moines. In the long receiving line were all the general officers of the national organization and the officers of the Woman's Club.

Wednesday morning was devoted to hearing reports of the work done in several states. The chief feature of this session was the address by Mrs. A. J. Murray, Washington, D. C., on Mothers' Clubs Among Colored Women. She gave a review of the work which these clubs had done, and made a plea for help in promoting kindergarten training among the colored race.

Mrs. Murray enjoys the distinction of being the first to establish a kindergarten training school for colored young women.

It is her purpose to establish kindergartens in the Southland for the race, and to prepare colored women for carrying them on. She desires to raise funds to bring four women from Tuskegee, Alabama, to be recommended by Booker T. Washington, four from Atlanta University to be recommended by President Bumstead, four from Shaw University, North Carolina, four from South Carolina, and four from Louisiana, who shall take this gospel of the "regeneration of the race through the children of the race" back to the Southland, and in due time, with experience, be able to make it a part of the normal training in southern schools.

Mrs. Murray paid a glowing tribute to Senator Allison, of Iowa, the grand old man whom, she said, all the colored people love, honor and trust; and who did more than any other one man to promote her cause before Congress two years ago, when she secured an appropriation of $12,000 to prosecute the kindergarten work in the District of Columbia among both white and black. She now has a plan by which she hopes to secure funds to further the work which she has started, and she presented a resolution to the Mothers' Congress for its indorsement.

The intent of this resolution is to secure the consent of the National Congress of the United States to use in this work the fourteen millions of dollars now in the treasury of the United States, the proceeds arising from the sale of captured and abandoned cotton and land in the states in rebellion during the civil war. The resolution also provides that this money shall be turned over to duly authorized agents of the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and the District of Columbia, to establish in each of these kindergarten training for colored young women. This division would give each state $1,000,000 and would go a long way in the promotion of the cause.

Child Culture in its Possibility for Boys, was the general subject for the afternoon session. Papers by Dr. Leartus Connor, of Detroit, Mich., and by Mrs. L. M. Stoutenborough, Plattsmouth, Neb., brought forth animated discussions. Especially fine was the address by Hon. Henry Sabin, Des Moines, on Parents' Duty to the Boy in Fitting Him to Become an Intelligent Citizen. A pleasing feature was the chorus of two hundred boys, under the direction of Mrs. Margaret L. Weber. The boys sang, Iowa, Beautiful Land, and several patriotic songs.

One of the finest addresses was given on Wednesday evening, by M. V. O'Shea, Professor of the Science and Art of Education, University of Wisconsin. His subject was The Religious Life and Training of Boys, and among the excellent things said were the following:—

"It is exceedingly important that during his early years the child should be surrounded by influences which suggest good conduct; for the reason that all ideas, however put into the mind, tend to work out into conduct. This is true whether the thought be positive or 'negative,' so-called.

"We are coming to realize that evil dies out of the world by being kept away from sight and hearing. We used to think that it was best to bring evil before the young and condemn it; but we see now that this is the very means oftentimes of spreading evil.

"The best way in which to get good to prevail in the world is to have it embodied in concrete personality; it is then imitated by all who come in contact with it. Imitation is the greatest force in life; character is determined almost wholly by this process.

"If it be possible during the early years to surround boys with good, wholesome suggestions, then when they come to adolescence they will universalize the good, so to speak. They can easily be led to place their faith in the great Author of good; the good will have a positive attraction for them. If, on the contrary, their training be of a negative sort, if evil is held before them and they are constantly disciplined against it, they will not be in condition to appreciate the real life and spirit of religion; their mind is full of evil instead of good, which is the essence and life of religion.

"The most vital period for religious training is during adolescence. This is the time when ambition is born. Religious instruction should seek to guide this instead of suppressing it. But too often the aim is to prohibit the native instincts of the boys, with the result that antagonism is aroused and all re-

ligious life is abandoned. The church must not run counter to all the interests of young men; it must rather give their native tendencies a religious bent; and not make religion a thing wholly apart from life and opposed or indifferent to the activities which occupy the largest part of life."

Thursday morning was given to three minute reports from delegates and to the consideration of the proposed amendments to the constitution and by-laws. In the afternoon there was a symposium on The Right Education of Women; and addresses were given by Miss Caroline T. Haven, New York, president of the I. K. U., on What the Kindergarten Effects in Woman's Education; by Mary Roberts Smith, of Leland Stanford University, on Immaculate Womanhood; and by Mrs. Fannie Humphreys Gaffney, New York, president National Council of Women, on The Influence of Woman.

In the evening the only address given was that by Col. Francis W. Parker, Chicago, Ill., on The Ideal Education. It was received with much interest.

His plea was for more honesty, more thoroughness, in education; less sham; for less memorizing and more real, disciplining study.

Friday morning Miss Mary Louise Butler of Chicago, Ill., spoke on Mother Songs and Mother Play. The important subject of Discipline and Punishments was considered by Mrs. Charles E. Erskine, Racine, Wis.; and a recital of children's songs by Miss Mari Ruef Hofer, Chicago, Ill., was enjoyed by all.

Friday afternoon and evening were given over to a symposium on The Child-Saving Problem in its Various Phases. Several good addresses were given and the Congress closed with the singing of The Star Spangled Banner.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

The Pittsburg and Allegheny Free Kindergarten Association will open two new departments this fall.

One is a Mothers' Department, in connection with the regular college work, to meet one morning each week. This will be under the direction of Miss Allison, Miss Tappan and Miss Culp, of the Pittsburg and Allegheny Kindergarten College, with a course of lectures by Miss Susan Blow, of Cazenovia, New York, and Prof. John Dewey, of the Chicago University. It is expected that the class will open in October with a short study of Dante and Froebel's Mother Play, preparatory to Miss Blow's seven lectures on the Divine Comedy. There will be practical lessons with material for the child's employment at home—as building with Froebel's blocks; also brush-work, pease-work, free hand cutting, modeling, etc. A list of books suitable for children to the age of twelve, will be presented and discussed.

The other department is the Training Class for Children's Librarians, to be started by the Carnegie Library. A large children's room at the central library, will call for a corps of carefully trained assistants, and arrangements have been made with the Pittsburg and Allegheny Kindergarten College for co-operation, giving those in training that part of the kindergarten course which will bring them into the proper attitude toward children, and teach them to handle children in mass as well as individually. The course, as now planned, will cover two years of practical work, including the regular work in the six children's rooms, and practice among the home libraries, in the schools and in the free kindergartens and summer playgrounds of the city.

Charleston, South Carolina.

The first colored kindergarten association in this state was organized July 18 at the Centenary Church by Mrs. Ida Lining, the state director of free kindergartens. This movement is the result of the N. E. A. Convention. Among those who came to and attended the sessions of the convention was Mrs. Alice B. Carey, of Atlanta, Ga., who is deeply

interested in kindergarten work. Her interest in this cause induced her to remain and address the Colored Ministers' Union on Monday on the need of kindergarten work among the colored people of the city.

In response to an announcement made in the colored churches on Sunday a large number of colored people gathered in the church. Several of the colored ministers were present. After Mrs. Lining and Mrs. Carey had made addresses explaining the character and workings of the kindergarten system it was decided to form a kindergarten association, and at the suggestion of Mrs. Lining, who prepared and read a constitution and by-laws, it was unanimously voted that the organization be known as the Alice B. Carey Kindergarten Association, of Charleston. The officers elected were: President, Mrs. O. D. Robinson; vice-presidents, Mrs. M. B. Salter, Mrs. George V. Clark, Mrs. L. R. Nichols, Miss Sterrett and Miss Jennie Weston; secretary, Miss Pauline Miller; treasurer, M. L. Deas.

The ministers and others present indorsed the undertaking and pledged their support and co-operation in the work. Mrs. Lining stated that this association started under exceptionally favorable circumstances, as there were colored women in the city who were acquainted with kindergarten work, and, moreover, the Rev. Mr. Dart had offered a large and suitable room in his beautiful and new schoolhouse for this kindergarten.

Moline, Illinois.

The Free Kindergarten Association has decided to open two new kindergartens this season. The kindergarten in the Davis Block, presided over by Miss Denman, is to be transferred in September to the Willard School, the board of education kindly placing a room at the disposal of the association for this purpose.

Through the generosity of Mr. G. Arthur Stephens of the Moline Plow Co., who has generously contributed five hundred dollars toward the work, the association is enabled to open the second kindergarten; but the third is a venture which the good ladies who have it in charge hope to cope with successfully.

The association has further decided to assume control and management of Miss George's private kindergarten, which will be held as heretofore, in the lecture room of the Baptist church. Miss George has been engaged to superintend the entire kindergarten system in the city. Miss Helen Crossman of the Armour Institute, Chicago, and Misses Nellie Anthony, Frances Reid, and Irene Wilson, graduates of the training school at Galesburg, have been employed as assistants.

Frederick, Maryland.

The many members and friends of the Free Kindergarten Association will be glad to hear of the progress made by the board of managers since the last general meeting of the association. The board has held several meetings, and its different committees have been busy on the work assigned them. At the recent meeting of the managers, the committees presented reports which were so gratifying to all present that it was resolved to make the results public.

The ladies to whom had been intrusted the selection of a home for the kindergarten reported favorably of a room in the building formerly known as the United States Hotel, opposite the Baltimore and Ohio station. The committee was authorized to rent this room, and there the free kindergarten will be opened early in October. The room is large, light, and airy, in a central location for the little pupils and convenient for visitors.

Members of the committee whose duty it will be to secure pupils have made a preliminary canvass, with such success that it is evident they will have the co-operation of the parents.

The treasurer reported $284.75 in hand, with $40 more definitely promised. With about two thirds of the necessary sum to start upon, the managers feel encouraged to proceed with the original plan, which is to open a free kindergarten with forty children between the ages of four and six, under the direction of a trained kindergartner and a trained assistant. The director elected by the board of managers is Miss Mattie Pope, whose very able management of the Water Street Kindergarten has commended her to all interested in this work. She will choose her assistant.

Brooklyn, New York.

The mothers' clubs connected with the free kindergartens of Brooklyn heartily co-operated with the teachers of their children in providing excursions and other diversions, practical as well as agreeable, for the little ones during the

summer. Weekly excursions were made into Prospect Park, where the plants, flowers, and animals furnish amusement and the subject for instructive lessons. In the Prince Street Kindergarten the mothers' club started a library, where magazines and juvenile literature may be carried home for a period of several days.

Several clubs are already preparing for a winter's course of lectures which specialists will deliver before them, and others are arranging their next season's classes in cooking and sewing, and for the weekly fêtes which bring them, their children, and the teachers into contact with one another.

Salem, Massachusetts.

It is evident that the people who believe in and want the kindergartens do not propose to sit quietly by and have this important part of our school system discontinued. The leading people of South Salem have taken the initiative in the matter, and at a meeting held in July, have started a movement to supply the funds necessary for the continuance of the kindergarten at the model school. The state authorities have sent word through Dr. Beckwith that the state will willingly do its part, as will be seen by the following letter, written to ex-Mayor Raymond in which Dr. Beckwith says:

My dear Sir:—

I am authorized by Rev. E. H. Capen, D.D., chairman of the board of visitors of this school, to say that we are willing and desirous to continue the kindergarten heretofore maintained in this building, on the same basis and subject to the same conditions as hitherto. We will do what we have been doing, provided other parties will assume the burden of doing what the city of Salem has done—the kindergarten to remain a free public kindergarten [in effect] upon which the attendance of children shall be from the same limits and subject to the same restrictions of age as have prevailed.

Practically this proposition involves the raising of $500 for the salary of the principal and of $250 for the salary of the assistant, for which sums of money and the payment of the same we are to incur no responsibility or liability whatever. We will meet all other expenses for the proper maintenance and administration of the kindergarten.

W. P. Beckwith,
Principal of the State Normal School.

VACATION SCHOOLS AND SUMMER KINDERGARTENS.

At Boston, Mass., three new vacation schools were added this year; one in the Aaron Davis Schoolhouse on Yeoman street, Roxbury; one in the Bowdoin Schoolhouse on Myrtle street, and one in the Lyman Schoolhouse, East Boston. While these schools were of the same general character in many respects, they differed widely. The school in Roxbury was composed entirely of kindergarten and primary children. No children over nine years of age were admitted. In the school on Myrtle street the children were of the grammar school age, none under nine attending. Three hundred children were registered and a couple of hundred turned away for lack of room. In the East Boston school, all grades up to the eighth were represented. At the North Bennet Street Vacation School four hundred children were registered, boys and girls from the ages of four to sixteen being in attendance. Here the story of turning away so many for want of room was also heard, for the little ones themselves had come to realize the difference between their own homes, the streets and the large airy school buildings where comfort is enjoyed. This is one of the oldest vacation schools in the city, and has been supported by private subscription for many years. The best people in the city are interested in the North Bennet Street School, as also in that of the Parker Memorial, both of which have done grand work for many years. Miss Gould is superintendent of the Bennet Street School, which also has a nursery for very young children attached, where babies whose mothers are out working can be sent for the day. Many of the children of the kindergarten department are kept with the babies during the day so as to relieve wage-earning mothers of any anxiety about them, as they are well fed and cared for. The kindergarten of the Parker Memorial had fifty little ones in charge of Miss May Noyes. The new domestic science class gave lessons in laundry, cooking, care of rooms, beds, kitchen utensils, etc., to girls of twelve. Mrs. Ernestine H. Briggs was in charge of this work. The studies were similar in all the schools, but varied with the conditions. No textbooks were used, and every effort was made to avoid anything like the regular school work. In each school the children had lessons in nature study, clay

work, color work, sewing, music and gymnastics. In the Bowdoin and East Boston schools, wood-working, cooking and lessons in housekeeping were added to the curriculum. In these two schools the children were taught something of the wood they handle, where it grows, and incidentally something of vegetation in the different parts of the world; the girls were taught something of the same kind, in connection with their sewing lessons. The teachers and principals worked with a definite object in view, and they were all in earnest to make their ideals realities.

An exhibition of the work of the vacation schools at Hartford, Ct., was given July 31, in the Brown School building. The exercises were similar to those carried out each day. In addition to the children living in the Brown School district there were present children from the Charter Oak School and the Second North School on High street; in all, about five hundred children. The exercises were conducted by Miss Minnie A. Bailey, assisted by the Misses Denton, Pausch and Pinney, teachers in the Brown School; the Misses Patterson and Pausch of the Second North; the Misses McClunie and Fowler of the Charter Oak School, and by the Misses Lee, Glenn, McKenna and Ware of the Brown School kindergarten. The element of patriotism occupied a predominant place in the character of the exercises. Addresses were given by Mayor Harbison, Superintendent H. S. Bullard, and Principal Twichell.

There were twenty-seven playgrounds in Philadelphia in different sections of the city. In the downtown districts the poor children gladly took advantage of the opportunity offered them. Near their homes in the tenement district the streets are narrow and crowded with business wagons, and it is only at the risk of their lives that they can play in the open air. With the park far distant, they naturally seek some quiet spot to play, and the summer school furnishes that which they seek. Kindergarten teachers were in attendance in each school building, so that if the little ones tired of playing in the open they would be interested in the classrooms by kindergarten methods. The Civic Club provided dolls, magazines, scrap books and other things for the amusement of the small children. Several outings were arranged to take place at intervals during the summer.

The summer kindergarten of the Valley Social Settlement at No. 35 Tompkins street, Orange, N. J., began its sessions with Miss Grace L. Brush, a graduate of Miss Jennie Hunter's training school, New York, and Miss Edith R. Hunt, a graduate of the Elliman Kindergarten School, New York, as kindergartners.

The Bar Harbor, Me., summer kindergarten began its term in the room at Rogers' block under the instruction of Miss Stout, a graduate of the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, and Miss Marguerite Rogers. The association maintains a summer and a regular kindergarten under different teachers.

A summer kindergarten was opened at Welcome Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., in charge of trained kindergartners. It was very enjoyable and beneficial for the children of the settlement, who found their mornings pleasantly occupied by the simple games and exercises.

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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST TO KINDERGARTNERS.

Miss Flora Stevenson has been elected president of the school board in Edinburgh, Scotland, at an unusually large meeting of the board, and by a unanimous vote. She took the chair amid great applause. Miss Stevenson has been a member of the board for twenty-four years, and has won universal respect by her excellent work. She has quietly introduced many improvements, and has endeared herself alike to parents and teachers.

The Misses Poulsson, editors of KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, have removed from their old home, 96 Chestnut street, Boston, Mass., into the suburbs of that city. Their permanent address is now Waban, Mass.

Miss Florence Scott and Miss Maud Richard have been elected to kindergarten positions in Willimantic, Ct. Miss Houghton, kindergartner, has resigned.

The officers of the Chicago Kindergarten Club elected for this year are: President, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam; vice-president, Mrs. Mary Boomer Page; recording secretary, Miss Eva B. Whitmore; corresponding secretary, Miss Lizzie Whitcombe; treasurer, Miss Grace Fairbank.

Dr. Henry Barnard died at his home in Hartford, Ct., July 6, in the ninetieth year of his age. For more than fifty years he was the evangelist of educational literature in America. His scheme included the whole range of educational activities, both theoretical and practical, from the cradle to the university and very naturally the kindergarten system received large consideration at his hands.

George H. Ireland, assistant treasurer of the Milton Bradley Co., died suddenly of heart disease at West Harpswell, Me., July 31.

Miss Harriet Louise Jerome, a gifted kindergartner of Worcester, Mass., died of nervous prostration in the early part of the summer, after an illness of about three weeks. The charming short stories for children which Miss Jerome wrote, and her book, "The Gap in the Fence," showed both her understanding of children and her power to convey an uplifting impulse to them.

Much attention is being devoted in Hoboken, N. J., to the subject of kindergarten work. City Superintendent A. J. Demarest, who introduced this work into the schools, is pleased with the success it has met, and is confident that before long the city will have as complete a kindergarten system as any of its size in the state. The kindergartens are now maintained as regular classes. Each of the seven grammar schools supports a class and the work in a modified form is carried on in some of the annexes. The chief class is conducted in School No. 4, in charge of Miss Charlotte Brown and an assistant. It has about one hundred pupils. The other classes range in size from thirty to seventy-five pupils. Two teachers are in charge of all classes having more than fifty pupils.

Miss Adelaide V. Finch, principal of the Lewiston, Me., Normal Training School, has accepted the principalship of the large new training school at Waterbury, Ct. She will take with her as first assistant Miss Olive W. Lyford, one of the teachers in her school at Lewiston. The second assistant and the entering class of twenty pupil teachers will be selected from the Waterbury schools. The new school will contain fourteen rooms with a fair number of practice rooms aside from the model department of eight rooms. Miss Finch has been principal of the Lewiston training school for six years, and her success has been remarkable. She has lectured in many states and is the author of the "Finch Primer," which is in use in many schools.

An alumnæ association of the graduates of the Isabel Crow Kindergarten Association was formed at St. Louis, Mo., in June. The officers are: President, Mrs. Leverett Chase; vice-president, Miss Sarah Bryson; secretary and treasurer, Miss Alice L. Shallcross.

Miss Marion Wathen of Harcourt, N. B., a graduate of the Dartmouth, N. S., kindergarten, will assume the directorship of the Charlotte Town, P. E. I., Kindergarten in September.

The Southern Federation of Colored Women, of which Mrs. Booker T. Washington is president, adopted kindergartens as its chief line of work, at its recent meeting in Montgomery, Ala.

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Miss Maud E. Cannall, formerly of the State Normal School, Ann Arbor, Mich., has accepted a position at Spokane, Wash., as supervisor of kindergartens at that place, at a salary of $1,050 per year. She will have charge of the kindergarten training school and supervision of the thirteen kindergartens of the city.

Mrs. Cornelia E. James, of Cincinnati, O., has been engaged by the Pennsylvania Congress of Mothers to hold mothers' meetings in Pennsylvania during September.

At the annual meeting of the Mission Kindergarten Association, Milwaukee, Wis., held July 12, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Leila B. Terry; vice-presidents, Mrs. George C. Swallow and Mrs. Willard Merrill; recording secretary, Miss Lucy Dore; corresponding secretary, Miss Whitcomb; treasurer, Mrs. E. P. Bacon. The report of the secretary showed that four kindergartens, two normal classes, three cooking classes, three housekeeping classes and a mothers' club are now being conducted by the association under the superintendence of Mrs. Truesdell. The great drawback of the work is a lack of funds, but the debt of $758 with which the year began has been about lifted.

A large number of graduates of the Froebel Kindergarten, Bridgeport, Ct., met in June and formed an alumni association, having for its purpose the furthering of true kindergarten interests wherever its members may be located.

Beginning in September, the Philadelphia, Pa., Board of Education will open a third year class in the Normal School for graduates of the institution who desire to take a course in kindergarten training. Hereafter kindergarten teaching certificates will be granted only to students who take this special course, which, besides offering especial advantages in kindergarten training, will afford opportunities to pursue advanced work in nature study, psychology, drawing, hygiene, physical culture and philosophy of education.

A fine bust of Mrs. Louise Pollock, who has devoted thirty-seven years of her life to the dissemination of kindergarten principles, has been presented to her by the sculptor, Mrs. Mica Heidemann, of Washington, D. C.

Miss Minnie George has been chosen supervisor of free kindergartens at Moline, while still retaining her position as private kindergartner. Miss Anthony, Miss Reed, and Miss Wilson, all of Moline and graduates of normal school

class of 1900, have been appointed directors in free kindergartens.

Miss O'Grady, kindergarten supervisor of the Normal School, New Britain, Ct., gave a summer course for teachers between July 9 and 19.

Members of the South Side Baptist Church, Birmingham, Ala., have inaugurated a movement for the establishment of a mission church and a kindergarten in the neighborhood of the rolling mill. They have already secured a lot and will erect on it a suitable building. A special committee has this work in charge. It is first intended to raise $800 for the purchase of the lot, and $700 for the erection of a small structure suitable for the maintenance of a kindergarten and holding mission services. The mission and kindergarten will be opened this fall.

Miss Mary F. Schaeffer of Pasadena, Cal., gave a series of lectures on Child Culture before the Chautauqua Assembly held at Long Beach in July.

The movement to establish free kindergartens in Pasadena, Cal., was auspiciously started June 22. A meeting was held at the Board of Trade rooms, at which the "Pasadena Free Kindergarten and Children's Aid Association" was organized. Officers were chosen as follows: President, Mrs. I. J. Reynolds; first vice-president, Mrs. Mary M. Coman; second vice-president, Mrs. Frances Burtt; third vice-president, Mrs. H. K. Macomber; fourth vice-president, Mrs. R. J. Burdette; secretary, Dr. George S. Hull; treasurer, J. M. Smith.

A State Colored Teachers' Association was organized at Charleston, S. C., July 11, with officers as follows: President, J. C. Wallace; first vice-president, Miss M. L. Deas; second vice-president, Rev. J. B. Taylor; third vice-president, R. C. Alexander; fourth vice-president, J. L. Cain; fifth vice-president, Rev. John R. Wilson; sixth vice-president, M. D. Lee; seventh vice-president, J. C. Whittaker; recording secretary, Miss J. B. Weston; corresponding secretary, Rev. J. B. Ellison; treasurer, Miss Jessie Stoney. The vice-presidents were chosen one from each Congressional district. An annual membership fee of fifty cents per member was assessed. Over three hundred teachers were enrolled and a splendid start in the work was made. Several encouraging speeches were made by prominent visitors and a healthy spirit for good efforts was manifested along all lines. The association will meet again next July, the time and place to be appointed by the executive committee. They will meet in cities and towns where there are no colored high schools or colleges, the idea being to arouse educational work in these places by meetings of the association.

NEW KINDERGARTENS.

Waban, Mass., is to open its first kindergarten this fall under the charge of Miss Nye.

McKeesport, Pa., will open a kindergarten in charge of Miss Carolyn E. Moore.

Miss Carrie Boyd will have charge of the new kindergarten at 747 South Linden avenue, Alliance, O.

Mrs. L. E. Chandler will open a kindergarten at her home on North Main street, Palmer, Mass.

A new kindergarten building at Beloit, Wis., is to cost $3,000.

Miss Madge Maclay opens a kindergarten at Pensacola, Fla.

A new kindergarten will be opened at Northampton, Mass.

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The multitudes who use this standard article know that it is many hundred per cent. better than other cements for which similar claims are made, but a great many do not know why. The simple reason is that Mr. Major uses the best materials ever discovered and other manufacturers do not use them, because they are too expensive and do not allow large profits. Mr. Major tells us that one of the elements of his cement costs $3.75 a pound, and another costs $2.65 a gallon, while a large share of the so-called cements and liquid glue upon the market are nothing more than sixteen-cent glue dissolved in water or citric acid, and, in some cases, altered slightly in color and odor by the addition of cheap and useless materials.

Major's cement retails at fifteen cents and twenty-five cents a bottle, and when a dealer tries to sell a substitute you can depend upon it that his only object is to make larger profit.

The profit on Major's cement is as much as any dealer ought to make on any cement. And this is doubly true in view of the fact that each dealer gets his share of the benefit of Mr. Major's advertising, which now amounts to over $5,000 a month, throughout the country. Established in 1876.

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If you are at all handy (and you will be likely to find that you are a good deal more so than you imagine) you can repair your rubber boots and family shoes, and any other rubber and leather articles, with Major's Rubber Cement and Major's Leather Cement.

And you will be surprised at how many dollars a a year you will thus save.

If your druggist can't supply you, it will be forwarded by mail; either kind. Free of postage.

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KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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THE NEED OF KINDERGARTENS IN THE SOUTH.*

By P. P. Claxton,

Professor of Pedagogy, State Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro, N. C.

LESS than seventy-five years ago Froebel's Institute at Keilhau was an object of suspicion and of persecution by the Prussian government; sixty years ago his first kindergarten, at Blankenburg, was laughed at as a vagary of an old man mildly insane; forty-eight years ago Froebel himself died without having seen his ideas become popular, or his great discovery regarded with favor by either governments or teachers; but his widow, who died only recently at the age of eighty-five, lived to see the principles to the development of which her husband gave his life recognized by students everywhere as fundamental in all grades of education, the kindergarten established as a part of the educational outfit of every progressive country of the world, dozens of presses devoted to the publication and dissemination of kindergarten literature, scores of schools and colleges filled with young women of the best ability and finest culture receiving special professional preparation for their work with the little ones, thousands of mothers with loving hearts hearing gladly the words of this great constructive philosopher and friend of children and striving to apply his teachings in the government of their own households, philanthropists delighting to give a portion of their wealth to found, equip, and support kindergartens, and the organization of many societies, local, state, national, and international, for the sole purpose of

*Read before the Kindergarten Department of the National Educational Association at Charleston, July 11, 1900.

forwarding this movement, which already has brought blessings and happiness to millions of children, and has become, forevermore, an essential factor in the world's civilization and uplift into freedom and truth,—for, indeed, its principles are eternal. And all this has come about in these few years without the force of arms or the power of wealth or high political or social standing. Such is the potency of truth, love, and simple faith in humanity. Truly, those who trust in these have laid hold on eternal life. The meek do inherit the earth, and the pure in heart see God.

Such has been the rapid growth and spread of the kindergarten movement. But because of our lack of large cities, the late development of our public school systems, and certain peculiar social conditions and ideals, kindergartens have not multiplied in the Southern states as they have in some other parts of the world. In a dozen or more of our large cities and in a few smaller cities and towns, the kindergarten seems now to be well established, supported either by public taxation, as a part of the public school system, or by voluntary contributions collected and administered by societies formed and incorporated for this purpose. In others spasmodic efforts have been made from time to time, by volunteer societies, churches, clubs, and enthusiastic individuals, to establish real kindergartens, but only with the usual success of such efforts. In a few places there have been excellent private kindergartens established as individual enterprises and charging a fixed amount for tuition. In many others the very name has been brought into disrepute and made a synonym for inefficiency and charlatanry by so-called "kindergarten schools" taught by those who, knowing nothing of the principles of the kindergarten and little of the practice and frequently being unable to obtain a license to teach in any grade of the public elementary schools, have resorted to this as a means of earning a support, making capital of the name. I know at least one community in which small private schools of primary grade, but differing little from other inefficient schools of this kind, were dignified by the name of kindergarten, because the society young women who found it necessary to make their daily bread preferred to be called kindergartners rather than school teachers.

But, probably, we have not had more of this than other sections, and its day is past or is passing.

That which one finds in New Orleans and Louisiana may, I think, be taken as a type of the best progress yet made in the South and as prophetic of what we may expect to find in most Southern cities and states before the close of another fifty years. The constitution of Louisiana has been so amended as "to permit any community desiring to establish a public kindergarten, to admit children to said department between the ages of four and six"; and this recognition in the fundamental law has, it is said, greatly encouraged the friends of the kindergarten in that state. The school board of New Orleans has established

a dozen or more public kindergartens, and for some years it has not established a new school without a kindergarten department. It has also maintained for some years a kindergarten training department in the city normal school. The board and teachers of that city "have accepted the kindergarten as the foundation" of their educational system. Of the excellent work done in Charleston you may have already heard.

The kindergarten is needed in the South, as everywhere else, because it is based on true principles and presents the best educational practice; and the time has come when we must claim the best for ourselves and our children, and no longer be content with less.

We need the kindergarten in the South because of the power it has to stimulate the interest of parents in all phases of the education of their children, to awaken them to a sense of their duty to know something of the schools in which their children spend a good part of the most impressionable years of their lives, and of the teachers who direct their thoughts, give color to the imaginations of their hearts, and form their habits. Where the kindergarten has become an integral part of the public school system, bands of women—mothers and older sisters—have soon been formed to co-operate with the teachers and school officers in beautifying, cleaning, and making comfortable and attractive the schoolrooms and grounds. Following the babies with a tenderer solicitude than they have been accustomed to follow the older children, their interest soon extends upward to all grades of the school. Putting the kindergarten classes in the public school at once adds the mother-element, and tends to unite the home and the school. Nor is the result less valuable, though somewhat different in kind, where the kindergartens are supported by volunteer societies. The very fact of laboring earnestly and constantly for the support of these schools, visiting the homes of the children of kindergarten age,—many of them destitute enough of every home comfort, of love, and of physical and spiritual health,—and having to take thought for the general plan and conduct of the work in the schoolroom, is an educating influence of no mean value to the members of any such society and to the community in which they work. These things give real occupation for time that would otherwise be spent frivolously, and a purpose in life to those too often without purpose. Labor for and with children can never fail to bring with it nobler purpose and sweeter culture. Nor can a person become interested in any one means of welfare to the children of a community without becoming interested, to some extent at least, in every other means to the same end; and the interest will spread to the community as a whole. Here also shall a little child lead them.

We need the kindergarten in the South to give us—teachers, parents, and school officers—a truer insight into the real nature and meaning of education, and a juster appreciation

of its worth. Too long have the school and its work been thought of as something apart from the real life of the child and the home. For this reason, chiefly, have we regarded school education as of secondary importance, held the teacher of the elementary school as worthy of little esteem, and been unwilling to provide sufficient funds for the equipment and support of our schools. We need to see the connection between the school and the home, to understand that the school life is an integral part of all life, that the work done there is the prime factor in future success, and that the school is the best paying stock in which we can invest our money. Our teachers need to see more clearly the connection between the school life and the home life of the child, and to realize that the one must build on the other. They are too prone to act as if the child were a kind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, living a double life, with no connection between the two parts. They have not studied education from the child side, the kindergarten side; hence they labor monotonously, drilling on tables, unassociated sounds, empty symbols, and definitions and other abstractions without meaning to the children. This indictment is not meant to be general in its application. There are many noble exceptions among us, and the number is rapidly increasing. But there are all too many to whom this applies with full force. The general introduction of the kindergarten will do much towards bringing us to understand that the child's life is one by nature and should be one by educational practice, and cause us to change our purpose and reform our methods accordingly. I have known the entire school system of a city to be thus reformed and vitalized through the influence of kindergartens supported by a kindergarten association which was not connected with the schools except that it sent its children to them and that the superintendent and some of the teachers of the school were active members of the association. The influence was first felt in the primary grades, and gradually worked its way to the high school. Before the kindergarten had been in operation three years, some of the kindergartners were meeting with the teachers in their regular weekly meetings, and the teachers were studying Froebel's Education of Man. A little later, some of the teachers were attending the lectures given in the kindergarten training school that had been established in the city. By being brought into the kindergarten and hearing the happy voices of the children and seeing their busy work and merry games, men who had opposed the establishment of the public schools and did not believe in the education of the masses were converted from the error of their way and to a better faith. The Mothers' Meeting of the kindergartens later developed into a Paidology Club, and, still later, into a Teachers' and Parents' Association, with meetings in the school buildings at stated times for the discussion of topics of common interest to parents and teachers. Those schools are now the best

equipped schools in the state in which they are, and the walls and halls of the buildings are ornamented with pictures and statuary of the best kind to a greater extent than can be found elsewhere in the state. The school board of that city is now considering the question of adopting the four kindergartens which have been supported for eleven years by voluntary contributions collected and administered by a society organized and incorporated for that purpose. The kindergartens have made their worth manifest, and have won their way to the hearts of the people.

We need the kindergarten to add its years to the school life of our children,—all too short everywhere in the South except for the favored and persistent few. Even in our best towns and cities the schools are from twenty to forty days shorter than in other parts of the country, and the majority of our children do not reach the fifth school year. Our people still believe it necessary to take their children away from school early, that they may join in the struggle of bread winning, or, as is too often the case, bear the whole burden while the father whittles goods-boxes and talks politics of a type long out of date. I would not have these kindergarten years given to the ordinary work of the primary school, as is commonly done in England; they should be filled with legitimate kindergarten work, the joyous play and the exercises that develop the senses, the mind, the soul, forming the characters of the children and, by enabling them to live most fully the real child life of these years, preparing them best for all future life, whether in school or out. Thus not only might these years be added to the brief years of the child's school life, but the years of school life might be made to yield fuller results than they now yield.

If all homes were ideal, still the broader social life for which Froebel pleaded for the children would need to be supplied by the kindergarten. But, alas, they are not all ideal. In many, grinding poverty and traditional ignorance have done their work all too perfectly. In many there is want of intelligent mother-love. Harshness takes the place of gentleness; filth and negligence, of cleanliness and loving care; profanity and vice, of the pure speech and simple virtues that should greet the ear and appeal to the heart of every child. For many children the home is on the street. In many homes of wealth and refinement the negro nurse is the child's most constant companion. And this does not mean now what it did when the old black "mammy," true and tried, cultured and refined by years of the most intimate association with her mistress and the mother of her mistress, and mellowed into the finest sympathy by the care of more than one generation of children, cared for the children with a mother's love and devotion and the watchfulness developed by family pride and a strong sense of personal responsibility. She has gone with the days that are no more, and her successor, a half-grown negro girl, hired for a few weeks or months at most, and then replaced by another of

whom you have probably never heard before, is of a different type. The cultured and refined white woman, with her mother-heart and patient care, might well replace this negro nurse in the kindergarten, certainly. Shall we of the South never learn this lesson?

But we need the kindergarten most especially for another reason. The Southern states are rapidly becoming the home of the factory. We are beginning to see that we should manufacture a portion at least of our abundant raw material. We shall soon cease to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the wealthy manufacturing communities of the North. Already the cotton-factory town is a familiar sight in the Carolinas and Georgia. The country people are moving into them from their country homes with their large families of children. Is it needful that I should depict for you this factory town and its life? The large brick factory building with its long rows of humming spindles and rattling looms at which men, women, and children work twelve hours a day (I have seen *boys and girls under ten working through the night, from six to six, drinking their cup of black coffee at midnight to keep them awake till dawn**); the groups and rows of houses without beauty of architecture, and with no relief of lawn, garden, or fruit trees; with no public library; with an ungraded public school, taught from three to eight months by an incompetent teacher, in a house unfit for such use, and only one fourth of the children of school age in attendance; the young children with pale faces and unkempt locks playing in the street through the long hours of the day, while their mothers and older brothers and sisters are in the mills, and have only forty minutes for dinner—a time too short to permit more than a hasty glance and a few sharp words of command for the little ones,—the picture is becoming familiar to us all. I welcome the cotton mill, with every other form of industry that shall bring wealth and its power and possibilities to our people; but the blood of the children must not be woven into the web, dyeing it a crimson hue for the eye that can see, nor must their cry continue to go up to the Father, in whose sight the soul of one of these little ones is of more value than all the trade of the Philippines. If so, His curse will blight our enterprise.

In this factory town, above all places in our Southland, is the kindergarten, with its strong, saving influences, mighty to build against the evils of later life, needed. And the kindergartner in this town should be more than she need be, or can be, in most other communities. She must be an angel of light and hope to the community; she must take hold on the entire life of the town. What an opportunity for the school-garden, tended and cared for by the loving hands of the children, such as Froebel would have had as a part of his kindergarten, for flowers will bloom all the year round in this climate! Here the kindergartner might bring

* Italics by Editors.

around her such older children as can be saved from the factory a few hours in the week, directing them in this simple garden culture. How many bright spots might be added to the town thus; and how many happy faces and rosy cheeks! If the kindergartner in this town should be a woman of broad mind, strong will and winning manners, would it not be possible for her to induce superintendents and directors to do many things for the welfare of the community? For these men are not hard of heart nor careless of the welfare of their employees. Few of them love gold more than life. Suppose the kindergartner knew of the work of the National Cash Register people at Dayton, Ohio, as described in the *Kindergarten Magazine* for February of 1899! I know more than one cotton-mill owner who would gladly respond to any suggestions looking to like results for his people and his business. If you know men or women who, having an abundance of this world's goods, would like to lay up treasure in heaven and make their name dear to the children of the poor, direct them to me, and I will point out the opportunity in any one of fifty or more mill towns in North Carolina.

One other cause of need I would not forget,—the millions of children of the dusky race whose home is among us. The education of a race from a lower to a higher stage of life is no easy task, to be completed in a few years or decades; but the thing we call the "race problem" is ours by inheritance, and it must ever remain our first question until it is solved with the only possible solution, the education of the negro to industry, thrift, morality and good citizenship. The restraining force of the master's word and presence, and the educating influence of the fine Christian character of the mistress are gone, as has the wholesome fear of the overseer's lash, dimly seen behind every flagrant breach of the moral code. Separation, the chain-gang, the gallows, and the stake have taken their place, to the detriment of both races. Education must produce in the negro habits, ideals, and a conscience, strong enough, high enough, and keen enough, to take the place of the inspiring and restraining influences of the old régime. Those who know the negro best know that he does respond to the influences of right education. And if his education is to have this transforming influence, should it not be begun in early childhood? And what type of school is better fitted for this purpose than the kindergarten? Who better prepared for it than our Southern women, who understand the problem better than any others can? "A heavy burden!" you will say. But a very large portion of the "white man's burden" must be borne by us in the South, and the only release from it must come through giving the colored man the power to walk alone, and, perchance, to bear some part of the common burden. The little negro is at least imitative. Which school will most probably lead him in the paths in which he should walk—for his good and ours—the school of idleness

on the streets, among the dirt and filth of the negro quarters of our towns and cities, or the kindergarten with a woman of culture and consecration as teacher? I like the plan which, I believe, you still follow in this city,—that of filling your colored schools with white teachers of the same grade and qualifications as those in the schools for white children.

"But the kindergarten costs money," I think I hear some one say; "we cannot afford it." But we CAN *afford it, and all other educational facilities necessary for the full education of our people. Cannot a brave and noble people, industrious and economical, make from the right use of the fertile fields, broad forests, rich mines, and the hundreds of singing waterfalls of this vast empire, won for us by our fathers, the few millions necessary to fit our children for all that is best in life? We must do it: it is our first duty to our children, for whom alone we live, and in and through whom we must live after we are dead. The wealth we have is theirs—beyond that which we must consume in the needs of our daily life. Sooner or later we must leave it to them; we are only their stewards and guardians. Shall we invest their money for them in bonds or brains? In lands or life? Shall we leave them money, or skill to produce money and more than money?**

When we have done our full duty by providing for our children kindergartens and schools of all grades and kinds, when the forgotten child is remembered and the "last waif" has been housed and redeemed, then shall we enter fully into our rightful heritage, and wealth and honor and power shall be ours beyond what we can now comprehend. And when these things have come to us or to our children, we or they will see that the little child has led us; and the name of the kindergartner and of the faithful teacher of children shall be named with love and reverence, and with the honor that is theirs by right of noble and valuable service.

* Italics by Editors.

The healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints.
Each separate star seems nothing; but a myriad scattered stars
Break up the night and make it beautiful.

—BAYARD TAYLOR.

SYMBOLISMS.

By Richard Realf.

O Earth, thou hast not any wind that blows
    Which is not music; every weed of thine,
    Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
    And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
    A living word to every living thing
Albeit it hold the message unawares.
    All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them: a Spirit broods among the grass;
    Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
    The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
    The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

—*Christian Register.*

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

(A FEW SUGGESTIONS.)

By M. M. Glidden.

EVERY kindergartner dreads her first mothers' meeting. However delightful these meetings may come to be in time, at first they are a trying ordeal to her. She must prepare; what books shall she read, to whom shall she turn? Will her presence of mind fail when she faces her first large audience, or will she be able to be cool and collected and do herself justice? These and sundry other questions flash through her mind as the day draws near for the eventful meeting. I have tided a number of inexperienced kindergartners over this awesome occasion by giving a few hints, different in each case but bearing on the same general topics of interest. Below are given the suggestions made to the last applicant; I hope they may be of use to others.

Begin with a little sketch of Froebel's life, told in a simple, earnest way. Tell of his childhood and its needs and how these were not met, and how, later, this very thing helped him to understand other children and to try to make their lives richer and happier than his had been.

One of these needs of little children is the right kind of spiritual atmos-

phere in which to grow, that atmosphere which has wise love (not sentimentality) permeating it. Children must have this if they are to live in the highest sense. This is the spiritual environment. The necessity for the right kind of physical environment we all recognize. We all *like* to have beautiful rooms, pictures, etc., for the children; but we all *must* have in our kindergartens cleanliness, sunshine, order, and things suited to the child's comprehension.

Another point to develop is this: whatever the mother or kindergartner desires her children to be, she herself must be. It is of little value to insist upon children being polite to us if we fail in courtesy to them. Froebel's first thought of the kindergartner was as a mother's assistant. The kindergartner is to be a spiritual mother; what are the steps to the true living which this implies?

The child in the kindergarten learns through experience; he must attain his ends through his own efforts. We cannot perform any of the vital functions in life for another; we cannot eat, sleep, live, or die for another. Each must live his own life, although all life is interdependent.

This gaining a knowledge of life through experience leads the child to become self-directed, poised. Make clear the difference between self-directed individuals and human machines. Show that we are to train the children to think, and train their hands, so that they shall have the manual skill to express their thoughts in the concrete as well as in words. There is always a place in the world for the man who can throw himself, heart and soul, into his work, and whose hands are trained.

The child, while he is to become self-directed, can only do so gradually. The mother's or kindergartner's part is to know his strength of mind and body and give him the task which shall make him put forth some effort and yet not so great an effort that it shall only serve to discourage him. The mother's instincts help her here; the kindergartner must gradually learn through experience.

All children like to help their seniors, and their proffer should never be refused; or, at least, if one is obliged to refuse, something else that can be done should be suggested. State what the help accepted leads to; what the refusal leads to.

The mother's or kindergartner's commands should be impersonal; should make the child feel that both mother (or kindergartner) and child are simply and humbly striving for the highest; that both have "falls" and have to get up again. Only through her wider experience and because she has obeyed universal law longer has the kindergartner the right to command when the child cannot understand. The mother, of course, has special claims upon the child in virtue of her relationship, yet she too must guard against what Emerson calls "the lust of power." We are free only in so far as we allow others to be free. We are to withdraw the hand at the back of the child just as soon as he demonstrates the ability

to sit up alone—and, it should be added, no sooner.

These are but a few hints in regard to a matter that might be taken up in fifty different ways; but the definite thing is sometimes helpful, therefore this is offered.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

1. Be sure you have something worth saying.

2. Decide early upon a subject, then let your mind play about it. It acts like a magnet.

3. In thinking your subject out, pay no attention to words. Later you can polish.

4. Be logical and you will not have to depend upon your memory to recall a train of thought.

5. Keep your aim in mind; move straight toward it.

6. Always begin with a short, strong sentence. Unnecessary details weaken.

7. In writing, keep your audience in mind.

8. The best preparation cannot be made hurriedly. It is made by thinking high thoughts, doing the little deeds of daily life faithfully and well, and through becoming familiar with the best that has been written.

Pratt Institute.

A CHILD OF THREE.

By Phyllis Wardle.

Her eyes have caught the heav'ns' own blue,
Like stars they shine, her tears like dew.—
There 's naught in earth or air or skies
That I 'd exchange for her bright eyes.

Her lips are like the roses fair;
Her voice with music fills the air.—
I know of naught, had I my choice,
That I 'd exchange for her sweet voice.

Her hair is like the sun's bright gold,
Each curl such brightness seems to hold.—
There 's naught in sea or earth or air
That I 'd exchange for her fair hair.

Her heart is pure as new-fall'n snow;
There is no purer heart I know.—
There 's naught in earth or heav'n above
That I 'd exchange for her dear love.

THE ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS IMPORT OF THE KINDERGARTEN.*

By Wm. L. Bryant, LL.D.

I. Purpose of the present Paper.

The birth and the deeds and the death of Froebel are facts having each a definite date. But to assign to any particular time the special aspect of Truth which Froebel saw, and spent his life in framing symbols of to enable others to see also, this no one will ever be able to do. Of such phase, or of any phase of Truth you cannot rightly say: "it was," or, "it will be," but only, "it *is*." It constitutes a fundamental aspect of concrete Eternity which Spinoza, with his usual penetration, described as "perfect existence."

The symbols framed by Froebel, those also are time-forms of a Truth beyond all time. Those symbols may be modified, improved upon, renewed, enriched, given greater finish. This he himself anticipated as something wholly desirable and sure to be effected. For in ultimate significance the truth involved in the fact of the birth and growth of the human soul is inexhaustible. And while the method of its true unfolding is easily discernible in its fundamental character, the details of the specific phases of that method will not be completely unfolded in less than endless duration.

Beginning, progress, and end—what vistas are presented in the modern educational outlook! The story is a fairly familiar one of a mother who, with genuine sense of her responsibility, one day came to Darwin with the question when she ought to begin the education of her child. "How old is your child?" queried Darwin. "Two years," was the reply. "Madam," said the great naturalist, "you have lost two years already."

How true it is that education ought to begin with the beginning of the life of the individual, Froebel also had discerned; and this with even greater clearness and depth of comprehension than Darwin appears to have attained, of the end which education in its full significance must ever have in view.

It is, in fact, precisely this more adequate comprehension of the end which education in its full significance must ever have in view that constituted the positive inspiration leading Froebel to the unreserved devotion of all his energies throughout his life to the task of formulating a rational method of education, and above all in its elementary aspect. Nor can we do better within the present hour than to turn our thoughts upon the central elementary

* Address before the St. Louis Froebel Society's celebration of Froebel's birthday, April 21, 1898.

aspects of Froebel's educational scheme as determined by its final aim.

And this leads us to notice first of all that

II. A Beginning is possible only with reference to an End.

No one in the whole course of educational history has seen more clearly —few have seen with equal clearness —this great, though simple, truth. So simple, indeed, as to seem little more than commonplace when once explicitly set forth. What should a beginning be, indeed, if not just the first step of a process, which of course must lead to one or another definite result?

Nevertheless it is only in the doctrine of evolution as developed in modern times that the vital, organic relation of every beginning to its own specific end has been clearly and fully brought to formulation in human consciousness. It has always been as a paradox that men have declared that "the oak is contained in the acorn not less truly than the acorn in the oak," and again that in very truth "the child is father to the man."

And yet what is all this but to say that the end is presupposed in the beginning, and that if it were not so the beginning itself could not be? From the very principle of causality every beginning is itself also a culmination, an end. If the solar system had its beginning in a nebula, it is not less true that the nebula can be regarded only as a product of a process having a still earlier "beginning."

And, because such regress in a causal chain comes presently to be seen as wholly illusory, modern science itself, even with all its self-renouncing modesty, has been driven to recognize a closed circle of causal relation which it names "Persistence of Force," the "Conservation of Energy." And this is but to present in more attractive, concrete form the principle more abstractly stated in the venerable "First Law of Thought" which merely says: "Whatever is, is." Call it energy, call it what you will, the total round of Reality just *is,* persistently *is,* and hence is forever the *same.*

Similarly, the modern doctrine of the "Correlation of Forces," in declaring that any given quantity of energy can be transformed from one to another mode, and back again, really expresses in less clear and less adequate form the fundamental principle of the "Second Law of Thought" which, in the form given it by Aristotle, declares that "anything cannot both begin and not begin at the same time and in the same sense."

And again, the "Law of Multiple Proportions" in chemistry, and the rigidly mathematical character of physical science in general—all this is but a special aspect of the "Third Law of Thought" which insists that "anything *must* either be or not be." There is no third possibility.

And we ought carefully to notice also the relation of these three laws to one another. The first law affirms Reality. The first with the second affirms Reality as Activity. The first and second with the third affirms Re-

ality as *regulated* Activity. But since the Energy, the Reality which persists, is the *All*, then it must of necessity be regulated from within itself. And self-regulated Energy cannot be conceived as actually existing otherwise than in the character of self-comprehending and self-unfolding Mind.

That, then, is the End which is forever its own Beginning, and which therefore is presupposed in every specific beginning. The glass of water which you drink came from the reservoir, came from the river, came from the sky, came from the sea. The earth, with its oceans, came from the nebula, and the nebula—whence could that come save from the primal Reality, from the eternally self-conserved, self-regulating Energy which, as such, is nothing else than self-unfolding Mind.

All this Froebel knew in the forms that appeal to reason. In other words, Froebel was, in the more explicit sense of the term, a philosopher. But also Froebel saw all this as in a splendid vision, and rejoiced as feeling through all the depths of his own individual soul the pulsations of the infinite, live, divine Creation. And seeing such vision and experiencing the rhythm of such pulsations he was also the seer in perpetual, living communion with the eternal Mind. Hence every one of all the forms of Nature was to him a word, a phrase, a chapter in the total book of God's infinite revelation of himself to the human mind.

One of the most familiar of all flowers is the daisy—the day's eye. And what, in truth, is every flower that blooms but just an eye of that universal day which dawns for you in glimpses of the blooming beauty of the Soul of the World—Soul ever beckoning to you as a soul of like nature to come and commune with it and be one with it in very deed? Blooming flowers, waking soul, smiling Providence! Naught but a rose-bloom betwixt you and God!

And yet the rose-bloom is "there" only as the form of your waking consciousness that both rose and you are of God's creation, and that the bloom—the beauty—of the rose can exist at all only as the mode of your individual communion with God through the rose as medium. And the fragrance of the rose, that, too, is but the interpretation which the growing soul gives to the life-breath of the World-Soul—breath coming to you through the form of the opening rose.

All this even the child apprehends—apprehends through the spontaneous exercise of his native gift of reason—a gift which is his, as yet, only in the initial form of instinct; his only as central, hereditary tendency due to his descent from the primal eternal Mind. And it is because of this spontaneous, premonitional recognition of the World-Soul as the essence and truth of all things that Froebel, and Richter before Froebel, insisted that the child's education ought to begin—nay, inevitably *does* begin, for good or for evil—with the very moment of his birth as an actual, individualized soul.

Nor ought this beginning to be, nor can it be, even in its earliest stage, restricted to the sphere of mere-

ly physiological training. Rather, from the first, education in real truth consists in the regulated application of media tending to the calling forth of the budding soul into fullest measure of normal bloom. And the aspect of physiological training can never in truth have higher significance than this: To bring and keep the body in fullest degree of efficiency *as mere organ, as simple instrument of the soul.*

But here again the beginning can be comprehended as beginning only with reference to the end. And the end toward which the initial soul points forward is nothing less than that of the absolute perfection of mind. So that whoever would undertake with any reasonable hope of genuine success the task of leading a soul, from the moment of its waking out of its primal sleep in boundless Being, onward to the goal of conscious self-hood and rational self-direction must know, not merely by instinct but also by way of reflection and critical examination, the essential elements involved in perfect mind. It is the eternal Type of Mind, unchanging because of its perfection, that must ever serve as the ultimate guide in all true educational effort. Hence it is precisely this Type that the educator is bound above all faithfully to study.

Hence also the individual child is to be studied, first of all to see in what degree the essential, eternal Type of Mind is there present in germinal form and ready for its own unfolding into actual bloom of normal consciousness. For it is precisely the knowledge of this that will make plain the appliances most directly needed to secure the fulfillment of the next stage of possible development on the part of the individual child.

On the other hand the mere peculiarities of the individual child are of interest only with a view to their correction. If the expression, "a peart child," is lexically lawless, so also the pertness of the child, thus admiringly described, is usually of the nature of infantile brigandage; and, if encouraged, will sooner or later require to be forcibly repressed as unmistakable impertinence. And though all the freaks and animalities, and mere inanities of every child in all the world were to be recorded, not one truth of positive import could be inferred from the whole or from any part of such record.

Nay, without presupposing the very conclusions dreamed of as discoverable through such record it would be impossible that there should ever arise in consciousness any distinction, great or small, between such peculiarities and other characteristics that really do pertain to the growth of the individual in the way of realizing within himself the perfect Type of Mind. It is not from the abnormal that the normal is derived: neither through the abnormal is the normal to be discovered. Quite the contrary, it is precisely through our knowledge of the normal as normal that we ever become aware of the existence of the abnormal.

And it is never to be forgotten that the real germ of whatever knowledge we possess of the normal is nothing

else than the primal form of our consciousness, consisting in the instinct of Reason, and which is ours only because we are actual descendants of the original, eternal Mind.

But let us consider in the next place,

III. The Physiological Aspect of mental Beginnings.

To be continued.

A CHESTNUT PARTY.

By Isabella W. Hart.

WE had been preparing for this party for over a week. The children had been told the story "The Three Little Chestnut Boys," of which they never seemed to grow tired. They had been shown the snug little house with the door closed, where Mother Nature had cared for her little boys through all the long summer days while they were growing larger and stronger; also the house with the door open and the little boys peeping out, just after the wind and the frost had awakened them; and, last of all, the open burr with its lovely, soft, warm, velvety bed, just after the little boys had left it. The children were allowed to look at and handle the burrs in their different stages of development, whenever and as often as they pleased.

In the meantime we kindergartners had quietly been preparing for the party. This was comparatively an easy matter, since it is our great good fortune to live in the country, close to the heart of Mother Nature. Large quantities of leaves and nuts were gathered and carried to the kindergarten in installments, from day to day, until finally, when Friday morning came, everything was in readiness.

The kindergarten exercises were conducted as usual until time for the games, at eleven o'clock. The babies were then asked to visit the older children in another room, where they were entertained with songs and finger plays; while we, in the meantime, set about preparing the room which they had left. The nuts were thrown down on the floor, and large quantities of leaves scattered over them. Large branches covered with beautiful red, yellow, green, and brown foliage were fastened to the chandeliers, which, fortunately, hung quite low;—and behold, a veritable forest!

The children were then invited to go into the woods to a chestnut party; and their merry shouts of joy and surprise, as the door was opened and the scene burst upon their sight, more than repaid us for the little time and trouble taken to prepare the surprise.

A merry scramble at once took place as the children raked over the leaves in their search for the scattered nuts. Frequent expressions of delight were heard on all sides, because so many of the little chestnut boys were found hidden away under the leaves. "I 've got another!" "I 've got another!" "Oh, I 've got a whole lot!" "I 'm going to take some home!" they cried.

As willing hands make light work, it was not long before the nuts were all gathered into one large basket and set aside to await the equal distribution which was to take place afterwards. When the children were told that they might play in the leaves, their delight knew no bounds, and no little country-bred children ever had a merrier, happier time. They ran around the room, shuffling their feet through the leaves; they threw the leaves over their heads, tossed them up into the air, and tucked them down each other's backs, until at last, tired out with their frolic, they sat down on the floor to rest. Then the nuts were divided; and,—oh, joy!—it was found that there were not only enough for each child, but some for the brothers and sisters at home.

"I never had such fun in all my life!" "I wish that we could have a chestnut party every day!" said the children as they were getting ready to go home; and we promised that before long they should have an apple party.

AUTUMN WORK IN A DETROIT KINDERGARTEN.

By Florence M. Baker.

I AM going to tell of the September and October work in a settlement kindergarten in Detroit. As we opened the kindergarten in the middle of September, we only had two weeks in that month. For our central thought we chose "Harvest Time," taking fruits as our subject during the first week, and grains the second week.

One day the little people gathered fruit in a neighboring yard where there were a number of fruit trees, and brought the fruit back to the kindergarten. Then came a busy, happy time; for the children pared and sliced the apples and made apple sauce in the kitchen. Another day they baked some apples, and still another day they canned some plums, which they put away for use when the cold winter days came.

Of course we had a tasting game with the different kinds of fruit, both cooked and uncooked. The weather in September would not permit us to go to the country as we had intended, so the children invented a game, which they called "Going to Farmer John's." They made a wagon (out

of children) and drove to Farmer John's, and brought home all kinds of fruit which they had gathered under his trees.

The next week the little people did their harvesting. In the spring they had all planted seeds in their own little gardens in the kindergarten yard, and these they had watched grow into sturdy blossoming plants. In September they gathered the seeds. The children took the entire care of the gardens, and all strove to have the best garden possible. Alfred, one of the most ambitious workers, said, "Now the one that takes the best care of his garden will have the prettiest plants," and most of the little ones were spurred on by his words.

For the seeds, which the children gathered, they made compartment boxes, putting the seeds away for next spring. They put morning-glory seeds in one compartment, sweet pea seeds in another, sunflower seeds in another and so forth.

While Miss E's class were doing this, Miss F's children took some oats and fed them to a neighbor's horse. Some wheat, oats, rye and buckwheat were brought into the kindergarten, and the children had a great time sorting and grouping the different kinds into bundles which they used to decorate the rooms. We did not have to go to Farmer John's for corn, because some of the children had it growing in their own gardens and the stalks were very high. We often have a period solely for looking at pictures, and it is then that the children see the Mother-Play pictures and talk about them. In September we showed Grass Mowing and the Barnyard Gate. Such pictures as The Gleaners, The Angelus, Autumn and other well-known pictures were shown, too, and the children talked about each one.

October.

First week: Leaves,—different kinds. Falling of leaves. Colors. Uses.

Second week: The horse. The blacksmith. Usefulness of horse. Winter fire.

Third week: Squirrels, crickets, grasshoppers. Flight of birds.

Fourth week: Nuts,—different kinds. Brownies.

This was our program for October, and each week we planned our daily work, although it was often changed at the children's suggestion. During the week when Leaves was the subject, we were very busy, and spent a great deal of time out of doors gathering leaves. The older children painted leaves like the ones they gathered, and the younger children mounted theirs for the October calendar. One day the whole kindergarten took rakes and wagons and brought home dried leaves to cover their violets and other wild flowers, which they had brought home from the woods in the spring.

The horse holds such a prominent place in the Fall work, in helping the farmer, that we felt we must give some thought to this useful friend. So during the second week we talked about all that the horse does for us, and of our love for him. We took

grain to our neighbor's horse again and then examined him thoroughly.

One day the kindergarten went to the woods and gathered nuts. We saw so many beautiful things!—birds preparing for their southern trip, crimson and gold leaves, squirrels, and nuts, plenty of them!

Our trip to the woods furnished a great topic for conversation; and our morning talks were full of nuts, squirrels, birds, blue sky and woods, for a long time. The children did most of the talking.

During this week the children used building blocks, and built things for the horse. They also cut, freehand, the things which they saw in the blacksmith shop,—for we have a neighbor blacksmith. The picture of Five Knights and a Good Child, and many fine pictures of horses were shown, among them Rosa Bonheur's.

One day we all went in a picnic wagon to Belle Isle, our beautiful park, and had a very happy time. The children saw many different kinds of animals at the "Zoo."

October's work was closed with a brownie party, at which we had a jolly time. The room was decorated with jack o' lanterns which the children had made the day before. The older children went to the kitchen and popped corn and roasted chestnuts, which were to be served in a mysterious fashion by jack o' lantern light. The smaller children played simple Hallowe'en games, until the brownie feast prepared by the older children was ready. To this feast they were ushered by a few children dressed up as brownies. At each plate was a brownie made out of acorns, and every child had one of these to take home.

BIRD LIFE.

By Angelina W. Wray.

When the April skies were blue,
From the South the birdies flew
    Glad and free! glad and free!
All the buds on all the trees
Opened gayly in the breeze,
And the drowsy yellow bees
    Hummed in glee.

Where the elm tree's branches high
Almost seemed to reach the sky,

Birdies two, birdies two,
Found a place they loved the best,
Facing toward the sunny west;
Built a tiny silver nest
Soft and new.

When the apple blooms were white,
We could hear from morn till night
Baby songs! baby words!
And the wee nest scarce could hold
All the shining wings of gold
Crowded closely, fold on fold,—
Baby birds!

When the amber grain was high,
One by one they learned to fly;
One by one, one by one.
One by one away they flew,
Eager-winged, through skies of blue,
And the old birds followed too,
Work was done.

Now the elm tree leaves are gold;
Crimson mornings, short and cold,
Autumn brings, autumn brings;
But the birds have flown away,
And the empty nest of gray
In the fading light to-day
Idly swings.

Thou who dost send the poppies with the corn,
Send bread and sleep to all by toil outworn!

—*From Even Song, by E. H. Keen.*

PROGRAM NOTES.*

By Mina B. Colburn.

INTRODUCTION.

"I believe that education is a process of living and not a preparation for future living."

John Dewey, University of Chicago.

"The child begins every subject spontaneously and unconsciously. He must begin these subjects because he lives."

Frances W. Parker.

THAT the school life may grow gradually out of the home life, the kindergarten begins in the fall with those activities with which the child is already familiar in the home, reproducing them so that the child may learn their meaning and be capable of doing his own part in relation to them.

By Thanksgiving time, the child is able to appreciate something of the blessings of food, clothing, shelter, and family, and to be really thankful for them. He is then, through the work of the Christmas time, led to feel that gratitude is truly expressed only in action.

With the first of the New Year the circle of activities widens so as to include the neighborhood and the child's relation to those in the community who add by their labor to the child's comfort. This leads naturally to a consideration of such civic relations as come within the child's plane of experience,—elements of patriotism.

With spring comes the joyous awakening, the season nearest to the child heart. "Each child sees in the looking-glass of nature, the energy that throbs in his own pulses." In this close companionship with nature he learns something of his relation to that life which is inferior to him and in a measure dependent upon him for nurture. Through such care-taking he grows more thoughtful and appreciative of the care bestowed upon him by parents, and catches a heart glimpse of the infinite love and care of the All-Father.

Thus the child has been helped to round out his present life, and is ready for the wider experience of the next school year and its deeper insight into these same life relationships.

SEPTEMBER.

"Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher."

—Wordsworth.

* The series of outlines begun in this number of Kindergarten Review, was prepared, a year ago, for use in the nine public school kindergartens of Jamestown, N. Y. They are the result of several years' careful search for the best by a score or more of kindergartners under the direction of Miss Colburn. Copies, taken off on the mimeograph and tied in the form of a manual of fifty pages, were given to members of the Board of Education, to the superintendent, to principals of the several departments, and of district schools, and to each primary teacher, and were repeatedly loaned to parents. During the year the program was thoroughly tested, and slightly revised for the present year. The readers of the Review are asked to keep constantly in mind the local setting of the program, and its consequent need of adaptation to social environment wherever used.

In the preface to the manual, it is stated that "it is in no sense an arbitrary plan, but rather a bird's-eye view of one year's work, based upon a study of the child's own interests and powers, as manifested in those varied relationships in life in which he finds himself a present factor. It is believed that with greater definiteness will come greater freedom both to children and to teachers, and that concerted action along lines broadly indicated need not cramp the individual kindergartner, destroy the play spirit, nor in any way devitalize the work."

TOPICS.

Greetings. Vacation pleasures.

Homes from which children come; their locations, and general surroundings,—walks, grass, flower beds, gardens, trees, fields.

The kindergarten home; its exterior,—walks, lawn, flag; its interior, —walls, windows, shades, clock, piano, tables, chairs, and cupboard with its shelves of material. Our care of the kindergarten and what we can do to make it attractive.

The family in the child's home: How father works to pay for the home or its rent; what mother, brother, and sister are doing. The child's playthings, pets, and his care of them. The family in the kindergarten home and their mutual relations. Incidentally, the child's care of his clothing, wraps, rubbers, etc.; and the child's food,—good bread and butter, milk, water, fruit.

MEANS OF PRESENTATION AND EXPRESSION.

Songs.—"Good morning, dear teachers," "playmates," "sunshine," etc. (Hill); The Greeting (Mother Play, Blow); The Family (Smith); Loving Mother (Hill); Refrain, "Home, sweet home"; I love little pussy (Smith, No. 2); "Thank Him, thank Him." A few musical phrases, humorous.

Piano.—Short selection from Haydn's Creation.

Rhythm.—Simple clapping, 2-4 time. Tick-tack. Swaying of flowers, trees.

Pictures.—Homes, families, flowers, pets. Mother Play, The Family. Millet, The Gleaners.

Stories.—Typical home incidents. Poem—"I love you, mother." Harvest scene in Ruth. Few Mother Goose Rhymes.

Games.—Simple games played at home or on the street, as Drop the Handkerchief, Catch. Rolling the red ball in various ways. A few games representing home activities. Several to test sight and hearing.

Skipping.—In line and in groups to the table.

Marching.—Single file, short time; use "halt." Walking, running, representing kittens, horses, etc. Classic music.

Free Play.—When days are pleasant, on the lawn. Material: Several dolls, child's rocker, doll's carriage, little dishes, large blocks, balls of different sizes. The kindergarten rabbit, kitten, or canary fed. Playthings always put away.

Nature.—Walks, once a week, with definite purpose. Wreaths of flowers, Sorting leaves as to size, shape. Sorting and arranging fruits, flowers. Rub out kernels of wheat, grind in coffee mill, make into mush, serve at monthly birthday party. Make jelly or can some kind of fruit.

Beads and Peg Boards.—Emphasize red. Test counting.

Gifts.—First: Flowers, kittens, babies, clock pendulums. Third: Building houses, tables, chairs; use box and lid. Fourth: Sidewalks, steps, walls, garden fences.

Clay.—Ball, apple, vase, drinking cup.

Sand.—Flower beds. Allow time for digging and handling. Use

stones, shells. If possible have a pile outside with shovels, pails, etc.

Sewing.—Gray card with picture of family; border—a circle sewed in red Germantown wool. Use tapestry needle.

Drawing.—Blackboard, side of crayon; balls, windows, tables, cupboards. Colored crayon,—Goldenrod.

Painting.—Wash covers for books, picture frames, sun-flower match scratcher. Use red and yellow.

Cutting.—Pictures for scrap books, large forms outlined on newspaper. Free cutting, plates, rugs. Fringe tissue paper napkins.

Folding.—Rocking horse (circle), book, tent, window (squares 5x5); manilla paper for scrapbooks.

Pasting.—Pictures in books, paper chains.

Parquetry.—Sorting red and yellow circles; stringing with straws.

Other Handwork.—Clothes-pin dolls, dress in tissue paper. Tissue parachute. Tents of pasteboard boxes.

OCTOBER.

"Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
More fruitful." —MILTON.

TOPICS.

Preparation in the home for winter: Canning fruit, putting up jelly, pickles; fall house-cleaning; fall sewing; winter hats, overcoats, wraps; wool in contrast with cotton.

Preparation about the home for winter: Taking in plants, filling window boxes and jars; storing vegetables; picking apples, grapes; gathering nuts; cutting corn and drawing in pumpkins.

Seeds,—those of flowers, those used for food, their outer coverings; distribution by wind, water, clothing, trade. Falling leaves, their finished work and holiday dresses. Birds, some going south, others coming. Squirrels, their provision for winter. Very generally notice bees, flies, spiders, caterpillars and their preparation for winter.

Longer evenings, lights, fires; the moon.

MEANS OF PRESENTATION AND EXPRESSION.

Songs.—Where do all the Birdies Go? (Walker and Jenks); Dainty Milk-weed Babies (Smith); Five little Squirrels (Smith); Father, Thou who Carest (Hill); Merry Little Men (Poulsson); Mister Squirrel (Niedlinger).

Rhythm.—Clapping, 4-4 time; fast, slowly. Clapping one or two familiar songs.

Piano.—Same as last month. Possibly, theme from "Largo," Handel.

Pictures.—Those illustrative of Morning Talks. Mother Play, The Weather Vane, The Child and the Moon. Millet, The Shepherdess.

Stories.—The Frisky Family. King Midas. The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse. Several nature rhymes.

Games.—More representative games,—leaves, birds, squirrels. Little Travelers. Ball games, using several balls, also sphere. Sense games, very general,—touch, taste, smell and muscular discrimination; use natural objects.

Skipping.—Choosing partners, once around ring, no song.

Marching.—Vary time and step,—*i. e.,* fast, slow, heavy, light; represent animals, winged seeds, trains.

Free Play.—Out of doors as much as possible. Material: Apples, nuts, for store; quart measures; real pennies; little wagon (home-made). Bean bags.

Nature.—Walks. Gather leaves for wreaths, for room decoration, and to press; seeds to store for planting, designing, stringing; acorns for tops; chestnut burrs for brushes; goldenrod galls for vases, stems to be cut and put by for pinwheels; hickory nuts for dollies; corn husks for braiding and weaving; pine needles for little sofa pillows. Collections never come amiss for sorting and sense testing. Window boxes or jars filled with plants.

Beads and Peg Boards.—Emphasize, the color yellow, and the number two.

Gifts.—First: Fruits, flowers, buying and selling; mention material. Second: Wagons, boxes, barrels. Third, Fourth in combination. Cellars, storerooms.

Clay.—Plaque, impress leaf. Plant-jars; glasses of jelly; logs.

Sand.—Homes of animals underground. Filling and emptying small dishes of different sizes.

Sewing.—Gray card, picture of dandelions in different stages of growth; border, a square, sewed in yellow.

Drawing.—Blackboard, and at the table with "Dove Marking" crayon. Brooms, dustpans, fruit jars, barrels. Some pictorial drawing.

Cutting.—Things similar to those drawn, both outlined and free.

Painting.—Washes. An apple (no outline).

Folding.—Envelopes, bags and boxes for seeds. Windmills.

Pasting.—Pictures in scrapbook, —vegetables, fruits, cut from catalogue.

Other Handwork.—Bean bags. Hickory-nut dollies. Little wagons (cigar boxes and large button moulds). Larger wagon for kindergarten. Measures from large ribbon bolts.

Do not be afraid to repeat again and again the work of previous months, so long as there is interest. Thus songs, stories, occupations, become the child's own.

THE STORY IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Olive McHenry.

"AN appropriate story is one of the most effective educational instruments. To find the story that will meet the particular need is one of the greatest difficulties of the kindergartner or the primary teacher."

So says Miss Vandewalker, and she might well have added that this same

difficulty presents itself to every other teacher; for not only in the kindergarten, but in every department of education is the story essential, and we have come to realize that to know how to tell a story is to master the main part of the art of teaching.

To know a good story, and then to know when the story is appropriate, is to have literary and pedagogic taste. To be able to tell a good story is to be master of a noble art.

In regard to a list of stories, Miss Sarah Brooks says, "It is not to be supposed that any kindergartner's *répertoire* can be fixed and limited by any list. The circumstances connected with the presentation of certain topics naturally vary from year to year. To adhere to any plan after the circumstances have changed is to destroy all life and feeling." It is dangerous, too, for one kindergartner to adopt bodily the *répertoire* of another. The selection of the story requires care, tact, and taste, with knowledge of the children and the circumstances.

There are certain characteristics which distinguish a good story for children.

First. The story must have a beginning that will compel the interest and rouse the curiosity. It must be full of action. That is, it must be not *sub*jective, but *ob*jective; not abstract, but concrete. In other words, it must relate what was *done,* not what was *felt* or *thought.*

Second. It must have a climax which we approach naturally and easily, and from which we lead down in a proper manner.

Third. It must have unity. This is an essential element in any work of art, and the child's story is prëeminently a work of art.

If the story is to teach a lesson, the lesson must be brought out clearly by the action of the story, not by an addendum of "This is to teach little children." The story must have a point, and the point must never be missed.

Not all good stories for children have, necessarily, a didactic purpose. There are many stories that belong to an ideal childhood which do not convey a lesson. They belong to the great fund of folk-lore which we inherit from our race ancestors, and which appears in many languages with infinite variations yet recognizable under all their disguises; for instance, The Sleeping Beauty, St. George and the Dragon, Puss in Boots, and many others in common use.

Many of these old stories have a rhythm—a recurrence or repetition of a refrain. These are especially pleasing to children; for example, The Old Woman and Her Pig, or, The Three Bears. The refrain is a pleasing element in poetry for the mature mind; and, in fact, we find that what pleases children, also gives pleasure to the adult mind of correct, simple habits.

Last. The story must appeal to the imagination, and must leave something for the imagination to work out. The child's greatest pleasure arises from the exercise of the imagination, and this fact must have its influence in the selection of the

story. Many stories for children violate some or all of these requirements. We may overlook a violation of any of them except the last. The story that is realistic after the modern idea of realism—the delineation of the commonplace—has no part or office in the schoolroom.

The imagination is a great hungry faculty that demands food. If the proper food is not provided, the child suffers from the resulting deformity all his life.

The imagination is the great religious faculty, and it is the developed imagination only which is capable of grasping spiritual truth and beauty.

That children will listen to a story is no sign that it is a proper one for them, any more than that any food which they will swallow is necessarily good and wholesome.

The test of the good story is the application of the foregoing requirements. If the story has a moral content, the lesson taught should not be too obvious, for in that case the children are liable to repudiate it altogether. No attempt should be made to try to find and point out a lesson from every story. Many of our good stories are simply for amusement or for rest.

As examples of stories that answer all the requirements, we place those of Andersen at the head of the list. He is the most masterly of all the writers for children. "His stories represent human life repeated in miniature under circumstances that give a charming and unexpected variety. He makes souls enter tops, balls, tin soldiers, and even darning needles; and these souls always manifest themselves with perfect consistency with the ordinary conditions of such bodies. But at the same time, he perceives so nicely the limitations of the life which he is portraying, that, while he is often on the verge of absurdity, he never loses his balance. He does not have the didactic spirit of the old fable, with its moral so conspicuously pinned on; his realm is the imagination, and the personality of the animals or the objects determines the movement of the story. In all of his stories there is a shrewdness as of a keen observer of human life. There is a subtle undercurrent of wisdom; but it is not obtruded upon the child, who returns again and again to ask for the same old story."

The spirit which moves through the story has felt the life of the story in some broader, coarser form; but Andersen has such a nice sense of artistic limitations that he never makes the older thought obtrude itself upon the child. His great power consists in placing himself at the same angle of vision as the child. This is shown by the way in which he speaks of death, marriage, and the other events of life as mere incidents.

We have a great many authors attempting to do the same kind of work that Andersen did,—and sometimes with a degree of success; but Andersen's work has never been approached by any other writer. Indeed, many of the stories written for children are the veriest trash,—poor

in style, poor in language, and violating some or all of the accepted characteristics of a good story.

In adapting stories for children, writers and story tellers often violate outrageously all courtesy to authors, and all respect for the understanding of children. Hawthorne clearly saw "that children possess an unestimated sensibility to whatever is deep or high in imagination or feeling, so long as it is simple likewise. It is only the artificial and the complex that bewilders them."

A fine story is often ruined by the attempted adaptation of an unskillful story teller, who thinks that she is placing herself at the child's angle of vision by the use of certain kinds of youthful expressions and by a kind of forced intimacy of manner; while the situations, the motives, and the raw material out of which the story is made, all remain foreign to the child's perception, thought and feeling. (I paraphrase from Herbart.) In our attempts to meet the child on his own level we have fallen very far below his level, failing to note that the dignity of his simplicity is a lasting rebuke to our "fussy sentimentality."

Give the children an interesting story, rich in incident, relationships, and characters, strictly in accordance with psychological truth, and not beyond the feelings and ideas of childhood. Make no effort to depict the best or the worst; only make sure that the interest tends away from the bad toward the good, the just, the right; then you will see how the child's attention is fixed upon it, how far he seeks to discover the truth and to think over all sides of the matter, and how the charm of change ends in preference for the best.

It is not too severe to say that many of the stories used by kindergartners are very objectionable. They are too reflective, too self-conscious, too subjective, too "preachy."

Having selected the proper story, the next important step is its presentation. In presenting a story to children, the first rule, and the last rule, and the rule that has no exception, is that the story must be *told, not read.* The book comes between the teacher and the children; it must not be used. The teller of the story, standing or sitting close to the children, looks into their faces, and every change in thought or feeling is directly communicated from her to them. They catch meanings from the telling of the story that they would miss in hearing it read. The story teller is quick to see by the children's faces when they are failing to understand or to be affected by the story, and when it is necessary, she increases her efforts or varies her expressions that the story may be better understood. While reading, the teacher fails to see the expression of the class, and the exchange of personal magnetism is interrupted. The story teller must be perfectly free for dramatic interpretation, and that would be impossible with the book in hand.

In telling a story, the teller must use direct discourse. She must not allow her embarrassment to take refuge behind the indirect form. For example: She must not say, "and

the little bear wanted to know who had tumbled his bed"; she must quote his very words: "And the little bear said, 'Who has tumbled my bed?'" Actions must be given instead of descriptions. Instead of telling what kind of "tin soldier" he was, she must tell what he did; for in telling what he did, she discloses what kind he was. In the story, as in real life, actions interpret character.

The story teller should have good taste. She should know the great masters, Homer, Chaucer, the Bible, Hawthorne, Andersen, and Grimm. No one can absorb the works of these great story tellers without unconsciously forming a fine, simple style.

In beginning the work of story telling, the best way is for the story teller to learn the story "by heart." Always the teller must know the story perfectly. She must be full of the story, of the pictures, of its scenes. She must be full of enthusiasm for the children, the work and the story. From this enthusiasm comes spontaneity. This is the only source of power in anything. This enthusiasm is contagious; the children are affected by it, they become filled with the beauty of what they have heard, and their lives are thereby enriched. As the story teller sees the story, so the children see it. As she feels it, so they feel it. No need to say, "This story is to teach little boys."

In order to adapt the story, to lengthen it or to shorten it, the story teller must be complete master of the story. *The story teller must not be afraid of repeating a story many times. The repetition of the story answers a demand in the child's mental constitution. It is good for him, and he enjoys it.* The value, to teachers in other grades, of this love of hearing the story repeated, is inestimable. Our new ideas of teaching expression in language are based largely upon it.

We all recognize the love which children have for the story, and the spirit of the new education is to make schools as pleasant as possible by taking advantage of this knowledge. The school is an unnatural environment to the child anyway, and we make it odious to him by neglecting every element of pleasure. A profound pity for the child who hates school finds room in my heart, with the sentiment of dislike and disapproval of the teacher who will not try to make it pleasant for him.

As posterity views this age, let us hope it will be able to discover that we are not entirely engrossed with developing our inventions and material resources, but that the true spirit of the age is the spirit of altruism, which makes us willing to deny ourselves, willing to exert ourselves that the children of this and succeeding generations may live a happier better, fuller life.

THE ORIOLES' JOURNEY.

By Frances B. Gillespy.

FAR away in the Southland two orioles had built their nest in an orange tree. The nest was a beautiful little gray basket hung far out on a forked bough where the warm winds rocked it gently to and fro. It was just the place for a home there among the sweet orange blossoms and the gay oranges. The people in the house near by said that the orioles and the oranges must have been made to go together,—they matched so well.

Mr. and Mrs. Oriole led a very happy life, with never a care or a worry; and they chirped and sang to each other until it made one happy just to be near them. But one day Mrs. Oriole was quiet and sad. She did not sing so gayly or seem so happy in the nest. Every little while she would fly to the top branch of the tree and look far away. At last Mr. Oriole, who always loved to see Mrs. Oriole happy, said: "What is it, my dear? Why do you seem so sad?"

"I hardly know," said Mrs. Oriole, "but it seems as though something were calling me to spread my wings and fly far, far away. Do you notice how bright the sun is? It makes me think of a morning long ago when we built our first home."

"Oh," said Mr. Oriole, "how well I remember! It was in the Northland and we built in the apple tree close by the orchard gate."

"Yes," said Mrs. Oriole, "and do you remember how happy we were all that year? The brook under the tree sang to us, and the bees and butterflies called on us—oh, the dear old orchard! Shall we ever have such a home again?"

So they chirped and twittered until the sun went to bed, and then they tucked their heads under their wings and went to bed too.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Oriole were astir early and out for a little flight. "Listen," said Mrs. Oriole, "the children in the house are singing: 'The orchard, the dear old orchard,' and I heard the mother say that to-morrow they were all to start North. It makes me want to go too."

"Why should we not?" said Mr. Oriole; "I, too, long for my old home. Let us go back."

"When?" said Mrs. Oriole; "to-day?"

"Why not at once? We must get an early start. There 's nothing like being on time."

"Hurrah!" chirped Mrs. Oriole. "You are right. Let us start at once; only let us go back and say good-by to our winter home."

Back to the nest they flew, and around and around the tree, calling good-by to all their friends. "Now,"

cried Mr. Oriole, "one! two! three! start!" and off they flew on their journey north. They journeyed fast but the sun went down before they caught a glimpse of the old orchard. There were plenty of trees, however, in which they might pass the night, so down they flew and, with their heads tucked under their wings, were soon dreaming of their old home.

As soon as the sun peeped over the hills they were up and away. It was a merry journey. Every now and then they would light on a swaying bough and sing the song of home. "Do you know our orchard, our orchard?" they sang to a broad river. And the river answered: "When I was but a little brook I ran through it." "Do you know our orchard?" they sang to a spotted toad. The toad only blinked at them in the sunshine and answered: "I know my stone and the meadow grass. Stay here and I 'll show you how to be comfortable." But they thanked him and hurried on. "Do you know our orchard?" they asked of a wandering breeze. "Hush! hush! listen!" whispered the breeze. "I stole through there two days ago and whispered to the buds to awake. It is a beautiful place, but far from here."

"Then we must fly the faster," the orioles answered, and on they sped.

Several days passed and still they journeyed on, asking news of the orchard from all whom they met. At last one evening as the sun was sinking to rest in a soft pink cloud, Mrs. Oriole gave a cry of joy. "I see it!" she cried. "The orchard, the dear old orchard! It is just before us." And as the gray twilight was creeping down, two happy orioles flew back to the apple tree by the orchard gate.

MRS. TABBY GRAY.

By Maud Lindsay.

"All mother love attracts the child,
Its world-wide tenderness he feels;
And ev'ry beast that loves her young
His mother's love to him reveals."

MRS. TABBY GRAY, with her three little kittens, lived out in the barn where the hay was stored. One of the kittens was white, one was black, and one gray, just like her mother, who was called Tabby Gray from the color of her coat.

These three little kittens opened their eyes when they grew old enough, and thought that there was nothing so nice in all this wonderful world as their own dear mother, although she told them of a great many nice things, like milk and bread, which they should have when they could go up to the big house where she had her breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Every time Mother Tabby came

from this big house she had something pleasant to tell. "Bones for dinner to-day, my dears," she would say; or, "I had a fine romp with a ball and the baby"; until the kittens longed for the time when they could go too.

One day, however, Mother Cat walked in with joyful news.

"I have found an elegant new home for you," she said, "in a very large trunk where some old clothes are kept; and I think I had better move at once."

Then she picked up the small black kitten, without any more words, and walked right out of the barn with him.

The black kitten was astonished, but he blinked his eyes at the bright sunshine, and tried to see everything.

Out in the barnyard there was a great noise, for the white hen had laid an egg, and wanted everybody to know it; but Mother Cat hurried on, without stopping to inquire about it, and soon dropped the kitten into the large trunk. The clothes made such a soft, comfortable bed, and the kitten was so tired after his exciting trip, that he fell asleep, and Mrs. Tabby trotted off for another baby.

While she was away, the lady who owned the trunk came out in the hall; and when she saw that the trunk was open, she shut it, locked it, and put the key in her pocket, for she did not dream that there was anything so precious as a kitten inside.

As soon as the lady had gone upstairs Mrs. Tabby Gray came back, with the little white kitten; and when she found the trunk closed, she was terribly frightened. She put the white kitten down and sprang on top of the trunk and scratched with all her might, but scratching did no good. Then she jumped down and reached up to the keyhole, but that was too small for even a mouse to pass through, and the poor mother mewed pitifully.

What was she to do? She picked up the white kitten, and ran to the barn with it. Then she made haste to the house again, and went upstairs, to the lady's room. The lady was playing with her baby, and when Mother Cat saw this, she rubbed against her skirts, and cried: "Mee-ow, mee-ow! you have your baby, and I want mine! Mee-ow, mee-ow!"

By and by the lady said: "Poor Kitty, she must be hungry;" and she went down to the kitchen and poured sweet milk in a saucer, but the cat did not want milk. She wanted her baby kitten out of the big black trunk, and she mewed as plainly as she could: "Give me my baby—give me my baby, out of your big black trunk!"

The kind lady decided that the cat must be thirsty; and she said: "Poor Kitty, I will give you water;" but when she set the bowl of water down, Mrs. Tabby Gray mewed more sorrowfully than before. She wanted no water,—she only wanted her dear baby kitten; and she ran to and fro, crying, until, at last, the lady followed her; and she led the way to the trunk.

"What can be the matter with this cat?" said the lady; but she took the trunk key out of her pocket, put it in the lock, unlocked the trunk, raised

the top—and in jumped Mother Cat with such a bound that the little black kitten waked up with a start.

"Purr, purr, my darling child," said Mrs. Tabby Gray, in great excitement; "I have had a dreadful fright!" and before the black kitten could ask one question, she picked him up and started to the barn.

The sun was bright in the barnyard, and the hens were still chattering there; but the black kitten was glad to get back to the barn. His mother was glad, too; for as she nestled down in the hay with her three little kittens, she told them that a barn was the best place, after all, to raise children.

And she never afterward changed her mind.

THE WONDERFUL GATES.

By Florence E. Gleed.

IN a beautiful green valley where the sun seemed to be always shining, there was a grand palace. This palace was very magnificent, being built of white marble; and it had hundreds and hundreds of windows. I tell you this that you may see how large it was.

In the palace lived a king, a queen, and a little baby princess. The king and the queen thought that there never had been such a beautiful little princess born before.

When the baby princess was only one day old, the queen said, "We must send for the fairy godmother that she may name her."

"Yes," said the king; and so the fairy godmother was sent for.

Now in the next valley, which was just as green and sunshiny as the first, stood a peasant's cottage,—such a tiny little house! But both the little rooms in it were as clean as they could possibly be made. In this cottage lived a father, a mother, and their little baby girl. She was a dear child, and the mother said: "Well! our baby is one day old; we must send for the fairy godmother that she may name her."

"Yes," said the father; and the fairy godmother was sent for.

The fairy godmother is always ready to take a journey, so just as soon as she received the king's message she went to the palace. After looking at the little princess for a few moments, she said, "Let her be called Princess Beautiful."

Then the fairy godmother left, saying that she would send the little Princess Beautiful a present, but that she would need seven days in which to have it made.

Now after leaving the palace she had a long journey, for she had to go over the mountain and down into the valley to the peasants' cottage.

It did not take long though, for a

butterfly was going that way, and was glad to give her a ride upon his back.

Now when she reached the cottage, she looked at the tiny baby there; and then, to the listening father and mother, said: "You may call your little child Charity." This name the mother thought very queer for a tiny baby; but when the godmother told her that it meant love, she thought it a very beautiful name.

The fairy godmother laughed as she said to herself: "The Princess Beautiful and little Charity shall have the very same presents!"

Off she went now to a mighty blacksmith, and asked him if he could work with silver and gold as well as with iron.

"Oh yes," he said, "I could, if I had the silver and gold and the right tools to work with."

Then the fairy godmother said: "I will bring you the silver, the gold, and the tools; and you shall make for me two gates of silver and two gates of gold."

The work began. The silver gates were made first. They were tall and narrow, and pointed at the top like a church window; and the bars were very close together. The gates were very beautiful to look at, for the fairy godmother had sat by, watching each stroke, as they were made.

And now came the gold gates. They were the very same in shape, but smaller; and the bars were very much closer together. The mighty blacksmith and the fairy godmother thought them even more beautiful than the silver gates.

Of course you have all guessed by this time that the Princess Beautiful and little Charity were each to have a gate of silver and a gate of gold as their present. But I wonder if you have guessed why?

I 'll tell you. Each day the babies grew larger and stronger, until very soon they were little girls, walking and *talking*,—yes! TALKING; and this was when the silver and gold gates were used.

The fairy godmother had touched the gates with her magic wand, and had made them invisible to every one but the owners, the Princess Beautiful and Charity; but before these two the beautiful gates always stood in plain sight, although the princess lived in a palace and Charity in a cottage.

Now before the Princess Beautiful spoke any word, about anything, to anybody, she tried each word; and if each word would pass between the silver bars, she knew that the words were true. But then, after finding that the words would pass through the *true gate*, there was still the gold gate; and sometimes they would not go through its narrow, narrow bars; for listen!—this gold gate was the *kind gate*.

Just the same thing happened with Charity's gates. The silver gate tried the words, and if they were not true words, they would not pass between the bars. But if they were true words they would at once pass right through; and then came the gold gate. And sometimes, although the words were true words, they could not pass through the bars of the *kind gate*, for

the spaces were so very narrow. But more often, the words which the little girls wished to utter would easily trip through both the silver gate and the gold gate, because they were *true* words, and *kind* words.

And the people in the palace, and the people outside and near around, grew to be true and kind like the Princess Beautiful. Nor did it stop there;—all the people living on the mountain side grew to be true and kind. On and on it went, higher and higher, until the summit of the mountain was reached; and there the people grew to be like the Princess Beautiful!

In the little cottage, the father and mother grew to be even more loving and kind, as little Charity grew larger; and then the neighbors near by grew to be like her,—more true and kind;—next, the people far off, and even all up the mountain side, until the very summit was reached. And there, the people who had grown to be true and kind through the gift of the fairy godmother to little Charity met—well! whom do you suppose? Why, of course, they met the people from the other side of the mountain, the people who had grown to be true and kind through the gift of the fairy godmother to the Princess Beautiful! There on the summit of the mountain of Happiness they all met!

A NEWSPAPER writer pays a tribute to the primary school teacher as follows:—

Lift your hat reverently when you pass the teacher of the primary school. She is the great angel of the republic. She takes the bantling fresh from the home nest, full of pouts and passions—an ungovernable little fellow whose own mother honestly admits that she sends him to school to get rid of him. The lady who knows her business takes a whole car load of these, one of whom, single-handed and alone, is more than a match for his parents, and at once puts them in a way of being useful and upright citizens. At what expense of toil, patience and soul-weariness! Lift your hat to her.

INTERLEAVES FOR THE MOTHER PLAY.

By Emilie Poulsson.

Under this heading will appear new versions of the Mother Plays, or songs and rhymes related to them.

THIS simple finger-play is obviously related to any of the Froebel nature plays which deal with fruits and flowers, and will doubtless be found useful in connection with the autumn talks. The blossoms of spring and the fruits of autumn are a long way apart for the young child; and songs, plays, and pictures which unite them will help his memory to bridge the chasm between. Where Arbor Day is celebrated by a kindergarten or school, this play would be suitable for the little children to learn, by way of entering into the general interest in trees which the day stimulates.

Although the author of the verses describes the motions, the children would readily originate the play, with little, if any other, suggestion than is given by the verses.

One word as to music. Usually the recitation of the words and the interpreting motions of the fingers are sufficient for the child until both words and motions have become thoroughly familiar to him. After that, the addition of a melody will give him a new interest in the play and he will catch the tune the more readily because of knowing the words. Sometimes words and music may be taught together first, and the motions, chiefly chosen from those which the children suggest, may be added later.

HERE ARE THE LITTLE LEAVES.

By Alice May Douglas.

Oh! here are the little leaves
That grow upon the trees
And dance so merrily all day
With every passing breeze.

Oh! here are the pretty buds,—
All closely shut are they;
But on the trees they grow and grow,
Then open wide some day.

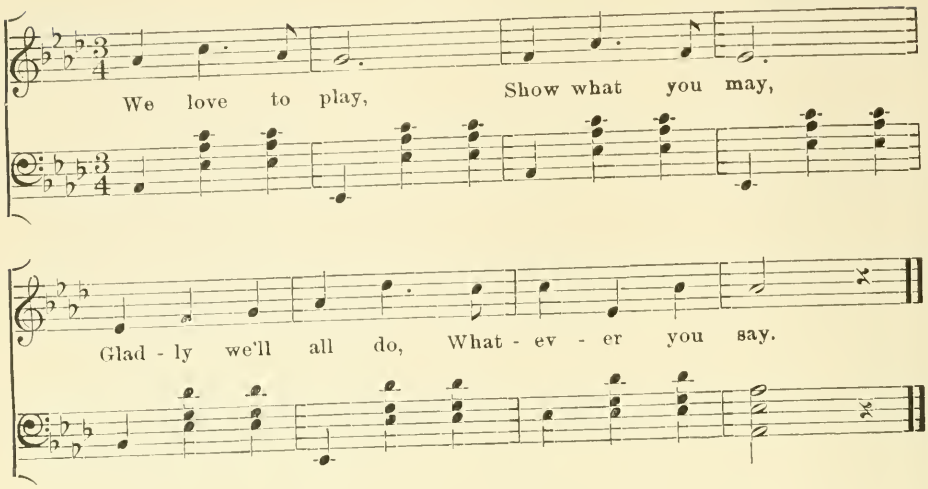
Oh! here are the dainty flowers
To which the green buds grow,
The fragrant blossoms, rosy pink
Or fair and white as snow.

Oh! here are the fruits at last,
All ripe upon the trees;
They 're ready for the children now,—
Who 'll have a taste of these?

With the first verse, the children twirl their fingers rapidly to represent moving leaves; in the second, they bring the fingers together, the tips touching, each hand representing a bud; in the third, they let the buds gradually open to flowers, spreading out the fingers for petals; and in the fourth they double up their fists for fruits.

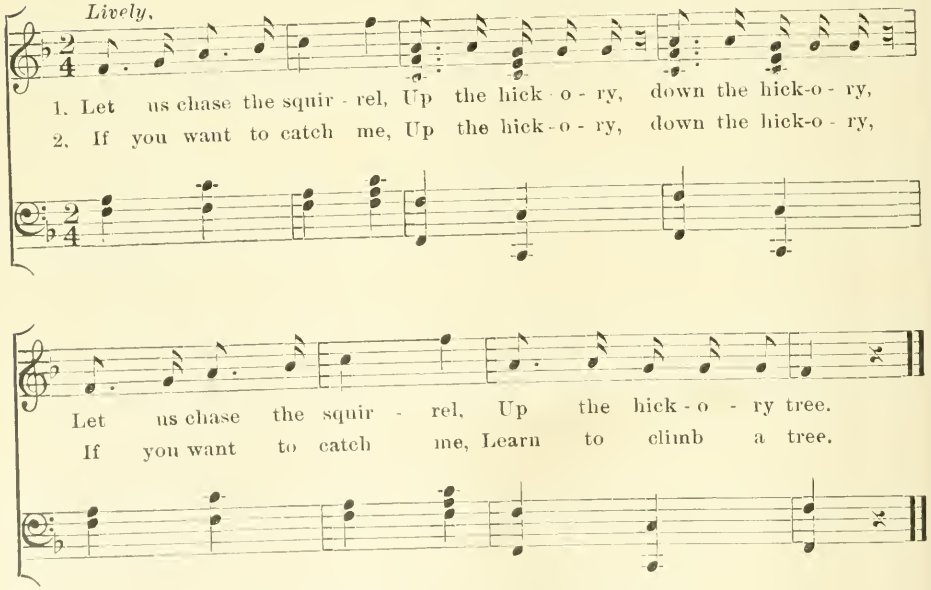
INTRODUCTION TO THE GAMES.

Words and Music by Bertha W. Leighton.



LET US CHASE THE SQUIRREL.

Words and Music by Annie L. Preston.



DIRECTIONS FOR PLAYING GAME.

Two children are chosen to represent the squirrels, while two other children are selected to chase the squirrels. The remaining children form an avenue of hickory trees. The first verse is sung by the children, the squirrels answering in the second verse; then follows the chase in and out of the trees.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.

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BY OCTOBER, the kindergartner and her children have become very good friends, with the exception of the inevitable few shy children or the later comers. The mere knowing of the children's names by the kindergartner has by this time reduced the confusing swarm of little ones to a seemingly much smaller company and the kindergartner's everyday child-study is pursued with renewed zest as the little individuals grow freer and show their distinctive traits. Perhaps she finds a child very different now from what her first judgment of him had led her to expect. Query: Will she attribute the difference to kindergarten influence, or to her possibly hasty estimate? The influence of kindergarten does indeed have a marked effect on some children, even in a few weeks; but, in the main, we are not expectant of swift and obvious results.

> "The roots shall be our care;
> The fruits let others share."

The relief and satisfaction which the kindergartner gains from acquaintance with the children's names should make her careful to help the children to the same comfortable knowledge. They cannot, as she must, learn soon the names of all, but the children of each group or at each table should have some little talks and plays particularly directed to the end of furthering acquaintance.

AN EXPERIENCED visitor of kindergartens spoke in admiration of one which had impressed her particularly because of a certain feature,—the small amount of talking done by the kindergartner. The children (it was midway in the year) seemed to know what to do during the morning, and to do it,—for instance, when there was a change from circle to table, or otherwise. In the Morning Talk, the kindergartner's part consisted of a very few questions; and she spoke even less in story time, for the children told the story to her, she simply indicating which child was to proceed with the narration. There was no feeling of restraint or repression,—just a happy quietness in the room, a refreshing calm, that was pleasant and restful. Is this kindergartner emulating that company of wise men,

called "The Silent Academy," whose aim was to do as much thinking and as little talking as possible? Whether her silent method of management is due to natural tendency or to choice, it gives rather an unusual character to her kindergarten. What a boon it would have been to the little boy whose complaint was that "Miss A. talks so loud I can't hear what she says" if he could have been transferred to this quiet kindergartner's care!

The very quiet person, however, to be a good companion for children, needs to have a very sympathetic manner, a glance or smile that "fills the silence like a speech," so that the children shall feel in communication with her, not shut off by any chilly reserve. Even then the odds are not always and altogether in favor of the silent kindergartner, although many of us might well cultivate more of this golden grace.

Voice and tone have a great influence upon the feelings, particularly with the young child. And little children need to hear a good amount of cheery, sensible talk for the development of their own speech and hearing and for the learning of language.

The International Congress of Primary Teachers at Paris, August 2 and 3, was a great success. The general meetings were held in the grand amphitheater of the Sorbonne, with M. Gréard, vice-rector of the Academy of Paris, in the chair. "M. Gréard is an admirable president," says the *"Manuel Générale de l'Instruction Primaire,"* from which we cull this notice, "whose noble face and mien, expressive of perfectly balanced intelligence, make him seem properly the center in an assemblage of *savants* and educators."

These meetings were attended by about two thousand persons, among whom women were almost as plentiful as men (!). The women took an active part in the discussions. Although the audiences were chiefly composed of teachers, there was a fair sprinkling of inspectors and normal school directors.

After the opening address, the Congress divided into five sections for the consideration of separate questions. These related to Household Education or Domestic Science; School Attendance; Moral Education; Higher Primary Teaching; and Courses for Adults and Public Lectures. While no attempt was made, in the limited time at the disposal of the Congress, to treat these subjects from all sides, each section accomplished much, and several votes were passed which will probably have a good influence upon programs, rules, and free initiative.

The first section was presided over by Pauline Kergomard, one of the foremost women of France in the work of early education and one of the best French writers on that subject. The section decided that Household Education, on which so much of the happiness, union, and dignity of family life depends, ought to be introduced into the *écoles maternelles* (which receive children of kindergarten age), the primary schools, and the girls' normal schools. This decision was ratified by the full Congress, with the additional specification that, since fathers as well as mothers needed more of this home education, it should not be considered as authorized for girls' primary classes only.

As to the teachers who should give this instruction, the common sentiment seemed to be, at first, that the regular women teachers were already sufficiently trained to give it in all the grades; but the arguments of M. Driessens, the "apostle of rational cookery," and of M. Quénardal, a normal school principal, led the Congress to pass a resolution urging the State to establish not only complementary courses in Household Education but professional schools as well.

Another important vote was passed by the first Section and ratified by the Congress. It proposed that the hygienic treatment and general care of babies should be one of the principal teachings in Household Education in the elementary schools. "If this could be effected," says the *Manuel Générale,* "it would result in improved health among the children of the poor and thus of the population at large."

THE SAME IDEA has its advocates in our own country, and some of these were happy enough to meet this summer at the Second Annual Conference on Home Economics at Lake Placid, N. Y. Anyone who desires to know what is meant by Home Economics and how it is proposed to scatter this beneficent teaching broadcast needs only to read an article by S. Maud Elliott, entitled Economics in the Adirondacks, which we hereby recommend to our readers. See *Journal of Education,* August 16.

THAT THE GENERAL PRESS furnishes so many articles concerning education testifies to the increasing interest of the public in such matters as have too long been left mainly to teachers and others "whose business it is." The people evidently want such articles and will read such articles, and public opinion is thus being affected steadily and widely. The co-operation of home and school ought to be advanced apace by this feeding

of the parents' interest, and the teacher may well keep herself conversant with the current reading matter and call the attention of parents to what is most relevant and applicable. Often, however, she will find the best matter,—that which is most directly serviceable,—in the educational journals; and, as the parents are not likely to see these, the teacher should take especial pains to bring such articles to the parents' notice.

Two articles which the kindergartner, at least, should not fail to read studiously are presented in *Educational Review,* for September, 1900. These are: A Synthesis of Herbart and Froebel, by James Welton; and Münsterberg on the New Education, by Joseph Lee.

THE BLANKENBURG FESTIVAL.

Laying of the Corner Stone of the Friedrich Froebel House.

By Elizabeth Emerson Manson.

As we traveled northward from Nuremberg, the memory of its quaint loveliness, of the bright St. John's Day, when the spirit of Hans Sachs seemed to step out from the jovial, enwreathed statue and pervade the town, and strains of the Meistersingers rang in our ears as the gay procession of brewers bore their huge bedecked cask through the streets,—as we traveled northward the memory of all this faded from our minds, and life took on a more earnest aspect. We were approaching the Thüringen, one of the loveliest playgrounds of Germany, but also the home of some of its deepest thinkers, its most earnest workers, and a place, to us, most strongly associated with the life of Friedrich Froebel. It was on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of June that we reached Rudolstadt. Walking through its narrow streets we were thrilled by the thought that often these same stones had been trodden by the great teacher, sometimes with hope in his heart, sometimes with discouragement, but ever with uplifting faith in the cause to which he had given his life. Especially upon the road to Keilhau, did each beautiful view seem to bring some new thought of him and from him. The cultivated fields and farm-buildings, the villages overflowing with sturdy, fair-haired children, women with laden baskets, and mothers wrapping their babies in the picturesque double cape, brought to our minds vividly the pictures of the Mother Play. At Keilhau, the garden, Froebel's study, his books, pictures and letters, all increased the sense of close contact with the spirit

of the past. This sense deepened day by day, as we visited Blankenburg, Oberweissbach, Liebenstein, Marienthal, until we parted from these dear associations at the grave in Schweina, feeling deeply grateful for the pleasant memories and the inspiration which our pilgrimage in the Thüringen had given us.

The following day we went to Blankenburg, the Mecca of our German trip. It seemed great good fortune to find Fräulein Heerwart living there, and to have arrived in time for the laying of the corner stone of the Friedrich Froebel House. The kindly cordiality with which we were received by Fräulein Heerwart and her friends, Fräulein Alweis and Fräulein Wagner, made us feel that we had come home rather than to a strange town in a strange land. This feeling was strengthened by a visit to the Museum, at present established in Fräulein Heerwart's house, where, to a student of the life of Froebel, many of the treasures seem old friends. We had a few delightful moments in the kindergarten. The children made us welcome with their sweet *Wir grüssen euch,* and as we walked back to the hotel, along the banks of the Schwarza and looked up at ruined Greifenstein, we felt very happy to be in lovely Blankenburg and happier still to be there at so opportune a moment.

The first meeting of the Festival was held on the evening of the twenty-seventh of June, in the Rathhaus. By eight o'clock the hall was filled with an audience drawn from all parts of Germany, from England, and America. The large number of Blankenburgers present showed that the cause had aroused a strong interest in the hearts of the townspeople. Fräulein Heerwart, to whose devotion the cause owes so much, presided. Among the honored guests were Frau Vogeler, better known to kindergartners as Ida Seele,—the first kindergartner who went from Blankenburg, —and Fräulein Alweis of Hamburg, the devoted friend of Frau Luise Froebel.

Herr Lutze, pastor and school-inspector in Blankenburg and one of the most active workers for the Friedrich Froebel House, welcomed the guests and later read the Festival address written by Fräulein Heerwart. In the address Fräulein Heerwart spoke eloquently of Froebel's life, personal characteristics, and work. She then outlined the course of events in connection with the Friedrich Froebel House, paying due tribute to those most prominently concerned. She also stated that the subscriptions toward the House had amounted thus far to 5159 marks, and that an additional 2000 marks had been contributed by Herr Kiesewetter and Herr Bähring.

Herr Oberpfarrer Johnson of Neustadt, near Coburg, gave a brilliant address in which he emphasized the importance of Froebel's work to the country,—since as the children are, so will the men be, and as the men are, so will the state be. The church choir under the direction of Herr Wirth, with the assistance of

Frau Dr. Tönnies, furnished the music. The evening closed with an informal social gathering.

At nine on the morning of the twenty-eighth, the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the first kindergarten, we assembled at the kindergarten to enjoy the sight of the children in their work and play. They sang for us a pleasant greeting and with their cubes made trains to bring their friends to Blankenburg.

After a happy hour with the little ones we all walked to the beech-woods to decorate Froebel's monument with flowers. A tablet to Frau Luise Froebel has been added to this at one side, and on the other rests the stone which covered the grave of Froebel's first wife. The dark clouds which had for many days hung over the Thüringen had cleared away, and our walk along the country roads was delightful. As we went along we picked poppies, cornflowers, daisies, and other wild blossoms to add to our garden nosegays, that our little offerings should recall the delight in every wild or cultivated bloom of the one to whose memory we placed them. As we came to the beech-wood, happy shouts greeted us and we found a little group of children playing near the monument. They watched the decoration with wide eyes, and added a few wild blossoms, not realizing that of all the flowers offered none were so appropriate as theirs.

After the song *"Kommt lasst uns unsern kinder leben."* and the enwreathing of the monument, we continued our walk to the old Powder-Mill, Froebel's home in Blankenburg. Frau Vogeler, who, as Ida Seele, had lived and received her training as kindergartner here, described to us the location of the rooms. How near seemed the lives of those devoted inmates as Frau Vogeler spoke of their daily duties! One of hers had been the care of the dainty china. She recalled some incidents of sixty years ago. Among these was the misfortune which befell Froebel and some friends who crossed the bridge near the house to attend a baptism on the other bank,—a walk of two minutes; but, alas, the high waters swept away the bridge, and, although within so short a distance of home, they were obliged to take a walk of several miles down the river to find another bridge by which they could return!

At one o'clock we assembled at the old kindergarten building on the hillside, the entire company marching thence to the site of the new building. That old house, in which Froebel worked out so many of those wonderful thoughts in regard to the needs of little children, will always have a beautiful association for kindergartners. May the new house, filled with all that is most advanced in methods and materials, be enlivened by the spirit with which the early work, lacking so much in accessories, was overflowing! The site of the new building is near the large public school and not far from Fräulein Heerwart's present home. Herr Bähring, the mayor, welcomed the guests assembled, after which the stone was laid. Fräulein Heerwart, Herr Lutze, Fräulein Alweis, and

Fräulein Mecke of Kassel, struck the stone in memory of the past, of Froebel and his work, of Frau Luise Froebel, and in hope for the future. Professor Schaffner, grand nephew of Froebel and director of the institute at Gumperda, spoke of the growth of Froebel's educational ideas in Germany, in England, and America. In spite of the criticism of these ideas, they have spread from place to place, from country to country. Professor Schaffner said that he hoped to see this education yet taken under the protection of the state in its native land. The exercises closed with the choral, "Praise the Lord!"

A festival dinner was served at Hotel Löwen. After the toast to the Kaiser, proposed by the mayor, there followed toasts to Fräulein Heerwart, Frau Vogeler and Fräulein Alweis. The guests from far and near were toasted by Fräulein Heerwart and those from England and America were asked to bear a cordial greeting to their fellow-workers in those countries. Letters and messages were read from Pastor Bähring, a former pupil of Froebel's, from Dr. and Frau Goldschmidt, and from many other friends who regretted not being present. From America were messages from Madam Kraus-Boelte of New York and Miss Alice E. Fitts of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. When the toasts and speeches were over, two young girls entered, bearing between them a silver wreath upon a velvet cushion. It was the wreath given to Frau Luise Froebel upon her eightieth birthday and now presented to Fräulein Heerwart for the Froebel Museum. To this treasure were added Froebel's Testament and some letters, making a most valuable addition to the collection. An interesting day was brought to a close by a concert in the garden, a pretty dance and tableaux by the young ladies of Fräulein Mecke's training class, followed by a general promenade and a few kindergarten games.

On the following day, a few of us took the beautiful drive through the Schwarzathal and over the hills to Oberweissbach. During this drive even more than at Blankenburg, we felt the wonderful charm of the Thüringen, "the pearl of Germany." How often this beauty must have solaced Froebel in hours when his efforts were misunderstood and rejected by his fellow men, to whose uplifting he had given his life! It is a joy to think that at Oberweissbach in his childhood, at Keilhau, at Blankenburg, and at Marienthal in his later life, Nature, in wonderfully lovely aspects, was ever present to help and inspire him.

While in Blankenburg two visits to the museum and library revealed many treasures. Pictures of Froebel, of Frau Luise Froebel, of the Baroness von Bulow, and of the workers at Keilhau; Froebel's letters to his pupils in his exquisite, even hand; the christening letter from his godmother; the wedding rings, Testament, album, and many other articles belonging to Froebel and Frau Luise Froebel seemed to bring one near to their lives. Froebel's own arrangements for gift and occupation give an opportunity for studying the de-

velopment of the work. Frau Luise Froebel's collections of occupation-work and of pressed flowers are exhibited. In the library are first editions of Froebel's works, the first copies of the *"Mutter und Kose Lieder"* being of special interest. Here, too, is collected kindergarten literature in many tongues, giving an opportunity to study the progress of the work to the present day.

No better place for rest can be found than Blankenburg. Situated in the valley of the Schwarza and overlooked by Castle Greifenstein, it is a typical German town and an excellent center from which to make walking or driving excursions in the Thüringen Wald. It is within a short railroad journey of Rudolstadt, Jena, Weimar, Eisenach, and of all the places interesting from their association with the life of Froebel. But more than the beauty of the town or its surroundings did the cordiality of its citizens make us regret that we must leave. As the train drew away from the station and a little group of English and American kindergartners waved farewell to Fräulein Heerwart, it was with the hope in every heart that not many years would elapse before we found ourselves again in her kindly, inspiring presence and under the roof of the Friedrich Froebel House. Let us use our best efforts to help build and furnish this House. It would take but small individual subscriptions for the different kindergarten associations in America to undertake the furnishing of certain rooms; and such definite contributions would be of the greatest help toward hastening the completion of the undertaking. When it is completed may it prove to many American kindergartners a haven for a summer's rest and a living spring of inspiration for future work.

MORE ABOUT THE BLANKENBURG FESTIVAL.

In the July number of *Child Life*, the English kindergarten quarterly, Miss Adelaide Wragge, of Blackheath Kindergarten Training College, gives some charming pen pictures of the people and doings at the beautiful festival which celebrated the laying of the corner stone.

We transcribe her description of the procession to the site of the Froebel House.

"And now you must imagine all of us gathering in front of the first kindergarten—a little, old, white and timbered building at the back of the market place—with an open space in front and a quaint street leading thence down into the town. It was a very pretty sight and a strange one to our English eyes—for background the historic building and irregular street with its red-tiled houses; a group of young girls (kindergarten students) dressed in white with pale

blue ribbons, and carrying long poles twined with white and blue with long ribbon streamers; the brass band with its instruments; a number of men in solemn black; all the visitors with their gay, festal dresses; and, lining the streets, a silent, interested and most picturesque crowd of men, women, and little flaxen-haired children. By and by the stately figure of Fräulein Heerwart was seen approaching, and as she moved up the little street towards us, every head was bowed. It was easy to see what respect and love she had already inspired in this little town which is now her home. Then, as if by magic, the procession was formed. The band burst into a joyous, martial strain, the white-robed girls followed, next came Fräulein Heerwart, and after her, two and two, all the invited guests. And so we marched triumphantly through the streets of the town and out to the field on which the house is to be erected."

HOW TO AMUSE AN INVALID CHILD.

By Anna Bateman.

"What has been my guiding light, my star,
And led me to those heights where angels are,
And shining down on me — as from above —
Has made the world aglow with life and love?"

As a beautiful flower in bud draws around it care and attention in its unfolding, so the divine touch of life in the new-born child brings the mysterious workings of Providence closer to the human heart and fills us with awe and thanksgiving. And when we awake to find that the tender flower of life has some blighted leaves —then it is that the hopes and fears of human affection are most intensified and that the very longing to make all things right leads us to depend not only on earthly aid to make this human bud a perfected flower, but to pray for courage and hope as we go our way with Christ's words to guide us: "A little child shall lead them." The sweet dependence of a delicate child draws one's heart-strings tighter to enfold it, and human love, through care and anxiety, grows tenderer and tenderer.

In the desire to make the sick-room full of health and joy, each one longs to do his best, and I am going to give a slight account of the life of a little one whose long-continued illness extended practically from birth to the fourth year.

Quiet was an absolute necessity. Pain was almost constant. When the little sufferer was old enough to walk, fatigue was ever to be guarded against; and with only an hour's exercise on the feet allowed, we were confronted with the difficulty of keeping a two-and-one-half-year-old tot in bed the greater part of the day, with amusement which, while quiet,

was interesting enough to pass away the time and make sunshine within the walls of a sick chamber.

Again, we had to guard the little patient from too much attention from mother and nurse; and it was that necessity which brought to my mind a pleasure of my early childhood, when my mother made her own bread and I was allowed a bit of dough to make miniature loaves by her side. To the nursery came up a rounded pat of well-kneaded dough which readily lent itself to the manipulations of grown-up fingers, and finally to the little fingers of the child; and from that simple beginning, the tiny invalid began modeling in dough.

Wise-looking owls were made, their distinctive shape being easily moulded. By the use of a pair of big, coal-black eyes from a discarded dolly, we produced one owl whose appearance was really very natural. Its "Too-whit! Too-whoo!" was sung out frequently in the shrill, weak tones of the little patient, and it was put to sleep and as tenderly cared for as a dolly. That owl was made to do everything!

Little fishes, snails, and worms were made; and for the make-believe caterpillar, would-be legs were slashed out of the dough by a pair of scissors, —these scissors playing an important part in Baby's nursery.

Sometimes the dough was fashioned into numerous cakes and pies and German *küchen;* and we were asked to tea parties, where we had bountiful feasts of make-believes. Little tin and china dishes and a small iron stove were our accoutrements.

For something big and altogether amusing we would make a good sized man of dough, fashioning him, on a small scale, of course, after the snow man which the healthy, rugged boys were putting up out of doors. Mr. Dough Man received all the homage due to such a wonderful personage; and the child and her treasure were carried over the house, up and down, until finally Mr. Dough Man was set upon the hall post, in a dignified and imposing position, ready to welcome any chance visitor, while the happy little owner went off to bed, refreshed by the quiet sport. And another day had been interestingly passed.

To return to the scissors. When the little girl was two and a half years old, a pair of short, blunt scissors were bought. The rivet was first loosened a little, and the child was given a few lessons in cutting, after which she was allowed to cut by herself, gay colored pictures from magazines and story books. These "Blunties," as the Baby called them, were her joy. They are still treasured by her and now she cuts her pictures and pastes them in her own scrap-book, managing it all herself.

With the same "Blunties" the little one cuts strips of gay colored tissue paper, and, drawing the broad side of the scissors along the strips, makes paper curls of all colors.

Into the life of a child who goes to kindergarten are introduced many pretty fancies and devices in teaching which could be used in the nursery, but I shall not touch upon them.

Get the child all the animal toys that you possibly can. It is good

and beautiful for these little people to bestow affection and care on them, and they give a great deal of amusement. Many an afternoon have Baby and I played circus! Our menagerie was made up of a rubber cat, a pink, cotton-covered pig, a tiger which could make a deep growl on having its throat pulled, and numerous elephants of all sizes, not to forget our horses,—our "Calico Mare" and "White Jack." To see us come up the middle of the room, on the supposed street, was a sight, indeed! A blast from a tin trumpet represented the music of the band, and announced the arrival of the circus; then our animals came down by twos and threes, the tiger growling, the horses neighing, etc., etc. For the time being, pain and lassitude were forgotten and our play-time was a merry one.

During a sojourn at a seashore, one finds many elements besides the summer heat conspiring against a delicate child's sitting for any length of time on the beach to play. But a box of sand can be brought to the chamber, and placed upon a sheet which has been spread upon the floor for the protection of the carpet; and then with the little sand dishes, many pleasant, quiet hours can be passed even in the hottest part of the day.

The sand furnishes amusement not only in summer, but in winter as well. A box of sand can stand in the shed at home; and when you wish to use any of it, a baking-pan full can be heated in the oven. The danger of the child's taking cold will thus be avoided. After spreading the sheet upon the floor, we can bring out our sand dishes, our pail and shovel, and, in the inner warmth of the room, with the imaginary shore of sand to play upon, can forget that we are having zero weather outside.

The seashore affords many resources. Stones of all shapes and colors and other "treasures of ocean" can be gathered and brought into the house for the pleasure of the shut-in child. We appreciate the magnitude of the little one's pure affection for these mysterious things of nature, when we see her mourn over the loss of a prized stone, over the crushing of a delicate shell. It is a revelation of the depth of human affection for things.

That very affection should be nourished in the child;—his love not only for all things human, but for all these God-made treasures of the world around. It is to the heart of Nature that we should lead these little people. Let them take the whole earth as their "toy" in the play-time of life. As the weary traveler looks forward to the sweet rest of home, so in the somber later years of life we turn again to Nature, seeking the half-recalled happiness of childhood years, to find in her a comforter, if we will; a source of inspiration, if we but take the thought; a divine teacher, if we but learn her lessons.

Give these little folks every opportunity, not only for the day's enjoyment, but for their future happiness as well. It is in the beginning that everything is made. The child, to grow to a rounded maturity, must

not be allowed to lose one atom of anything which Nature has put within our grasp for the child's good.

In looking back, I see that even during these years of suffering this tiny life had its compensations, though they were hidden, in the divine plan, from those hungry mother eyes, seeking everywhere for health and vigor for this tender blossom.

HOME OCCUPATIONS IN RELATION TO NATURE—II.

By Frederica Beard.

THERE is nothing in nature more full of suggestion for the child during October than the trees. Leaves, nuts, fruit, wood,—all supply occupations of interest. The falling leaves in their golden and brown dresses mark the wonderful autumnal change to him, and stir within the child's spirit a feeling of mystery, leading to the recognition of an Unseen Power. Even if the child is not in the country or suburbs, the city park or street will show him trees.

Do you know that beautiful poem of Susan Coolidge's? It is always interesting in this connection:—

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down.
The great tree to his children said,
'You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed,'" etc.

After hearing this story, a little girl, walking down the street one day and seeing an old tree bending its graceful branches, whispered, "See! the father is saying good-night to his children."

On a bright day, a child may be busy finding leaves, sorting them by kind, color, or size, and saving the prettiest to press within sheets of newspaper; doing this, not just (in his own thought) to be busy, but "for you" or "to fill a book." When he has to be indoors, he may mount the leaves in a small book made out of manilla paper, the pages of which have been simply sewed together. A single sheet of paper or cardboard, for mounting one leaf, is still simpler. It is better to do the mounting with paste rather than mucilage. Library or photograph paste is best; but gum tragacanth, dexterin or gum arabic, prepared with water, will do. A stick, such as the end of a beheaded match or a kindergarten "slat," is much better than a brush for children to paste with. Three-year-olds do not need to daub, but can paste nicely if shown how to use a very little paste.

Making pictures of leaves is always a helpful occupation. Let the children draw *as they see,* not as you

direct. Pin a leaf up on the wall, and then, with colored chalk on a blackboard, or with crayon pencil on paper, let the little artist express his own idea in his own way. Select simple leaves first: those of circular or oval shape, with plain, even edge, are, of course, much easier to picture than those of the oak and the maple.

"Come, little leaves!" so familiar to the kindergartner, may be new to some mothers. This pretty song is to be found in "Songs and Games for Little Ones" by Walker and Jenks. In working with the seeds last month, we found nature's protecting care continually illustrated. Again this may be seen, as the leaves cover the grasses and plants which stay in the ground all winter. The gathering of the leaves for bedding for cows and horses will be a matter of interest.

With fruits and nuts, the children can observe the "coverings" as they did with seeds. A child of five or six years can see that a nut is really the fruit of a tree; that of some fruits there is a soft part while the whole of others is comparatively hard; that over the soft part there is sometimes a covering, and that if this part is not used for food, it gradually perishes; that sometimes there is a harder part we call the stone (which is like a nut) as in the peach or plum, within which is the seed. All this the children may discover for themselves if helped thereto. Acorns, chestnuts, and horse-chestnuts are good nuts for them to observe, and from which to take off the coverings. Acorns and acorn cups are attractive to play with also. Besides being used for the old-time "tea-parties," they may have holes pierced through their centers and little sticks inserted, and thus be used to represent all sorts of things. Let the little ones see what they themselves can make with a stick, an acorn and its cup. Spinning tops will be the greatest delight. The half shells of English walnuts or of peach-pits will often make good playthings, especially in relation to a playhouse.

Stories of how the nuts came into the store or the journey of an apple, tracing back from the barrel in the home, to the store, the train, wagon, farm, and orchard, will be full of fascination to the city child, especially if he has had some experience of the two extreme points of the journey. Through such a story he may see how many workers join together for the good of all. Stories of the harvesting of the fruits and the squirrels' ingathering of nuts will suggest many home plays, and also introduce the thought of Thanksgiving. That pretty picture of squirrels, by Carter, will add interest, and can be obtained in an inexpensive reproduction.

In relation to fruit, the making of jelly is such a fascinating occupation! While mother is busy with her large amount, may there not be a little kettleful, with two or three tiny glasses (like those for medicine) for the small housekeeper, be it boy or girl?

And now in regard to the wood of the tree. How few children realize that wood, so commonly seen by

them, comes from a tree! But we need simply to put the children in right relationship with the trees, and these become a most natural because so near an interest. Following the thought of protection the child may find the strong, hardy body of the tree well wrapped in layers of bark; a slab of wood on which the bark has been left then makes the connecting link between the familiar wood and the well-known tree; and a log, cut so that one can see (at the end) the likeness to what the child calls wood, makes clear to him what otherwise might be only a matter of faith, or disbelief. Let the child discover and prove to himself whenever possible. Information based on the experience of another is of little value, comparatively. Observation, comparison, and discovery result not only in true knowledge, but in the development of character.

The preparation of the logs for firewood, or into lumber for building houses, will now be a subject of interest. Simple stories of the woodman and of the floating of logs down the river, will naturally follow, as also the sight of a lumber yard, if the children (of five or six years) live near enough to the latter.

A box of odd little pieces of wood from the carpenter's will often give more opportunity for invention and construction than the box of perfected "blocks" from the toy store. Crude and simple materials are more educative than elaborately finished ones. Cedar blocks (such as are used in many places for paving streets) will prove a source of delightful occupation for rainy days, if space can be given in hay loft, cellar or attic, for the use of them. Another good occupation while mother is busy sewing, will be the finding of things made of wood, either by touching and counting, or by gathering them together.

Some day it will be well to note, with the children, all that the tree gives, thus arousing appreciation, and developing a spirit of gratitude for a common good.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST.*

By Louise Connolly.

Bossy in the barnyard has a little calf;
When it tries to stagger round, all the cattle laugh.
Bossy's very proud of it, licks it gently over,
Mooing songs of shady trees, brooks, and budding clover.
"Don't you wander off, my dear, stay by me and rest;
For your Mamma Bossy
Knows best."

* Correct version of poem printed in Kindergarten Review, September, 1900.

Biddy in the henhouse had a nest of eggs;
Now they 're little balls of down on tiny yellow legs.
Biddy clucks to them a song of spiders, worms, and slugs;
Scratches up the earth for them and finds them tender bugs;
Spreads her wings and folds them in around her speckled vest,—
"For your Mamma Biddy
Knows best."

Tabby in the woodshed has some little kits;
When old Towser ventures in, lifts her back and spits;
Washes up their fuzzy coats and keeps them clean and nice;
Purrs to them a wondrous tale of frogs, and birds and mice.
"Don't you dare to venture yet far from mother's breast,
For your Mamma Tabby
Knows best."

Dinah in the kitchen has a little boy;
Dinah 's very fond of him, full of pride and joy;
Sets him on the kitchen floor behind the ironing board;
Sings to him of Zion and the glory of the Lord;
Shakes him when he runs away—"You set still, you pes'!
Fo' yo' Mammy Dinah
Knows bes'."

Mother in the parlor has a baby fair—
Rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes, and tumbled yellow hair;
Clothes it in the costliest of ribbon and of lace;
Glories in its beauty and its dainty baby grace;
Sings it that same lullaby, "Rest, my baby, rest;
The safest place for any babe is on its mother's breast.
For the Mother always
Knows best."

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ALICE AND TOM, OR, THE RECORD OF A HAPPY YEAR. By Kate Louise Brown. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. $0.40.

Alice and Tom are delightful children of whose play days and school days Miss Brown tells in a much more lively and natural manner than is ordinarily achieved in books intended for school use. While not exactly a "nature reader," the book suggests a definite course of lessons which an earnest teacher would take pleasure in carrying on in connection with the reading. The quotations show the author's literary taste, and are an integral part of the book's plan. We must not forego a special mention of Rags, Tom's dog. His intelligent actions and remarks will surely charm the children and bring out very expressive reading.

The Finch First Reader. By Adelaide V. Finch. Ginn & Co., Boston. $0.35.

The Finch Primer has prepared the way for the Finch First Reader in the liking of many teachers, and neither they nor the children will be disappointed in the more advanced text book. It has three colored bird plates and a profusion of pictures in black and white.

Oriole Stories. M. A. L. Lane. Ginn & Co., Boston. $0.33.

As it is well to have several primers in teaching reading, each new one which brings a real contribution of help is to be welcomed. The special recommendation of this new comer is that naturalness of expression on the part of the little readers will certainly be enhanced by its use. The repetitions necessary for drill are not tedious, because the text presents a greater variety of ideas than is often the case with primers. The book is a very pretty one, with plenty of pictures.

Wee Wee Songs for Little Tots. By Charles H. McCurrie. H. F. Chandler, Chicago. $0.50.

Nine songs of a playful character are here given for the amusement of the little ones. Words and music jingle gayly, and illustrations of pussy cats, ducks, little girls, etc., run a lively race with the text. The songs are catchy and would serve to amuse at odd moments.

Greeting to America. By Baroness von Bülow. William Beverly Harison, New York. $1.00.

The author's own characterization of the contents of this book is a just one. She calls them little fleeting sketches of hurriedly gathered impressions which she has hastily collected to send back to us over the ocean. She speaks with appreciation of kindness received from friends in the United States, and shows much good will, although she enjoys poking a little fun at what seems queer to her in American customs. One of the more serious chapters is devoted to the continuation of the kindergarten in schools and youth gardens, and another to the discussion of questions relative to the Gifts and Occupations. Several specimens of inventions by German children in "net drawing" are given. Among the lighter features are tempting recipes for roast chicken and cucumber salad. The directions for preparing these are given so clearly, and(if such opposite words may be conjoined) with so much delicate unctiousness, that the veriest tyro in cookery is tempted to go to the kitchen at once and concoct these delicious dishes.

This book with its streaks of earnestness and comicality is the precursor of the greater one to be published by the same firm,—the memoir of the elder baroness,—about which Dr. Wm. T. Harris has said: "The work is the best commentary upon Froebel's thoughts and labors that it is possible to make."

The Nervous System of the Child. By Francis Warner, M.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.00.

It was a disappointment to find this book so largely composed of worked-over material. Those who have not read Dr. Warner's other books, however, will not be troubled by the repetitious character of this, and will find it an aid in observing and dealing with children.

Great American Educators. By A. E. Winship. Werner School Book Co., Boston. $0.50.

Great American Educators contains the life stories, with portraits, of Horace Mann, Mary Lyon, David P. Page, Henry Barnard, Edward A. Sheldon, James P. Wickersham, Newton Bateman and John D. Philbrick, who represent the growth of popular education in this country.

Although this book is one in a series for young readers it is suitable for adults chiefly. The accounts of Horace Mann and Mary Lyon are the fullest and most interesting.

The Story of Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark. By Nellie F. Kingsley. Werner School Book Co., Boston. $0.25.

This is a short account of the Lewis and Clark expedition in the Northwest, in 1803, suitable for school reading. There are several good pictures and appropriate small maps.

The Loom of Destiny. By Arthur J. Stringer. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.25.

Short stories written with literary skill and with a deep understanding of the child heart are here presented.

The scenes are mostly laid in English low-life, and each story is prefaced by a Kipling-like stanza which strikes the

keynote of the tale. The point of view is always the child's; and we can but feel that "things as they are" are seriously arraigned when looked at from the view-point of the handicapped little runners in life's race depicted in these stories.

THE SONGS OF FATHER GOOSE. By Frank L. Baum. Music by Alberta N. Hall. George M. Hill Co., Chicago. $1.00.

Twenty-six rhymes from Father Goose, His Book, are here set to music. Those who enjoyed the first book will probably welcome this one. The wooden leg and the eye with a squint are again brought forth as ludicrous in this collection. We think that they are poor subjects of fun.

THE REWARD OF PRINCE CHEERFULNESS. By Ruth Lewinson. Wm. R. Jenkins, New York. $0.75.

This is an allegory about the vanquishing of Dragon Temper, written to aid a little boy in overcoming his hasty and passionate spirit. To us, the well-intentioned little story seems overweighted with the elaboration of spiritual significance which it has been made to carry.

THE LOWELL SYSTEM OF KINDERGARTEN DESIGNING. By Anna W. Devereaux. J. L. Hammett & Co., Boston. $0.60.

The purpose of this little pamphlet is not to cover the whole field of kindergarten drawing but rather to offer suggestions for one phase of it, *i. e.*, the arranging of simple units in definite space with artistic results. This kind of designing gratifies the children's love of repetition or rhythm and affords an opportunity for a simple, steady progression, based in one series on the dot, in the other on the line. The two series of designs are given in black and white and reduced to one eighth of working size; but full directions as to colors, and preparation of drawing paper accompany them. The Lowell System of Kindergarten Designing is directly connected with the Lowell System of Kindergarten Sewing which many kindergartners will remember having seen at the I. K. U. Convention of 1899, at Cincinnati.

FOUR AMERICAN PIONEERS. By Frances M. Perry and Katherine Beebe. Werner School Book Co., Boston. $0.50.

These four pioneers are Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark, David Crockett, and Kit Carson; and the stories of their lives will give legitimate satisfaction to that boyish thirst which must be slaked with tales of adventure. The style is that of plain narrative and a good idea is given of a settler's life in the early days of our country.

MOTHER'S GOODNIGHT WORDS. By Elizabeth Luscombe. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $0.50.

The simple title of this tiny, red-covered volume fitly accords with the tender simplicity of the little talks and hymns which are within. Nothing could be more unpretentious, nothing sweeter in spirit or more sincerely reverent, than these evening communings of mother and child; while the hymns are such as can be said or sung over and over again, making themselves dearer with repetition because their quality is so true.

This dear little book is quite a cosmopolite. The Rev. A. B. Boyd Carpenter, Rector of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, writes a preface which is beautifully consonant with the rest of the book in its love and thoughtfulness. The English publisher is Ernest Nister, while the book is marked "Printed in Bavaria," and comes to us from E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York! The talks and hymns are thirty-one in number and there is a charming frontispiece.

THE MANTEL-PIECE MINSTRELS AND OTHER STORIES. By John Kendrick Bangs. R. H. Russell. $0.50.

Here we have four jolly little stories told by a father to his young boy, and making a tiny volume such as a child would like to see brought forth from his father's pocket as the two settled themselves together in a big chair for a bit of story and talk just after tea. Some of the drollery would mystify the little boy at first (because he was not Mr. Bangs' little boy and did not know some of the things in the book "first hand," as Mr. Bangs' little boy did); but he would want to hear the stories over again just for that reason, and would enjoy the jokes the more as he got used to them. Perhaps the sophistications of the modern hotel, with a "teleseme," or ordering dial, in each room would make the last story a little puzzling; but the teleseme would make

a charming topic of conversation,—as good as Aladdin's lamp, almost!

In Camp with a Tin Soldier. By John Kendrick Bangs. R. H. Russell. $1.25.

A little boy dreams about his tin soldiers in strange countries which lie around the turn of the lane in a picture which hangs near his bed. The story presents rather too long a stretch of incongruity and confusion, and, on the whole, does not seem to us really pleasurable or profitable.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Werner School Book Co., Chicago. The Story of Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark. By Nellie F. Kingsley. $0.25. Four American Pioneers. By Frances M. Perry and Katherine Beebe. $0.50.

R. H. Russell, New York. The Mantel-Piece Minstrels and Other Stories. By John Kendrick Bangs. $0.50. In Camp with a Tin Soldier. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

Crane and Co., Topeka, Kansas. The Wooster Arithmetic, Grade I. By Lizzie E. Wooster. Illustrated. $0.25.

E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. Nancy's Fancies. By E. L. Haverfield. $1.25.

Ginn and Co., Boston. The Finch First Reader. By Adelaide V. Finch. Oriole Stories. By M. A. L. Lane. $0.33.

A. I. Bradley and Co., Boston. The Bordentown Story-Tellers. By Hezekiah Butterworth. $1.25.

The George M. Hill Co., Chicago. The Songs of Father Goose. Verse by Frank L. Baum, Music by Alberta N. Hall. Pictures by W. W. Denslow. $1.00.

The Whitaker and Ray Co., San Francisco. Toyon, a Book of Holiday Recitations. By Alice M. Felker.

Macmillan and Co., London. Kindergarten Teaching in India. Stories, Object Lessons, Occupations, Songs and Games. Parts I., II., III. By Mrs. Brander.

H. F. Chandler, Chicago. Wee Wee Songs, for Little Tots. By Chas. H. McCurrie. Illustrated by Walter M. DeKalb. $0.50.

University of Wisconsin. Bulletin No. 36. Aspects of Mental Economy. By M. V. O'Shea. $0.75.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

Developments in Textile Schools. By Jane A. Stewart. Cotton Mills in Cotton Fields. By Leonora B. Ellis. American Review of Reviews, July.

What France does for Education. By I. C. Bracq. New England Magazine, July.

Nature of the Creative Imagination. By T. Ribot. International Monthly, July.

The Sociology of the Kindergarten. By Max West. Outlook, June 23.

Froebelian Work under the London School Board. By Agnes J. Ward. Educational Review, London, May.

The Cuban Teachers at Harvard University. By Sylvester Baxter. The Outlook, August 4.

Manual Training in Mental Development. By Henry W. Hetzel. The Arena, August.

Man and the Environment. A Study from the Paris Exposition. By Patrick Geddes. The International Monthly, August.

The Human Eye and How to Care for It. By Dr. H. O. Reik. Cosmopolitan, September.

Child-Study and Its Relation to Education. By G. Stanley Hall. The Forum, August.

Women as School Officers. By Duane Mowry. The Arena, August.

A Synthesis of Herbart and Froebel. By James Welton. Munsterberg on the New Education. By Joseph Lee. Educational Review, September.

The Cleverest Child in the World. By Prof. H. Olerich. The Strand Magazine, September.

Young America at the Gates of Literature. By Henry I. Pancoast. Lippincott's, September.

Shall our Children Hear These Things? By Eva D. Kellogg. Primary Education, October.

FROM THE NORMAL CLASSES.

BALL GAME.

By Bessie Kennedy.

These little balls are dressed in red;
We gayly toss them overhead,
Then down to us they quickly fall,
And help to make great fun for all.
Chorus—Tra la la, etc.

These little balls are dressed in blue;
We roll them quickly, straight and true,
This way and that way on the floor,
Then hold them in our hands once more.

In yellow all our balls are dressed,
And closely in our hands are pressed;
Out of our hands we drop them then,
And try to catch them safe again.

These little balls are dressed in green;
A moment in the air they 're seen
As twinkling round and round they go,
Then sink to rest, so soft and slow.

These balls are dressed in orange bright,
And, like the birds, they take their flight;
Then to their nests they flutter here
Like weary birds when night draws near.

Our little balls in violet
To have a swing are gayly met;
Backward and forward, oh, what fun!
They swing so gayly, every one!

This ball game may be sung to music in Songs and Games for Little Ones, by Gertrude Walker and Harriet S. Jenks, page 94.

The game may be played by the children while standing on the circle, each child holding one of the colored balls of the First Gift.

The words are to be sung by all the children, but as one verse succeeds another only those children who have the balls corresponding in color to the words that are being sung, go into the circle and make the corresponding motions.

When "Tra la la" is sung, the motions are made by all the children.

Each stanza may be used by itself as a game in connection with the introduction of the color mentioned, the stanza being sung repeatedly while different groups go into the circle and play with the ball as indicated, all joining in the play during the chorus.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Buenos Aires, South America.

Mrs. S. C. Eccleston in a letter from Buenos Aires, dated July 27, says:—

"My work continues to prosper, although there are many things that are very discouraging connected with it.

"The board of Public Education has closed all the free kindergartens in the city—and naturally those who have graduated as "professors" must accept positions as grade teachers or be left without employment. Unfortunately there has never before been a true kindergarten established here, and the imitations which were permitted to flourish for a time have been a great hindrance to the advance of the system. As there are now several new members on the board who have an idea of how a genuine kindergarten should be conducted, it is to be hoped that what seems to be a blow cast at the system is but a means to re-establish the institution under proper conditions. I try to think so, both for the credit of my work as well as that of the city. The present Minister of Education is a very intelligent, progressive man—who believes that the kindergarten is the base of all true education, and if permitted to carry out his ideas, I believe the public schools will soon adopt them and give a place for a kindergarten in each one of them.

"In a few days I expect to start for the Western and Northern provinces, authorized (or appointed) by the Minister of Education to inspect all the kindergartens in the Republic.

"It should have been done long ago, to prevent the opening of so many under the direction of persons entirely incompetent."

Boston, Massachusetts.

The number of children who attend the Boston kindergartens has increased rapidly until there are now over four thousand.

The one hundred kindergartens scattered throughout the city are under the direction of Miss Laura Fisher, who has been in charge for about eight years, and has been very successful. Under her are one hundred and forty-three teachers, the majority of whom are graduates of the Boston Normal School.

In some of the kindergartens are two, three and four teachers. One or two have more. At the Gibson School, Dorchester, the kindergarten has five teachers. A large section is represented by the scholars, the kindergarten being one of the largest in the city.

At the Hancock School, in the North End, eight teachers are necessary. The population is so dense at the North End that it is difficult to accommodate all of the children who would attend the kindergarten.

Superintendent of Schools Seaver says that the kindergartens have proved a great success. The boys and girls who enter the primary schools now from the kindergartens are brighter and better adapted for school work than were the boys and girls who came to the primary schools in the old days without training.

Greater intelligence and responsiveness, more originality of thought and action, more inventiveness and exactness in constructive work are claimed for the kindergarten children than for the other children by the primary school teachers. The kindergarten children are, therefore, received into the primary schools with open arms.

Hartford, Connecticut.

Hartford has a new school building which seems to be a model for comfort and convenience and is said to be one of the finest school buildings in this country. One of the new schemes which has been decided upon is the doing away with drinking cups of any kind. Cups carry germs, therefore at this school cups are a thing of the past. Instead, little drinking fountains have been established, both inside and outside of the building. These fountains are attractive affairs of nickel and porcelain. From the center of the porcelain bowl rises a column of water, perhaps four inches in height. The flow is large, but the pressure is not great. A child

may lean over and drink its fill. As fast as the water falls it flows into the sewer. There can be no germs there. There is a continuous flow and all foreign matter must be carried away. Even if leaves or straws were to be thrown into the bowl it will make no difference, as they will always be covered with water, while that which the children drink will rise continually. The scheme appears to be perfect in its conception.

The fountains on the outside are four in number, of different heights, so that old and young may be accommodated.

The kindergarten is one of the most interesting features of the building. Special attention has been paid to sanitary arrangements. All the plumbing is open and there are shower baths and tubs to be used by the children. The arrangement for the hanging of the children's outer garments has been carefully considered and by the scheme adopted all clothing will hang over coils of steam pipes. If the garments are wet when brought in they will be warm and dry when put on again.

Cuba.

According to the first annual report of the Cuban Orphan Society it had spent up to last April in caring for and educating orphan and destitute children the substantial sum of $40,094. The work in Cuba since the present society was formed has been in charge of Miss Laura D. Gill. Under her direction settlements much on the plan of the university settlements here have been opened, which have included kindergartens and English classes for adults and children. These have met with such success that two normal kindergarten classes have been opened in Havana. The society has also established an orphanage at Remedios, capable of accommodating over three hundred children, and kindergartens at Cienfuegos and Guantanamo, the old asylums in both places being taken for the purpose. The report says:—

The chief work of the society has been to organize in as many communities throughout the island as possible kindergartens, settlements and other approved forms of educational and philanthropic work which would help to mould the life of these communities and at the same time serve as a model for similar enterprises undertaken by other agencies. Kindergarten and industrial training is as yet unprovided by the public school authorities, whose funds are inadequate to the need which they discern clearly and desire to meet speedily. Meanwhile the younger children of the island, who in some localities have lost the instinct of play, are without the benefits of kindergarten, while the older ones lack the training of eye and hand so necessary to enable them to earn a livelihood.

New York City.

The Alfred Corning Clark Kindergartens, New York City, opened September 11th. The kindergartens are extremely popular in the neighborhood, and applications by postal and letter, for admission of children to the kindergartens, were received in large numbers during the first week, while on the opening day, persistent mothers and fathers crowded about the entrance, trying to persuade the doorkeepers, in broken English and German, to make room for their little ones in the place where "they deal well with the children," to quote from one of the many unique notes received.

Much regret is felt that the kindergartens are already so well filled, and that such real effort cannot be rewarded.

KINDERGARTEN NOTES.

The summer kindergarten, maintained for the past two years by the Pine Tree Kindergarten Association, Portland, Me., opened its doors for its third term in the old quarters at the Bethel church. One hundred and fifty children made application where there was room for only fifty. Miss Jane Proctor was engaged by the Pine Tree Kindergarten Association to take charge of the kindergarten and on this occasion she was equal to the emergency. Addressing the children, who were of all ages, from the merest toddler to boys and girls of

fourteen, she said: "Boys and girls, we have room for only fifty; this is a kindergarten, now what is right for us to do, shall we take the little ones or shall we take you?" With one voice there came the ready answer from the older children, "Take the little ones!" A careful selection was made of those of kindergarten age until the limit was reached and then a waiting list was made. But it was pitiful to see the disappointed faces of the one hundred barred out. The girls audibly "just wished they could come" and the boys hung about "sposin' you might want somebody to help do somethin'." It was an emphatic appeal for the vacation schools and public playgrounds the Civic Club has been urging for two years.

The Free Kindergarten and Children's Aid Society, at Indianapolis, Ind., having found a need for summer kindergartens, conducted four this season. Mrs. Jessie Matlock had charge of the Pearl Street School, Miss Addie Wilson of the Coe Street School (colored), Mrs. Martha Logsdon Coull of the Mayer Chapel School, and Miss Louise Craig of the Neighborhood House School. There were about seventy children in the four schools and more could have been cared for. The chief features for the children, who ranged from one year to nine years of age, was the luncheon of bread and milk, the nature study and the outings. The schools were under the direction of Mrs. Eliza A. Blaker, superintendent of the free kindergarten schools of the city, and the expense for maintaining the four schools for five weeks was $250.

The Cantabrigia Club kindergarten in the Parker Schoolhouse, Cambridge, Mass., met with much success. There were one hundred children in attendance. Miss Winifred Freethy, of Winchester, was in charge, with Miss Mansfield and Miss Cowie as assistants.

A private kindergarten training class is to be established in New Haven by Miss Rachel King, formerly in charge of the training class of the Elm City Kindergarten Association, the latter class being discontinued for financial reasons. Miss King's students will practice in the free kindergartens, under her supervision.

The Chicago school trustees have indorsed a plan to begin the education of the blind children of Chicago, not in special "blind institutes," but by the establishment of centers in the modern schools. Commenting on this notable departure the Chicago *School Weekly* says: "The day of institutional housing of children, or even adults, is nearly over. To take the blind children away from all associations of home will not conduce to either moral or spiritual welfare, if the experiences of those who have been engaged in the work of educating the blind is to be valued. The mixing of the blind with the seeing means much for the former and will not take away anything from the latter."

Miss Gertie A. Fox, daughter of Senator T. J. Fox, assumed her duties in the kindergarten department of the Zunder School, New Haven, Ct., at the opening of the September term.

Mrs. June Williams, Miss Margaret Nelson, Miss Edith Dithridge, and Miss Anna Harris of the Misses Law's Training School at Toledo, Ohio, will teach in Detroit this year. Miss Belle McKinnon and Miss Jeannette Hubbard will go to Mansfield, O.

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WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family Pills are the best.

Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

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TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON. 76 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Miss M. Thomas of Irvington, Ind., has been appointed kindergartner in the Ft. Totten Indian school, North Dakota.

The board of education of Marion, Ohio, have organized a kindergarten department and Miss Edith Haughton has been chosen director. Miss Haughton is a graduate of the Toledo Kindergarten Training School, and for the past five years has been in charge of the kindergarten of the public schools at Fostoria. The Misses Nellie Linsley and Oral Spaulding are assistants. There will be two sessions of the kindergarten departments each day, one at the Forest Lawn and the other at the Central building.

A reception was given August 11, by the Free Kindergarten Association of Asheville, N. C., in honor of Mme. Kraus-Boelte, the well known and much beloved pioneer of the kindergarten in America. As the earnest and thoughtful women waited to hear this follower of one of the world's chief benefactors and listened to the words she uttered, it seemed as if the very spirit of Froebel breathed through the room; a new comprehension of all that the kindergarten means and stands for was vouchsafed those who heard this most beautiful and sympathetic explanation of it, and there was but one regret to mar the pleasure of the delightful entertainment—a regret expressed on all sides—that every parent in Asheville could not hear the gifted speaker upon this theme so dear to her heart. Each mother and teacher present went away with a deeper reverence in her heart for the majesty of childhood; a tenderer sense of the love and protection due every little child. The members of the kindergarten association feel that they cannot sufficiently express their appreciation of the kindliness which prompted Madame Kraus to address them and their friends.

The tenth year of Miss Axtell's kindergarten, Pittsfield, Mass., will open on Tuesday, October 2d, at 26 Elizabeth street. Miss Nellie Shumway will be the assistant this year.

A number of Pittsburg and Allegheny club women are interested in the establishment of a free kindergarten at Connellsville for the special use of the children of foreign parents. To raise the necessary funds, a small brochure, entitled, "Some Things for Your Chafing Dish," has been prepared and is being sold.

Miss Eva Sweetland, who has taught in the Marinette, Wis., schools in the kindergarten department, has accepted a similar position at South Bend, Ind.

Miss Sylvia Ziebach of Pottsville, Pa., will have charge of a kindergarten in Norfolk, Va., this year.

The fall term of Mrs. Ida M. Lining's training school for kindergartners at Charleston, S. C., will open October 1.

The children of Miss Perry's kindergarten at Keene, N. H., are displaying their small garden, which they planted last term, with great pride. The whitening husks of the ears of pop corn show them that ere long they will be allowed to test the popping quality of the kernels within. A castor bean has attained the height of five feet and its largest leaves are seventeen inches long. There are other attractions in "baby tomatoes and a climbing nastershum" (nasturtium), a red geranium, some pepper plants and two handsome specimens of the coleus family.

For three years and a half, the Kindergarten Alumnæ of the Ethical Culture Schools, New York, have maintained a kindergarten in one of the poorest districts of that city. The expense is met by special contributions and by entertainments. A lecture for the benefit of the kindergarten is to be given October 20, 1900, by Miss Emilie Poulsson, Editor of KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.

Miss Florence Scott, whose election to a position in Willimantic, Ct., was announced last month, has since been engaged to take charge of the kindergarten department of the State Normal School at Fitchburg, Mass. Miss Georgianna Jubb will be her assistant.

The kindergarten at Poquonock, Ct., will be in charge of Miss Bass of Willimantic.

St. Mary's Kindergarten, under the direction of Miss Louise T. Busbee, opened on September 3, in its new home on the corner of Hargett and Salisbury streets, Raleigh, N. C.

Miss Bessie M. Schofield will have charge of all the kindergartens in Providence, R. I., this year.

An extra room has been added to one of the school buildings in Bristol, Ct., since the school closed last June, which will be used for kindergarten purposes. Miss Catherine M. Jones will be in charge.

A Child's Appetite.

Quaker Oats FOR CHILDREN

Children are born with natural, unperverted appetites. They relish the food that is best for them. They like Quaker Oats.

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EAT MORE Quaker Oats LESS MEAT

At a meeting of the common council of Woonsocket, R. I., an ordinance making an additional appropriation of $600 for the support of the kindergartens for the remainder of the year was passed by a vote of eleven to four.

The Kindergarten College of the Pittsburg and Allegheny Free Kindergarten Association opened September 3, for its ninth year.

A free kindergarten association has been formed in Altoona, Pa. Its object is to interest the citizens in the principles and methods of the kindergarten and as soon as possible to incorporate kindergartens into the public school system.

The mining camps of Las Animas county, Col., have been active of late establishing kindergartens.

Miss Cora English, who has been studying at the summer school of the Chicago Institute, has returned to Kansas City, Mo., and opened her Froebel training class at the Whittier School. Miss English is also supervisor of the public kindergartens of the city.

A rummage sale will be held in October by the Muncie (Ind.) Kindergarten Association for the purpose of raising funds for the support of the different kindergartens. This sale will be a benefit in two ways, in that winter clothing will be put within the reach of many who will appreciate the sale coming in the fall of the year.

Miss Frederica Beard of Oak Park, Ill., continues for the current year her lecture and class work for kindergartners, and primary teachers, mothers' clubs, and Sunday school workers, and will probably be in the East during October and November.

The training school of the South Carolina Kindergarten Association will begin its fifth year at Charleston, October 4. Miss Evelyn Holmes will continue as director.

With the opening of the school year the Edgewood, Pa., Kindergarten becomes a free kindergarten. The women of the borough have organized a civic club, that assumes the burden of the kindergarten's support.

The kindergarten at Old Town, Me., has opened for the fall term in the parlor of the Baptist Church. Miss Grace Eaton of Bangor is again principal and Miss Flavia Hunton assistant.

The kindergarten formerly conducted in the Concord Street school, South Norwalk, Ct., has been transferred to the Knudsen building, and will again be in charge of Misses Hyatt and Dodge.

The kindergarten department of Miss Rebekah Browne's school at New Castle, Pa., has reopened, under the supervision of Miss Lillian Street.

A kindergarten association has been organized by mothers and teachers of Davenport, Ia., and the following officers elected: President, Mrs. A. C. Shaffer; vice-president, Miss Fannie Francis; treasurer, Mrs. Albert Riepe; secretary, Mrs. C. R. McCandless. The purpose of the association is to establish a kindergarten, to be controlled by the mothers, all the mothers in the city being invited to join the organization. It is also sought to make the kindergarten a part of the public school system. The new kindergarten has been opened in the Fourteenth Street Methodist church building. Miss Bertha Petersen is in charge.

The Birmingham, Ala., free kindergartens will reopen the first Monday in October. The training class will resume work at the same time. The four graduates of last year's training class will teach in the schools. The Northside school will be in charge of Mrs. O'Neill and Miss Carrie Ullman. Miss Josie Oxford will teach the Mercy Home Kindergarten. Miss Hall will be general instructor in the Normal. Miss Edith Woodruff has been retained and will also teach the Southside Kindergarten, assisted by the training class.

Miss Packard, who was superintendent of the kindergarten department at the Normal school, Winona, Minn., has resigned, and Miss Lucy E. Browning has been elected to that position. Miss Browning comes with very high recommendations. She has acted as principal of the kindergarten department at Beloit, Wis., also at the Normal school at Milwaukee. She received her education at the Chicago Kindergarten Institute, and also in Germany.

Miss Inez W. West has accepted the position of principal of the kindergarten department of the Washington Street School district, Hartford, Ct.

Miss Frances E. Dutton and Miss Mildred Shelton, kindergartners of the Brooklyn Free Kindergarten, Waterbury, Ct., have been re-engaged for this year.

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Exercise Song Book,	.20	Songs and Games for Little Ones,	2.00
Golden Boat (Action Songs),	.50	Songs for Kindergarten and Primary Schools,	.30
Kindergarten Plays,	.30	Songs of the Nature,	.60
Kindergarten Chimes,	1.00	Songs of Sunshine,	.75
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NEW KINDERGARTENS.

At Kansas City, Mo., it has been voted by the board of education to establish kindergartens in the Switzer, Franklin and Thacher schools, and in two of the colored schools of the city, which are not yet chosen.

Two new kindergartens will be conducted under the guidance of the Pittsburg and Allegheny Free Kindergarten Association this season. One is the Elinor Speer Memorial Kindergarten in the Friendship school, established by Mr. and Mrs. John Z. Speer in memory of their daughter, while the other, which will be sustained by a bequest from James P. Morton and will bear his name, will be opened as soon as a suitable room can be procured.

Three new public kindergartens have been opened in Providence, R. I., in connection with primary schools. This will make twenty-three kindergartens in the city in connection with the fifty-six primary schools.

Golden Rule Kindergarten was opened September 10, at Golden Rule house, 621 Segur avenue, Toledo, Ohio, in charge of Miss Helen Dwyer and Miss Ellen Jones.

There will be six new kindergartens in Newark, N. J., this year.

The Woman's Christian Association of Richmond, Va., has opened another free kindergarten, this one located on Brook avenue, in the rooms occupied by the Albert West Mission. These rooms have been kindly loaned by Centenary Methodist Church. The kindergarten will be in charge of Miss Ada L. Arundel.

The Sisters of Charity of the St. Monita's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., have opened a new kindergarten in the convent on Convent avenue and Prospect street.

Miss Anna Fuller, a graduate of the Louisville Training School, has opened a private kindergarten in Dadeville, Alabama.

The Free Kindergarten Association of Muncie, Ind., have undertaken the support of another kindergarten. The mission church owned by Mrs. Ida Rea will be the room used for this purpose.

The Toledo, Ohio, Board of Education has made its first levy for the public school kindergartens. Two will be opened at once and more from time to time.

Miss Clara Burton, who has been teaching in Chicago, has opened a kindergarten at her home on Highland avenue, Aurora, Ill.

Miss Marion Bloomfield has just opened a kindergarten at Augusta, Ga.

The Wilmington, Del., Friends' Kindergarten Association has been given permission to use a room at No. 25 School for a free kindergarten.

A kindergarten under the direction of the public schools opened September 10, at Columbus, Ind. Miss Ione Voris is the teacher and Miss Retta Dipboye, assistant.

A new kindergarten department has been added to the Broadway schools, Mystic, Ct., in charge of Miss Laura Greenman.

The Brownies' Kindergarten was opened early in September on North Inniss street, Salisbury, N. C.

Miss May Thomson, of New York, will open a kindergarten at Charlotte, N. C., the latter part of September.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., has a kindergarten this year in the Ann street building. It is in charge of Miss Elizabeth McCrickett.

Miss Maggie Angus has opened a kindergarten at her home in Taylor, Tex.

At Gardner, Mass., Miss Alice M. Towne has a kindergarten in Syndicate block.

A kindergarten has been opened in the First Presbyterian Church, Findlay, Ohio.

Miss Madeline Sayles will open a kindergarten in Verona, N. J., the latter part of September.

Miss Helen Rives and Miss Leora Whiteside have opened a primary school and kindergarten at Oklahoma City, O. T.

Miss Elida Ackerman will have a private kindergarten at Findlay, Ohio.

At Franklin, Pa., Misses Martha Wynne and Delia Raymond have a private kindergarten in the Mattern residence, Otter street.

A private kindergarten and primary school, conducted by Miss Lillian Harris and Miss Lucretia Clapp on North Hill, Burlington, Ia., was opened about the middle of September.

Miss Alice Finley has charge of a kindergarten in the lecture room of the Baptist Church, Coshocton, Ohio.

There will be a new kindergarten, in charge of Maude E. Brown, at the Washington school, Melrose, Mass.

Miss Gertrude Wheeler has charge of a new kindergarten opened in the old Falls school building on Chase street, Burlington, Vt.

Mrs. L. W. Barr and Miss Grace Clayton have opened a primary school and kindergarten at Fairmont, W. Va.

At Caribou, Me., a building formerly used as a storehouse, has been repaired and remodeled and will be used by Miss Grace Stratton for a kindergarten.

Miss Cora Kase will conduct a kindergarten this year in the Grove office building on East Mahoning street, Danville, Pa.

Mrs. Bertha Leavitt has opened a private kindergarten at No. 200 South William street, Johnstown, N. Y.

REOPENINGS.

Miss Susie Wilcoxson, Bridgeport, Ct.

Miss Martha Thomas, 535 Allen street, Owensboro, Ky.

Misses Crane, 360 Harvard street, Cambridge, Mass.

Misses Wellington, Maple street, Arlington, Mass.

Froebel Kindergarten, Williamsport, Pa.

Miss Fostina Kenney, Warren, Mass.

Miss Clark, 18 Forest street, Middleboro, Mass.

Miss Elida M. Ackerman, Orphans' Home, Findlay, Ohio.

Miss Knight, St. James Kindergarten, Keene, N. H.

Miss Casseldine, Baptist Church, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Daisy Memorial Kindergarten, Scranton, Pa.

Miss Hattie L. Calley, Austin street, Newton, Mass.

Misses McCreary, 657 Ocean avenue, Flatbush, L. I.

Miss L. Belle Baldwin, 361 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Annie C. Rust, 80 West street, Worcester, Mass.

Miss Richardson, 123 South Elliott Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clinton School, South Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, East Washington, Pa.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

By Angelina W. Wray.

The goldenrod candles are all burned out
By the zigzag fence of gray;
The asters have turned to withered seeds
That the wind will flutter away;
But here 's a cheer for the waning year,
And the glad Thanksgiving Day!

The thrushes have flown from the treetops high,
And the bluebirds could not stay;
And lone and hushed are the empty nests;
But the children smile as they say,
"When frost is chill on the misty hill
Comes the glad Thanksgiving Day."

They know that the harvest is garnered in
In its ripe and golden store,
And patient and still the brown earth waits,
For the time of its toil is o'er;
It waits the snow that shall fold it low,
Till it wake from sleep once more.

The daisies will whiten the fields again
And the robins build, next May;
So gratefully sing, little children, sing,
Till the air with mirth is gay,
A song for the cheer of the happy year
And the glad Thanksgiving Day!

DOLLS.

THE PARENTAL INSTINCT.

By Phyllis Wardle.

JUDGING from my own personal experience and observation, I am inclined to think that the parental instinct is fully as strong in little boys as in little girls. Nor am I sure that the feeling is less strong in boys than in girls as they grow older. If it seems so—if it is actually less—may not the attitude of their playmates, or even of their parents, account for it?

My own boys have shown fully as great tenderness and gentleness toward their dolls and their younger brothers and sisters, as the girls have shown. Even the eldest, who is an active, thoughtless boy and who often squabbles with those nearest his own age, is usually gentle and tender toward the youngest ones. Of course he outgrew dolls long ago; but he used to enjoy them. Now, secure in his new-found dignity of early teens, he echoes public opinion on the subject, and tells his younger brother, "Boys don't play with dolls." I always discourage such expressions of opinion, and insist that boys have as much right as girls to love their dolls.

Perhaps the most charming instances of tenderness which I have noticed among my children, have been shown by one of the boys. He cared not so much about dressing and undressing his doll, but loved, and loves even yet, to have it near him—to feel a sense of companionship in its presence. It is to him as real as a live thing.

"Gilbert called my baby *names,*" he cried angrily, one day. "He says it is n't a baby; he says it 's only a *dumb critter!*" Cold type cannot adequately express the note of passionate protest in his voice at having such a name applied to his "baby."

It has been a surprise to me that my little girls have not cared more for dolls. All are fond of their baby brothers and sisters, and as there has always been a plentiful supply of *real* babies for them to love, perhaps that is one reason why they do not care so particularly for make-believe ones. Not that they do not love to play with their dolls; but dolls have not that prominence in their play that is usually expected in the case of girls. Their always having had older brothers may account for it in some degree. They have been interested in all that the boys were interested in, and so have escaped being narrowed down to dolls and housekeeping exclusively.

The eldest girl—now six and a half—is a great tomboy. She is as

ready as her next older brother to climb trees, and quite as ready to hang by her heels from the trapeze; she thinks jackknives and tops, trumpets and drums as interesting as her housekeeping toys; but this does not prevent her from being a very loving and helpful little girl.

The little girl of four and a half is somewhat more domestic in her tastes. The baby girl of nineteen months has shown few decided characteristics. She loves a doll, however, and will kiss everything in the shape of a doll, even though it be headless. The boy not quite three—big, active, sturdy, boisterous in his play—is not one whit behind any in gentleness, tenderness, and love for dolls and the baby. Nor am I sure that the little girl who seems most fond of cuddling her dolls has really more of mother-love. I have sometimes had occasion to question whether the fondness for dolls expresses mother-love or merely a passion for possession.

A little cousin of the children, now nearly eleven years old, has always been a great housewife. How much is due to heredity and environment it is hard to say. Her mother is a born housewife, and as there have been no other children, C—— has been thrown back upon her dolls for companionship. Having only the one child, the mother could help in making elaborate wardrobes for each doll, and all this has helped to foster a natural instinct.

When Ethelwyn's second Christmas came, she being the first girl after three boys, we wished to fit her out with various household toys. We had never before had the pleasure of buying dolls, cradles, toy pianos, etc., at Christmas time, but had bought tops, guns, trumpets, and drums galore. So now we indulged ourselves, as far as purse would allow, in such toys as pertain particularly to girls. Franklin watched me dressing the baby doll in long clothes. "I wish, mamma," he said, "that I could have a dolly like this." "Why, dear, you said you would rather have a drum." "But," said he, softly,—and he looked down at the doll on his knees, its eyes closed (the first that he had seen that would shut its eyes),—"I have never had one like *this*."

I straightway resolved that *one* doll would do for Ethelwyn, and Franklin was too delighted for words when this doll was taken off the tree and given to him. "O, my dear dolly!" he would say, gazing at it with the utmost tenderness; and I never for a moment regretted my decision for it was about that time that I discovered that little girls did not, of necessity, care more than boys for dolls. It was a real disappointment to me that Ethelwyn cared so little for her housekeeping outfit.

About a year later, when Franklin was nearly seven and Ethelwyn nearly four and a half, I find this scene recorded in my notebook:—

"Franklin was playing with his doll, kissing it, and holding it gently, while Ethelwyn made the bed for it. He got tin foil, and rolled it into balls, and baked them—biscuit for his baby, they were. Ethelwyn came

to me, 'I going to feed my babies too, some muffin and biscuit.' Then she leaned toward me and whispered, 'I 'll eat it myself, cause dey *really dollies,* but I *play* dey babies.' Franklin would never have suggested that there was any make-believe. He keeps up the illusion, and it seems to be almost a reality. If anyone questions the illusion, or attempts to destroy it, he is quite vexed and hurt. This tendency to attach a real personality to his doll showed itself very early. I remember that when he was less than two years old, the children were recovering from a severe illness, and we had bought a music box to amuse them. Franklin always wanted his dolls—even the tiny one an inch long—to listen with him. He would never fail to turn its face toward the box, and look into its face often, as if to see if the doll was listening and enjoying with him."

I thought he had somewhat outgrown dolls lately, for he was so interested in his lessons (he has just entered school), in his books, and in making all sorts of things. He is always busy—reading, tabulating his lessons, whittling a top or other toy, drawing or painting pictures, riding downhill, practicing on the trapeze, making a home-made gun, etc. But when, at Christmas time, the old dolls were mended and new ones bought, I mended his also, and he seemed fully as happy as the little girls in playing with his doll again, and as tender as ever.

"Hush," he said once as I came into the room, "my baby has just gone to sleep," and he laid it down as gently as if it had been a real baby that might be wakened.

Playing with dolls was soon crowded out by a multiplicity of other interests, but he still loves his doll. Since Franklin is identifying himself more with the larger boys, Ethelwyn is thrown more upon the companionship of her younger brothers and sisters, and plays with dolls more, seeming really fonder of them than when younger. This deepening of her affectionate nature has been very marked as she has grown older, and is noticeable in many ways besides in her play with dolls.

Whether the dolls were pretty or not has seemed to make little difference with the love and tenderness shown them, so long as the children saw none more beautiful. But let them see a beautiful doll and there are exclamations of delight and soon an expression of longing to possess one like it. I have noticed that the very little children will immediately drop a homely doll for one more beautiful; but the older children usually seem to feel a sense of loyalty toward the old and perhaps positively ugly doll, even while openly admiring the new and beautiful one.

I find this entry in my notebook, made shortly after the time of the tin-foil biscuit episode:—

"Ethelwyn loves her prettiest doll best, ''cause my biggest has n't got such a nice face,' she explains. 'I don't think she looks *nice,* do you, Mamma?' Then she proceeds to tell me how *good* her nicest dolly is, and remarks that the other doll, not so pretty, lacks these good qualities,

seeming to feel that her love ought to have a more substantial foundation than mere prettiness."

I am, year by year, growing more and more sorry for the men and women who think of children as a necessary evil; who can find no joy in their companionship, no pleasure in watching their gradual development, no satisfaction in caring for those human beings weaker than themselves. Parents and educators are, as never before, holding motherhood before our young women as a thing to be desired; to be prepared for with due solemnity and joy, as if it were the highest privilege. Whether it be true in all instances that boys have naturally as strong parental instincts as girls, is it not worth while to give a feeble instinct some chance for development? Perhaps even to spend some time and thought in its cultivation would be wise. Will not our boys make not only better fathers but better citizens if we parents cultivate this instinct instead of repressing it?

Will not this instinct, added to a knowledge of the laws of heredity, have mighty power as a controlling force in their lives,—positively inspiring them to be their best for the sake of that possible child—their own—to which they feel no shame in looking forward?

THE ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS IMPORT OF THE KINDERGARTEN.*

By William M. Bryant, LL.D.

III. The Physiological Aspect of Mental Beginnings.

From such general point of view one may undertake, with fair hope of profitable outcome, a study of the physiological aspect of the beginning of individual conscious life. Organ of a being infinitely complex in its nature, the body could not be otherwise than marvelously complex in its constitution. Nor could it have been developed to its present degree of complexity in structure and in delicacy of responsiveness, both to inner and to outer stimulation, save through an infinitely complex process. With the general characteristics of that process modern science has made us familiar under the general term *Heredity*.

Following this clue, too, discovery is made of the way in which have arisen those otherwise bewildering contradictions involved in the individual life. For, having descended through ancestral lines which, looked at with face turned toward the past, appear as ever diverging, and doubling with each remoter generation, until the whole race is included in our ancestry, each one of us proves to possess a brain in which there exist more or less strongly developed tensions serving to stimulate the mind—*i. e.*, ourselves—to falsehoods, to

* Begun in October.

thefts, to treasons, to murders, as well as to truthfulness, to honor, to generous deeds, and to deeds of self-sacrificing heroism.

With all this we have become so familiar in recent times that it seems but the merest commonplace. And no wonder; for the story of it all is irresistibly fascinating—especially when we confine ourselves to the more elementary phases and, for example, explain shouting and showing the teeth in anger as the expression of a physiological inheritance from our fighting simian ancestry; and fainting from fright as the survival in our muscular organism of a sort of opossum habit. Make the most of lungs and teeth so long as there is any prospect of terrifying your enemy and causing *him* to faint. When there is no further prospect of this the instinct of reason must lead *you* to undergo that same peculiar simulation of death!

Doubtless all this is no less true than interesting. But there is another and no less universal instinctive tendency in man—a tendency which points beyond all possible process of a physiological character. It is the instinct of Reason, the elementary intellectual form of which is that primal wonder whereby alone any question whatever, of ancestral or other reference, could possibly arise. It is an instinct, too, which from the earliest times expressed itself in the attempt to find the ancestry of man in the being of the gods. And while we are accounting for instincts it would seem quite well worth our while to include this with the rest. Consistency demands that this, like other instincts, shall be recognized as due to heredity. And if the ancestral line, beginning with the ascidian—a being which, no doubt, is to be accounted *reasonable,* but which no one would describe as *reasoning*—if such line fails us in respect of the instinct of reason in man, then we are driven to infer that the primal quality of reason, through which alone man is man, is derived by inheritance from the primal Mind; without which, indeed, the reasonable and clearly reasoned process of evolution itself would be wholly incomprehensible.

But here we have more especially to notice that man, as a reasoning being, is possessed of a reason-serving organ. That organ is the brain. And the brain of man differs from the brain of any lower animal in three significant particulars. (1) It has greater mass in proportion to the mass of his body. (2) It has a greater number and depth of convolutions, giving corresponding superiority in extent of gray matter. (3) And, finally, it is of subtler molecular constitution, giving corresponding superiority by way of readiness and delicacy and adequacy of response to stimulation either from without or from within.

It is further to be noticed that while the whole body is the direct organ of the whole individual life, it is above all the brain that constitutes the direct organ of the individualized life, properly speaking.

And because truly individualized life is just the life of a self-conscious being it is but natural that the human

brain, which is but the structural form directly organic to the functions of the individual soul, should at the moment of birth still be in that elementary state of development serving only the animal needs of the infant; and that those features instrumental to intellectual, moral, and æsthetic needs should in large degree remain to be unfolded into explicit form through the exercise of specifically intellectual, moral, and æsthetic functions on the part of the individual soul.

Too little notice—indeed no notice at all—appears to have been taken of the fact that while the body in general increases in mass and maintains its general tone of health through physical exercise, the brain becomes developed into its full measure, both of mass and of differentiation of form, through the functions of mind; to which functions the brain is directly organic. And, further, while the body as a whole attains maturity and comparative finish of form within the first twenty or twenty-five years, the brain goes on developing during a period twice as extended.

So far as man is concerned, then, even perfect physical education must have chiefly in view the unfolding of mental functions as determining physiological growth itself in its subtlest aspects. And in perfect accordance with this, while Froebel gives as the first of the "Mother Plays" the one which he calls the "Play with the Limbs"—that play, namely, which seems on first view intended only to induce mere physical exercise for the sake of physiological growth—he is perfectly well aware that the efforts called forth on the part of the child through the stimulations indicated in his description of the play have a distinctly spiritual import as defining the will, and, through such definition, developing the character.

Never, in fact, does Froebel lose sight of this essentially ethical aspect of all true educational purpose. He is not a physiologist seeking the physical perfection of the race through athletic exercise. He is not a poet, seeking the mere æsthetic development of human beings. He is not a scientist, seeking the mere intellectual cultivation of mind. He is not a preacher, seeking merely to induce in minds a pious fervor. He is not a moralist, seeking to bring the world to perfection in moral conduct. Least of all is he the so-called "practical" man, seeking to bring the individual soul to limit its interests to questions of mere temporal bread-winning.

He is not any one of these alone, because he sees life as a whole; and, seeing life as a whole, he is all these in one, and hence seeks the fully rounded development of the individual in the total significance of his infinitely complex nature. In short, in the newborn child he recognizes a rudimentary being of infinite destiny. And for this reason he studies the physical movements of children and reverently observes the games which the instinct of reason, from time immemorial, has led true motherhood unconsciously to create. And, pondering these games, Froebel, as phi-

losopher, has discovered the actual way of Reason in the growth of the infantile soul by means of its normal exercise through the body as its organ. And, brooding over such manifestations of the play-instinct—which is but the instinctive play of reason—Froebel, as seer, has apprehended and, apprehending, has created anew, the forms best suited to serve as media in the regulated stimulation (including wise restraint) of the child in his development, physical and mental, onward from earliest infancy—the not-yet-speaking stage—toward fully articulated consciousness.

Froebel, indeed, would no more think of leaving the child to his own devices in his mental development than of leaving him to himself in the unfolding of his physical being. Far from leaving the child to his mere *beast* nature, Froebel would with utmost care devote all his energies of thought and of will and of love to discover and bring into realized, living form, a consistent and adequate and efficient method through which the child may be led, step by step, into actual oneness with his *divine* nature.

If we may interpret the cry of Rousseau, "Back to nature," in the latter way, in that case we may gladly join in the cry. But so far as the cry is to be understood in the former sense (and that appears to be the common interpretation) it means and can mean nothing else than utter reversion to the chaos of mere animalized existence with no impetus whatever toward the cosmos of genuinely normal humanized existence. It is easy to fall into brutehood. It is the struggle of life to rise into godhood.

Watch the infant from hour to hour in his waking moments. Strangest of animals does he prove himself to be! He grasps at all things coming within his view. And whatever he gets within his grasp goes unfailingly straight to his mouth. He would swallow all things! Nay, he grasps at his own feet, and feet and hands are brought to the universal gulf. He would even swallow himself as well as the world! And, indeed, in all this there is vaguely expressed the deepest of all his instincts. His being is, in very truth, one in idea with the being of the world. The world, by absolute right, is his world. In all his grasping, he but grasps after what is his own. It is his to assimilate whatever lies there beyond him. He must be at one with his own. For thus alone can he be at one with himself.

World-assimilation is one and the same with self-assimilation. And nothing less than this is the task of his life. For as yet not only is the *world* beyond and foreign to him; he is beyond and foreign to *himself*. Hence his illusion that in mere physiological fashion it is his to assimilate the world.

And just for this reason he can by no means be safely trusted alone either with the world or with himself. He must be restrained from those outward illusory modes of assimilating the world with himself,

and himself with himself, modes that are contradictory of reason and hence destructive to himself. He must be carefully led to follow the order of reason that so he may come to comprehend that the true assimilation to be brought about as between himself and the world must consist precisely in the exercise of his own essential powers as mind, so that his own true being will expand into its own self-fulfillment in forms and modes repeating the modes and forms of the world in its essential, eternal character—*i. e.,* in its character as perfect, because perfectly self-unfolded, Mind. It is not his to swallow the world in reasonless fashion, and thus to crush out its reason-expressing forms; not his to accomplish the assimilation of the world as formless substance to his own still unformed being. Rather it is for him, as a being whose inner essence is reason, to bring himself to self-fulfillment by making himself at one with the actual, abiding world of Reason. It is his to assimilate himself to the World, not the World to himself.

To redeem the child from his primal infantile and infinite illusion respecting his own relation to the World and the things of the World, to lead him into the way of actual Truth as the only way of his own genuine self-realization as mind—that is the mission of the real teacher. And in that sense the teacher partakes in his own individual person of the very nature of the absolute Spirit of Truth.

And now from such glance at the significance of the physiological aspect of the beginnings of human life we may turn to a consideration of

IV. The Spiritual Beginnings of Human Life, and these in their Causal Aspect.

And here the first word can be no other than *Self-realization.* Precisely that is the individual's ultimate rational aim. And this end is to be attained only through the individual's own exertion. Growth of power comes only through rational exercise of power. For this very reason is it that *Self-activity* appears as the inevitable, indispensable keynote, as the fundamental conception of Froebel's educational scheme. And this, again, can become an actual, concrete process on the part of the individual only so far as he is also self-directed. Thus the individual mind proves to be in its very essence *causal*—causal, too, in the highest possible sense; *i. e.,* in the sense of *self*-cause.

In fact it can prove itself to be mind in no other way than in that of spontaneous, self-regulated activity. It is a primal, original unit of energy. As such, its very existence consists in activity. And if its own first act is in response to activity constituting a stimulation from without, that act is nevertheless an act of *mind* and can therefore be conceived as correlated with modes of outer physical energy only in so far as those modes are themselves conceived as specific forms in which the eternal Mind is itself self-expressed.* Sun-

* Even in the ultra-scientific theories still current it is assumed that only like can be correlated with like. Hence the feverish effort of mind to prove itself to be mere "matter," so that it may find rest in the sense of its oneness with a world supposed to be wholly "material."

shine, storm, starry sky, blooming meadow, heaving sea, these are really to be explained only as forms through which the World-Soul appeals to the sleeping child-soul and wakes it into ever growing fullness of actual conscious life.

And knowing itself in no other way than through its own activity in response to such appeals, the child-soul cannot but assume that, like itself, every moving thing moves also from its own inner desire to move. That is, the child cannot but assume that all things are alive and move for the mere pleasure of moving. In other words, by the deepest instinct of his nature the child assumes the principle of causality as the secret of all movement; and not less spontaneously does he assume that principle as expressed in the form of personal power. For the child, to *be* and to be *alive* are one and the same. And to be alive and to move, and to move from choice, are still one and the same. Hence, of moving things, those things that are really living and seem most alive to the child because of their highly complex movements expressing a more or less definite end—those are the things that ever most strongly attract the notice of children. Being himself a will, the child feels most kinship with precisely those things that most clearly manifest will. That is the secret of his perennial interest in creeping, swimming, flying movements, and in the subtle movements involved in shifting lights and shadows.

Indeed, it is just this principle of life, assumed to be conscious life, the principle of movement, assumed to be willed movement—it is this that Froebel was first to see the full import of in the education of children. How richly varied this import is he has indicated in his own peculiar way in his "Mother Plays"—such, for example, as "The Flower Basket," "The Fish in the Brook," "The Nest," "The Pigeon House," and "The Light Bird." Not merely do these serve to concentrate the child's power of perception and of judgment. There is a subtly suggestive gradation, indeed, that may easily be brought to view through slight changes in the order of the plays. For example, in the series just named, there is advance from vegetable forms easily seized with the hands, through gliding fish-form, and flying bird-form, to the "light-bird" which cannot be seized with the hands at all, but only with the eye; and, through the eye, mocks the hand that would grasp it.*

Nor is the intellectual stimulus involved in the mere presentation of such objects, in such order, to be lightly esteemed. But Froebel would have the plays, in due course, also made the occasion and means of stimulating the interest of the child in the wider relations which are implied in these forms. For example, the brook, in which the fish are seen swimming, turns the mill to which the poor

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*In the undisciplined creative phantasy of the child, the Heraclitian formula, "all flows," finds fullest illustration. All flows together, a vague, misty *Unity*; yet ceases not to *flow*; and so is forever unfolding into vivid, infinitely manifold *Variety*. As Goethe says: "In their games, children can make all things out of any." (*Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's trans., 1, 23.) It is not, however, that their imaginations are so strong, but that the imperfectly defined imagery of their minds is so *yielding*.

woman goes for food for herself and her children. In such fashion the child-mind is led imperceptibly, from what might easily end in the mere gratification of idle curiosity, to a definite object of human sympathy.

Of course, at such stage, no abstract terms or formal statements of relation are to be thought of. The child *sees* the objects and *feels* the relations involved. It is for the discerning mother or kindergartner to present the objects in such order, and *especially in such spirit,* as to awaken in the soul of the child the premonition of the deeper and subtler aspects which can be really comprehended by him only at a later stage of his mental growth.

And so we are brought to consider *V. The Question of Spiritual Beginnings in their specifically Ethical Aspect.*

To be continued.

REMEMBER.

By Eden Philpotts.

I' m full to the brim wi' the joys o' my life;
'Cause a home, an' a bairn, an' a peart li'l wife
Be more, by a deal, than my share o' gude things;
Theer idden nought sweeter as airth ever brings!

Come trouble, come sorrow, come change, and come chance,
Come the ups and the downs o' this plaguey old dance,
I 'll never forget to the end o' my days
My journey wance took me by beautiful ways.

Bean't fair to your reason, when all 's said and done,
To cry out you 'm cold at the set o' the sun!
So when the dark sorrows do find 'ee at last,
Just mind as you 've *had* plenty gude in the past.

—*Selected.*

WINNING THE BIRDS.

By Elizabeth Newby.

LAST autumn we decided that we would feed the English sparrows during the winter, as we had done before; so as soon as food began to be scarce, we fed them every day. They soon learned where they could get a good breakfast, and every morning the lilac bush held a twittering flock, their number increasing as the winter advanced. The paved street was swept two or three times a day in our locality, so that there was little left for our friends to pick up in the neighborhood.

One day in midwinter, great was our delight and surprise to see a cardinal bird about the kindergarten. He had come from the woods, and, finding a good breakfast with us, came back again when he was ready for his evening meal. The second time, however, he did not come alone; Mamma Cardinal accompanied him, their little *twitter-twitter* expressing love, fear, and joy, by turns. From that day to the present time the red birds have never failed to come, even on our coldest days; nor have rain or snowstorms kept them away. They never went away hungry.

The harmony and love which existed between these two cardinals held a lesson for us all; and their whistling alone, on sunny days, repaid us for any trouble which we had taken for them. The male is of a bright red color, with black feathers around his red beak. The female is fawn-colored, with red feathers in the tail and wings; and she has a red beak with black feathers around it.

The blue jays have also taken meals with us, first one, then two, next day three, and then four. They came with irregularity in regard to number and time.

One day we heard a bird note which did not come from the throat of a cardinal, a jay, or an English sparrow. On looking out, we saw a little titmouse. He enjoyed his breakfast of corn so much that the next day he brought another titmouse with him. On another day three titmice were seen at the same time, twittering and eating corn. In eating corn their heads make the same movements as a woodpecker's. The note of the titmouse has such a penetrating power that it can be heard above the twitter of many English sparrows.

The song sparrow, with his coat of brown and light breast, has also been to visit us. His grateful song was sweet music.

The white-breasted nut-hatches have interested us, as they went around the limbs of the trees in the next yard. They came into our cherry trees, but preferred the larger trees of our neighbors.

A yellow-bellied sapsucker came

into the maple tree on the sidewalk, and we had a most satisfactory look at her. She did not care for our bread crumbs, but wanted the tender inner bark of the maple tree. We watched with interest the chips of bark fall from the tree as the little creature hammered it with her head.

One day a very large woodpecker came; but while I was endeavoring to have all the children get a glimpse of it, I missed the chance to see what kind of a woodpecker it was.

The first robins of the springtime found our feeding place under the cherry trees, and every day they came to dine with the cardinals and sparrows. One day we saw on the ground a robin and fifteen English sparrows. The sparrows had formed a little circle round the robin and all were enjoying the meal together in peace and happiness. The cardinals became so tame that they would sit in the tree while baby hands scattered the morning meal on the ground underneath. The English sparrows, after being fed all winter, were so fat that they were like balls with heads and tails; while those that came near the end of winter were thin. The difference was noticeable.

Fine foods, like wheat, oats, cracked corn, rolled crackers and bread crumbs, keep the birds on the ground. If larger pieces of bread and whole grains of corn are given, the birds fly with them to some place near. We feed the birds in both of these ways, each way providing a different interest for those who watch.

For many weeks we saved all the short pieces of wool and silk left from our sewing to give to the birds at nest building time. We also contributed hay and pretty colored jeweler's cotton. These things had not been placed out for the birds more than five minutes before a little girl said: "Oh look! there goes a bird with a piece of the yarn I put out!" The English sparrows come right up to our windows for yarns, silks, and colored cotton.

As there were no trees in which the birds would be likely to build in our kindergarten yard, we had a pretty bird house made. This was a source of great delight. On the top of the bird house is a weather vane which tells us from what direction the merry wind is coming.

We watched with great interest the sparrows testing a last summer's nest in one of the trees on the sidewalk. The sparrows were two which we had fed during the winter.

The experiences which I have related were easily brought about although we were in the heart of a city with a population of 95,000. Our kindergarten is not especially favored in regard to the environment that birds like. Hunger brought them to us. We won their confidence through kindness and faithfulness, and we reaped our reward in sweet songs and nest building.

PROGRAM NOTES.

By Mina B. Colburn.

NOVEMBER.

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod.
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.
—*Whittier.*

TOPICS.

CONTINUED preparation in and about the home for winter; putting up stoves, storm-houses, putting in double windows; tying up vines, banking shrubs; putting on heavier clothing,—warmer shoes and stockings, mittens, hoods, caps. Warmer coats of pets,—cat, dog, horse, sheep. Need of barns as shelter for domestic animals; caves, hollow logs for wild animals. Provisions stored in barns,—hay, oats, corn.

Thanksgiving. Point of departure, what the children know about Thanksgiving. The family dinner, pumpkin pie, the fun after dinner. The home-coming of loved ones; going to grandpa's. The church service. Gratitude best expressed in action, as in the "Thank-you offering" for the hospital. Observance of the day in kindergarten,—the party, lunches packed for absent children or for some of the less favored in the neighborhood.

Means of Presentation and Expression.

Songs.—Happy Monday Morning (Hill); Thanks to God let us sing (Child-Garden, Nov., '96); Church Bells (Hill); Over the river and through the woods (Hubbard); Jack Frost (Gaynor); Nature's Good-night (Hill). Sing to children.

Piano.—America.

Rhythm.—Clapping fast, slow, loud, soft, as directed by piano, changing instantly; vary position of hands and arms. Ringing church bells.

Pictures.—Those suggesting things for which we are thankful; classify them broadly. Mother Play: The Farmyard Gate, The Church; Millet: The Angelus; Andersen: Singing Boys, Foundling Girls; Laufberger: Rural Music. Each child select one to frame and take home.

Stories.—The Little Red Hen (Stickney's Reader). The Lion and the Mouse (Kindergarten Stories, Wiltse). The First Thanksgiving (Story Hour, Wiggin and Smith). To whom should we give Thanks? (In the Child's World, Poulsson). For older children: The Story of the Angelus (Child Stories from the Masters, Menefee). Persephone (Nature Myths, Cooke). Children learn one short poem or poetic extract.

Games.—Visiting Game. Little Farmer. Running races, jumping, etc., like Indians. Blindman's Buff. Passing bean bags. Bouncing the

ball. Sense games with fruits and vegetables.

Skipping.—In circles, one inside the other and moving in opposite directions. Each child once around the ring, alone.

Marching.—Use directions, forward, backward, right, left. Wind in to center and out. Represent trains.

Free Play.—Driving reins. Train of cars. Small table, tablecloth, a few odd dishes. Target, bow and arrows, acorn tops.

Nature.—Walks less frequent, hence more made of what children see on their way to and from kindergarten. Mounting leaves, seeds, ferns for friezes. Special care of indoor plants and vines. Arrange a "Thank-you" chart or cabinet. Make jelly, pop corn, boil potatoes for Thanksgiving party. Make jack o' lanterns. String pumpkin seeds and soaked corn.

Beads and Peg Boards.—Emphasize the color orange, and the number three.

Gifts.—Third (with two cubes replaced by triangular prisms from Fifth Gift): Construct barns, churches. Third and Fourth together: Tables, using circular tablets or white buttons for plates.

Clay.—Chest in which summer clothes are packed. Vegetables of simple form.

Sand.—Press into moulds,—Thanksgiving pies and cakes.

Sewing.—Card with picture of standing corn, pumpkin vine and fruit. Border, short lines, orange wool. Begin designs for box.

Drawing.—Blackboard and paper; suggested and free. Barns, front view, gable roof. Tables, chairs, jack o' lanterns.

Cutting.—Free,—barns, shoes, mittens, vegetables. Few outlined animals.

Painting.—Cut out pumpkin and color it. Paint barn previously modeled from heavy paper. Tint picture frame.

Folding.—Table, barn, and chair (child learn to make without help). Napkins.

Weaving.—Slats in oilcloth, one up and one down. Corn-husk mat. Begin felt mat to be made into iron holder.

Pasting.—Thanksgiving books. Yellow chains for decoration.

Other Handwork.—Trains (thread boxes and button moulds). Paint target.

Speak from the heart! all else is incomplete;
Speak to the heart! for that alone is sweet;
Weak words are mighty that with heart-blood beat.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

By Otis Ormsby.

In the warm sunlight
Of this newborn day,
We lift to Thee
Hearts glad and free,
And praise thy wondrous ways, O God.

For all that makes life bright
And for the restful night;
For food and clothes and home,
Past days and days to come,
We praise thy wondrous ways, O God.

For kindly mother-care
About us everywhere;
For father true and strong,
At work the whole day long;
For brothers, sisters sweet,
For all the friends we meet,
We praise thy wondrous ways, O God.

For flowers and fruit and trees,
For all the glad eye sees;
For birds so bright and fair,
Filling with song the air;
For beauty everywhere,
We praise thy wondrous ways, O God.

* * * * * *

In the warm sunlight
Of this newborn day,
We lift to Thee
Hearts glad and free
And praise thy wondrous name, O God.

—*Every Other Sunday.*

THE PIGEON'S VISIT TO THE FARM.

By Harriet S. Warren.

ONCE a beautiful white pigeon flew into Farmer Brown's barn (represent the flying movement with the arms), and said to White Spot, the cow: "Coo-roo! Coo-roo!" (Continue in the same low, soft tone.) "Oh, ho! White Spot, don't you wish that you had beautiful white wings and could fly, as I,

Up on the house tops,
Across the broad sky?"

"Moo, moo-o!" said White Spot. "Oh, no! Oh, no!" (Keep the *moo* tone.) "What would Farmer Brown and the children do, without my milk to drink? What would Farmer Brown's wife do without my milk for her bread and other good things? Moo-moo! No, no! No wings for me!"

Away flew the pigeon to the sheep. "Coo-roo! Coo-roo! Don't you wish you had beautiful white wings and could fly, as I,

Up on the house tops,
Across the broad sky?"

"Baa-a! Baa-a! Oh, no! Oh, no!" (Throughout keep as far as possible the *tone* of each animal or bird.) "For what would Farmer Brown, his wife and children do without my soft wool to keep them warm in the cold winter time? Baa! Baa! No! No! No wings for me!"

Away flew the pigeon to Swift, the tall horse. "Coo-roo! Coo-roo! Great horse Swift, don't *you* wish you had beautiful white wings and could fly, as I,

Up on the house tops,
Across the broad sky?"

With a stamp of his foot and a toss of his head, Swift said (here give a whinny): "What would Farmer Brown, his wife and children do if I did not draw the plow and the sweet smelling hay; or to market and town often trot?" (Whinnying again.) "No, no! No wings for me!"

Away flew the pigeon. "Coo-roo! Coo-roo! Say, Rooster and Hen, don't you wish you could fly, as I,

Up on the house tops,
Across the broad sky?"

"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" said the rooster. "No, no! Our own home we love." "Cluck, cluck!" said the hen, "fine eggs for Farmer Brown's breakfast I give.

Would I fly
Up on the house tops,
Across the broad sky?
Cluck! cluck! Not I!"

"Coo-roo! Coo-roo! All content?" asked the pigeon.

"Moo, moo! Yes! yes!" cried White Spot, the cow.

"Baa, baa! Yes! yes!" cried the sheep.

(Whinnying.) "Yes! yes!" cried Swift, the great horse.

"Cluck, cluck! Yes, yes!" said the hen.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! Yes, yes!" said the rooster.

"Coo-roo! Coo-roo! I, too!" cried the pigeon; and away he flew

Up on the house tops,
Across the broad sky,
Then back to his own little house close by.

THE NEW RED DRESS.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

By Cora E. Harris.

A LONG time ago when your grandfather and grandmother were children there lived a little girl named Rachel. Her eyes and hair were quite black and her cheeks were nearly as red as your dolly's. She had no playthings that came from the store; but in place of a rocking-horse, her brother Joseph had whittled for her a fine little trotting horse. She had a soft kitty to hold, and a soft rag dolly with black eyes and red cheeks like her own, and a dolly that Aunt Jane had made and given her upon her fourth birthday. None of her clothes, either, came from the store, except occasionally a pair of shoes. Her papa generally made her shoes for her.

One Thanksgiving Day, little Rachel was feeling very happy because she had a new warm red dress to put on. The weather had grown quite cold and the brown cotton dress which she had been wearing had become thin and old. She was first to have her hair combed and then to put on the red dress so that she might be all ready when Uncle John and his family came to spend Thanksgiving Day.

"O mamma!" said Rachel, "tell me the story again about my new dress, —the one you told yesterday."

"Very well," said mamma; "if you will sit still while I comb your hair." So she began:—

"Last spring, when it was very warm and pleasant, a wise little fairy knew that cold winter would come after a while, and that then a little girl's cotton dress would not be warm enough; so she said: 'Where can I find something to make Rachel a warm red dress?'

" 'How would our leaves do?' asked some bright red poppies that nodded in the garden.

" 'Your color is just right,' said the fairy, 'but you will not last until winter.'

" 'How would our feathers do?' sang robin redbreast.

" 'It would take a great many to make a dress, and you could spare but few,' said the fairy. 'No, we must look farther still.'

" 'Ma-a! ma-a!' said Nannie, the sheep; 'I do wish I could lay off my coat! It is getting so warm, and I 'm sure another would grow before cold weather comes on.'

" 'If the color of your coat can be changed, I believe it will be just the thing for Rachel's dress,' said the fairy; 'but how am I to get your coat off?'

" 'We will help you,' said some

strong sheep-shears; and snip! snap! snip! they went, until Nannie's coat was all in a heap upon the ground.

"'The wool is so dirty!' thought the fairy.

"'Swish, swosh, swish!' said some soap and water; 'See what we can do!' and, sure enough, the wool was soon washed clean and hung drying in the sun, almost as white as snow.

"'How nice!' said the fairy. 'But wool does n't look much like a dress, and I wonder where the next help will come from.'

"'Here! here!' said some strong combs which, queer as it may seem, were called cards. Back and forth they went until the wool was all combed out into rolls nearly two feet long and about as large around as Cousin Mary's pretty curls.

"The rolls were scarcely finished before 'Z-z-z, z-z-z!' was heard in the attic, where a spinning wheel had already commenced to make some of the rolls which had been carried up there into yarn. The wheel hummed and worked day after day, until many skeins of soft white yarn had been made and hung beside the kitchen fireplace.

"'S-s-s, s-s-s!' hissed a big brass kettle. 'Put the skeins in here and see what will happen to them!' In went the white skeins and out came red ones, as bright as the poppies that the fairy had seen when she first began to prepare the dress.

"The fairy was just thinking what wonderful things had been done, when—'Slam, bang! Slam, bang!' was heard in the chamber above.

"'See what my shuttle can do with the yarn,' said the great loom. And when some of the yarn was placed into the frame, back and forth flew the shuttle, until by the end of the next day a great roll of cloth was lying in the back part of the loom.

"'That begins to look something like a dress,' said the fairy; 'I wonder who will finish it?'

"'Here we are,' sang out a pair of scissors. 'Sister Needle and myself belong to the Steel family, and are very bright and sharp. We can do wonderful work.' So they set to work at once and worked so fast that soon in place of the cloth there was a pretty dress having two sleeves, a waist, and a skirt—all ready for Rachel to put on!"

When Rachel's mamma had finished the story, Rachel's hair was combed and her dress was on, and she was all ready to run out and welcome the Thanksgiving visitors.

The meanest thing in Nature's plan is dear
If it but work its purpose out sincere;
A little cup may yet hold water clear.

CLOTHES AND SEASONS.

By Harriet Johnson McLellan.

Whene'er the North Wind howls and blows
And Jack Frost tries to nip my toes,
The clothes I wear are thick and warm,
So I can go out in the storm.
For many grown-up sheep and rams
(But not the pretty little lambs!)
Have given their soft coats to me,
To keep me warm as warm can be.

But when the Springtime comes around,
And pussy willows I have found,
And West Wind blows o'er hill and glade,
My dresses are of cotton made.
It comes to me from far away,
Where it is gathered, people say,
From hard brown pods, which, as you know,
Upon the cotton bushes grow.

When Summer sun begins to burn,
And 't is the gentle South Wind's turn,
And houses are kept dark within,
My clothes are very cool and thin.
They 're woven out of linen thread,
Just like the sheets upon my bed;
And linen thread from flax is spun,
To make cool clothes for every one.

But this is what seems strange to me:
That lambs can quite contented be
With woolen coats, which have to do
For Winter, Spring, and Summer, too!

A PEACH TREE, AND SUCH A TINY BASKET!

By Martha Young.

EM stood in the sunlight on the side gallery steps with two luscious peaches, one in each hand; and she called to the two boys who were playing in the yard beyond: "I have something for you,—both of you!"

Then the two boys at once made a race to see which would get there first. And, after all, they got there at the same time!

So Em held her two hands behind her, and said: "Which hand, Judge?"

You see Judge did so much thinking that we felt obliged to call him by a serious name, although he had a very good name of his own.

Then Em said: "Which hand, Doc?" Doc had a very good name of his own, too. But I never knew a family of brothers, or cousins, who did not have among them a Doc. You see, it was expected always that one of the members would some day be a great doctor.

Judge took one hand—I forget whether it was right or left that day; and Doc, of course, took the other; for, of course, there were but two to choose from!

But, as Em said, the Peaches were exactly Even: evenly ripe, evenly beautiful. Peaches were no rarity at Grandmother's. No, for an orchard of peach trees climbed up the gravelly hill in front of the house. But these were particularly nice and fine, and they were from the first basket from a tree that Grandfather had planted with his own hands; and it was so nice of Em to choose out two for those two boys. And Em had looked so sweet standing in the sunlight on the side-gallery and asking, "Which hand?" that somehow the giving of those Peaches seemed to both boys an Event. Events were always made Memorable in some way. There were the pressed bay leaves in the great Bible, that had been used in the decorations of the old State House at Cahaba when that town had been capital of Alabama, and when grand-aunts had strewn flowers with other little girls before the great French general, Lafayette, when he visited America. There was the gold snuff-box that came from England, that made memorable to us the love of the two kinsmen, our ancestor and the great orator, Fox. And so on, through all memorable things, to the bright brass buttons and belt buckles with the glistening C. S. A. on them; Grandmother said they would be memorable some day, some distant day,—like the old Revolutionary things, and older things. But we found it hard to believe that, for these things were about all we had ever seen, we children. We saw them all the time, those trappings of war; and, truth to tell, only the oldest

ones of us grandchildren (there were ten of us) could remember to have ever seen our fathers and uncles out of war clothes: for we had had four years of war, now, and—— But I had started to tell how it was that Judge and Doc wished to make memorable the Event of Em's calling them to give them the Peaches. The two boys sat on the heap of logs in the near pasture a long time talking over it; then Judge rose up and said a thought had come to him, and he would go off and do what he had thought of.

Doc could not think at all that day, it seemed to him; and he sat there on the logs in the blazing sun until his sister Elise came to tell him that Children's-Table-Dinner was ready; and she said:—

"Doc, what *are* you thinking about out here in this sun?"

Doc said that was what was the matter; he was trying to think, but not able to think of anything. So he told Elise all about the two Peaches and the plan he and Judge had to make the gift memorable. Elise did not seem to think the matter of any importance at all, and she went skipping and jumping along by Doc.

But when they had nearly reached the house, she said: "I 'll tell you, Doc,—plant it."

"There!" said Doc; "I never thought of that."

"That is old, but somehow it seems new," said Elise. "Just give a Planting and invite us all, and then build a small pen around where you plant it, and call it, if it grows, 'Em's Tree.'"

"I 'll do it," said Doc. "I wonder," he said, "what Judge will do. He had a thought."

So Doc invited all of the children at Children's-Table to come out to the Planting of Em's Tree in the west corner of the orchard. And all of us went. And the next older of all the grandchildren, who was always peering over a book, said that she had read that to save the stone the trouble of turning over, it must be put into the ground with the stem-end down and the point up. She said that the stone opened, something like a pocketbook, and that the kernel came up in a twist at first and then spread itself out in leaves.

None of the rest of us had read that, but we all believed it, and Caro, who would pretend to cry and be at a funeral just to tease the rest of us, —Caro said that it would never do to give the poor stone cause to turn in its grave! And so it was planted with the stem-end down. And then the pen of pine sticks was made around it. And if it ever grew it was going to be "Em's Tree."

Just after the Planting, Judge, who had been looking more solemn than ever, came to Em and said: "Hold fast what I give you!" Then Em shut her eyes and held out her hand to "Hold Fast," and Judge slipped something into her hand. Then he ran off as fast as he could.

Em held fast a second. Then she opened her hand and looked—and there was *such* a little basket!

It was no larger than a thumb nail. It was brown all over. Its handle and, indeed, the whole of it, was all

of one piece; there was not a seam, or a put-together part of it; it was all one.

It was cut from a Peach Stone. The stem-end made the bottom of the basket. The point of the stone was the center of the basket's handle. A three-corner-section had been cut evenly from each side of the stone, leaving a line to the point on either side for the handle of the basket; and then the kernel had been cut and lifted out, so that there was left the tiny little hollow of the basket, where the kernel had been. And so the Event of giving the two Peaches was made Memorable in two ways. For the peach stone that Doc planted grew, and for many years bore luscious fruit; and it was always called "Em's Tree." And the basket that Judge made was long a pleasure to many little girls, for many little boys took it for a pattern by which to make many just like it.

It takes a sharp knife, and oh! so much care and so much patient work to make a peach-stone basket!

SIMPLICITY IN KINDERGARTEN WORK.*

By Mary J. Garland.

THERE are those who divide kindergartners into two classes—the conservative and the progressive. Those of the extreme conservative class see nothing but Froebel; see nothing in educational theory and practice antedating Froebel;—educational evolution began in 1782, ended in 1852. Those of the extreme progressive class take their stand with the modern experimental psychologist, accept in full the theories of the latter-day, syllabus-making investigator of childhood, and are ready to change the kindergarten at the first sound of his adverse criticism.

These extremes are mediated by a third class—not a small one either—which may be named the wisely conservative, rationally progressive class, kindergartners who are educational evolutionists. Holding firmly to the principles of Froebel,—principles grounded in nature and seen more or less clearly by many minds before his time,—they are not slavishly bound by the method, but are ready to accept new light and modify practice in accordance with it. They are faced toward the east and the rising day, but are not unmindful of the western heaven whose glory passes over into the morning sunrise. Always truth-seekers, they know that they must also be patient truth-provers. They are not found among the worshipers of the

*Read before the I. K. U. Conference of Training Teachers.

form and letter, whose Bible is totally lost if printed without regard to accepted division into chapter and verse; nor are they eager to cast the old book into the deepest sea because modern learning discovers errors in translation or finds myth in place of history. They look both backward and forward in serene confidence that truth will abide, that the simplicity and naturalness of their gospel are its saving power, that these will be, must be, maintained.

In its essential characteristics nothing is closer to nature, to simplicity, than the kindergarten.

Follow nature, follow natural development, learn how to guide and direct by so following—this is the course marked out for us by Froebel. As the kindergarten spreads from country to country, necessary changes are made in applying it to varying general conditions; but no change in method should involve a question touching the alteration or removal of our precious corner stone—simplicity. However broad and high we may make the superstructure it must be kept in harmony with this basal idea. We must not elaborate for mere show, but steadily keep in mind natural growth.

Nothing nearer to the gospel story has been given us than the account of Froebel playing and working with the young children of Thuringia, becoming as a fool in the eyes of his fellows because he thus set a child in the midst, because he played with children and learned of them.

How simple it all was in the beginning, this method of play and work! The materials were those in common use,—common wood, paper, straw, putty, clay, sand,—prepared for use as they were needed. The weaving papers for a long time were cut by hand; then came a rude hand-machine which saved little labor but secured greater accuracy.

In America, we have seen national quickness in devising labor-saving machines turned to account in the rapid production and perfecting of kindergarten materials. The early, rather clumsy Building Gifts have disappeared; weaving mats and folding papers in crude, unpleasant colors have vanished; all our furnishings have greatly improved within the memory of many of us. With this gain has come a tendency not unlike that which came with the sewing machine—heralded as a simplifier of domestic life—a tendency to the multiplication of frills and furbelows. Simple German thrift made the most of every scrap of the hand-prepared material: the principle of wholeness not only entered into the Gift to which every part is essential, but was not lost sight of when left-over pieces were considered. Unused weaving strips did not go into a waste basket, but into a special box which supplied papers for chains, book-markers, or for simple pasting. Children were thus helped to form habits of economy and incited to make use of inexpensive things close at hand in their home-play.

We perhaps have gone too far from such primitive fashions. Even in the kindergarten of to-day we have the opportunity to form habits of

economy, to check waste, to show the possible value of the insignificant and seemingly useless. Smooth wrapping paper, for instance, comes in the way of most children; its occasional use in kindergarten,—the children folding and cutting the squares for themselves—leads to home occupation of the same sort.

We all agree that the working plan or program should simply conform to natural requirements for development; in reality, our studied schemes are often so complex and rigid that natural manifestations in the daily life of the child have small chance in legitimate ways and so take the form of disorder which calls for repressive measures. A kindergarten may be easily changed from a place of nurture to one of drill, but, thus changed, its vitality is lost, its name is meaningless. Intellectual stimulation beyond that which comes through happy play and simple work suited to the age has no place in a true kindergarten. Who has ever seen any failure in the natural, joyous interest of children playing with just the simple, related Gifts devised by Froebel, if—it is a gigantic *if*—if the kindergartner understood childhood, studied her individual children, and was herself thoroughly alive?

Less would be said about the use of more and more miscellaneous things, if formalism in the use of the Gifts and Occupations were less common.

Complicated devices, the aim to reach in a given time certain outward results, are symptoms that mark degeneration.

Simplicity, especially in the use of the Building Gifts, is easily perverted. The Gifts lend themselves so readily to the ingeniousness of the adult, to the fine sequences which embody the kindergartner's own experiences, that the main object—the self-expression of the child through his own activity—is forgotten.

The earliest kindergartens just grew as the nursery life of the home grows. As they multiply and become a part of our public schools they are subject to pressure in regard to numbers, plan of work, etc. Only the steadfast spiritual power, the unquenchable faith of kindergartners in the ideal as the real, can save from depression and deadness. Life must work in and up from the kindergarten, or a creeping paralysis will attack it under the traditional and complex rulings of politically controlled school boards and committees.

There are kindergartens in our country where we may see fine pictures on the walls, fine drawings on the blackboards, fine plants in the windows, even fine dolls in the cabinet; the pictures on the wall never looked at by the children, the drawings on the blackboard taking the space that should be free for the children's own experimenting, the plants in the windows taken care of by the kindergartner or her assistant, the dolls in the cabinet taken out only on special occasions.

These defects are not all found in one kindergarten; it is a composite picture, the bad features taken from different subjects.

Wherever found, they are the joy of the critic and scoffer.

The chief corrective for such perversions of that which should be simple and natural is surely in the hands of training teachers. First we are responsible in our choice of students. We may have general culture classes, special study classes, non-professional classes,—in which students may get the undoubted benefit of self-development; but for the students whom we receive and send out for professional work we are accountable in a different way and degree. The diplomas which we confer ought to stand for much more than intellectual fitness; we are largely answerable for ideals, for soundness, wholeness of character which will not fail in the *spirit* of its work.

Ought not the same principles which we place as the corner stone of the kindergarten to be also the foundation of the training class?

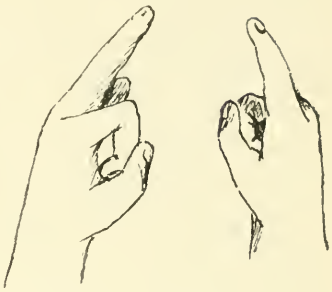
The cultivation of individual power is important; self-expression for every student should not be made impossible by reason of numbers. Courses of study should be kept simple, with closely related subjects. Open-mindedness to the truth that is in every reasonable objection to the kindergarten, eagerness to recognize every rational advance along true educational lines; simple faith in sound educational principles whether stated by Froebel or another, schools of manual work not elaborated for display but sufficient to test the student's power of applying principles and to enable her to judge through her own doing of the difficulties and value of the same kind of work for the child; in the games the simple spirit of play rather than the learning of a large number of games in a definite way; a simple, direct expression in language with a manner free from sentimentality;—to such standards we training teachers are sacredly pledged. We are making the kindergartners and therefore the kindergartens of the future.

We need not fear failure if, when our students leave us at the end of a two or three years' course of study, they go out with the feeling that they have made only the merest beginnings; if, in the light of what they have begun to know, they see the endlessness of knowing and have the dawning modesty of the potentially wise; if they are filled with the steadfast purpose to refuse to sacrifice the profound simplicity, the natural progressiveness of the kindergarten—for when we say kindergarten with full significance we mean —Life.

THE THANKSGIVING VISIT.

By Margaret W. Lewis.

This is our grandfather's house far away,
Where we all go to spend Thanksgiving Day.



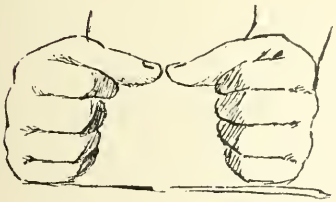
Merry old grandpa and grandma so dear,
Uncles and cousins and aunts are all here.

Here is the church
where we give
thanks and praise,

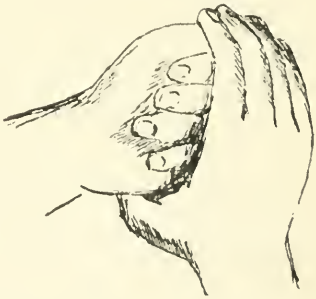
To the Lord of the
Harvest for
blessing our days.

Then home to the turkey
and good things galore,

After the pumpkin pie
who could wish more?



Games we have then, and when night comes apace
Stories and songs by the old fireplace.



Then in the big bed tucked snugly away,
We dream of the good times of Thanksgiving day.

These lines may be sung to the music of "The Lambs" (Nursery Finger Plays, Poulsson). The illustrations show clearly how the hands should be placed except that the "pumpkin pie" and the "big bed" should, of course, be represented in a horizontal position.

TWO NEW GAMES FOR PRIMARY SCHOOL.

By Fanny L. Johnson.

IN a former number of Kindergarten Review* I endeavored to show that if the physical exercises used with children who have just passed the kindergarten age are to be suitable to the stage of development through which the child is then passing, they must be given in the form of play. I alluded to the regular gymnastic games of throwing balls, running, etc., so much used at present, and tried to show that besides the movements which entered into these games some more definite gymnastic movements were necessary; but that these also should be given in the form of play. The question now arises: What rules should guide us in planning these games for primary children? By what standard should they be judged?

Educators are now pretty unanimous in saying that the principles of education which Froebel has given us should be applied to the development of the child in school as well as in kindergarten; and as he has left us typical plays for the kindergarten the study of these will throw light on the games for the primary children.

Through the kindergarten plays the child is introduced into the realm of nature and human life; and by going through typical experiences, he learns, through action, to feel himself a part of the great world around him, and finds out what it does for him and therefore what he should do for it. A true kindergarten game, then, contains material not only for the development of the child's body, but for that of his mind and heart as well.

Should our standard for primary children be any lower than this? Surely not. Taking this for granted, we may now state more definitely the rules we should follow in planning gymnastic plays for little children.

1. The movements in these plays should be taken from those classes of exercise which are suited to the age and development of the children.

2. They should represent the activity of some object in which the children are naturally interested, and represent it *truly*. This seems to me of the greatest importance; for, in giving the child an incorrect representation of the object which he is supposed to be imitating, we are either giving him a wrong mental idea, or, if he realizes that the representation is incorrect and observes that we nevertheless allow him to continue performing it, we are teaching him to ignore a falsity and so cultivating a *laissez faire* habit of mind.

3. These plays should, as far as possible, bring out through united action, our interdependence on each other and the world in general.

In short, as in the kindergarten game, the child's physical, mental, and moral nature should be considered.

The following are examples of regular gymnastic exercises given as plays:—

* March, 1900.

Playing See-Saw.

The children stand in three rows or in groups of three, according to the arrangement of the room. The middle child of each three faces the teacher; he has his arms stretched out sideways from the shoulder to represent a board. The two children who are to ride the see-saw stand facing the ends of the board, one at each end. To get on the see-saw they both rise on tiptoe and each one places one hand lightly on his end of the imaginary board. Now the play begins. The left end of the board moves downward and the child at that end bends his knees (still keeping the heels from the ground), then, as he rises with his end of the board, the other end and the other child go down. This is repeated a few times and the children change places so that the child whose arms represented the board now has a ride on the see-saw. Care should be taken to have the boards kept perfectly straight; and, to insure this, the children should be led to think of their arms as making one board and therefore the relation of the arms to each other must be absolutely the same all the time the play continues.

In this game music can be used to great advantage, something in three-eight or six-eight time being the best.

Application of Principles.

1. Physical development. A good balance movement performed.
2. Mental development. The interest taken in correctly imitating the motion of children on a see-saw.
3. Moral development. The mutual dependence which enables the play to be performed.

What o'Clock?

All the children face the front of the room except one who stands facing the others as a leader. All have their arms bent upward from the elbow, hands on outside of shoulders, with fingers loosely turned in, and elbows down by the side. The teacher asks the question, "What o'clock?" The leader responds by extending his arms quickly to any position he chooses, representing the hands of a clock. For example, both arms stretched sideways would be a quarter to three, the right arm up and left sideways, nine o'clock. To make the distinction between the hands of the clock, the arm which does duty as minute hand should be made to appear as long as possible by having the fingers extended, while the other arm is shortened in effect by having the fingers slightly bent. The children are to name the hour shown by the leader, and then imitate the motion of the leader, so that all are clocks representing the same hour. Another child is then chosen as leader and the play is repeated, —a different hour being chosen. This play is only suitable for children who have had some lessons in telling time.

Application of Principles.

1. Physical development. A good arm and shoulder blade movement.
2. Mental development. Practice in telling time and in close observation.
3. Moral development. Necessity for great care in executing the movements *exactly*, as the least variation in the position of the arms or fingers will materially alter the time. "Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well."

DOLL SONG.

Words and Music by HARRIET L. GROVE.

1. This is the dol - ly that I love best; This is the way that she
2. *Real* ba-bies sometimes will fret and frown; *Real* babies fuss when you
3. Sing - ing so soft - ly I lay her here; Speak ve -ry gent - ly; she'll

likes to rest, Here in my arms in her white gown dressed,
lay them down; *Mine* nev-er does; she's the best in town,—
wake, I fear! I must be work - ing, but I'll be near,

CHORUS.

Dear lit-tle dol - ly ba - by! Hush - a - bye! Hush - a -
Dear lit-tle dol - ly ba - by!
Dear lit-tle dol - ly ba - by!

DOLL SONG.

by! Pret-ty lit-tle dol - ly, rock - a - by! Hush - a - by!

Hush - a - by! Sweet lit tle dol - ly ba - by.

UNIFIED EDUCATION.

MME. KRAUS-BOELTE writes thus about the Charleston meeting of the N. E. A.:—

The interest in kindergarten education was widespread. I heard much; I learned more. My heart went out to the Southern kindergartners;—they were so modestly eager to learn more and do better. None of us who enjoyed the week at Charleston will ever forget our experiences. The music of St. Michael's bells is still ringing in my ears!

Previous to the convention, I had written to Mr. Irwin Shepard, asking what steps could be taken to have a department of parents' conferences acknowledged in the N. E. A. Mr. Shepard replied, assuring me of his full sympathy in regard to such an important movement but saying that there were already too many departments in the N. E. A. and it might be advisable to keep such conferences in and under the kindergarten section. I agreed with him fully in this, and thus came my proposal to hold such a conference in the afternoon of the third day. This proposal was hailed with enthusiasm; and the meeting, in spite of not having been properly announced, was a fine one.

My idea is that, according to Froebel's conception, the *family* education of the child, from birth until past school age, should be based upon and conducted according to the same ideas and laws as are used in the kindergarten; for Froebel lays much more stress upon the exercise of the nobler motives in the *earliest* education of the child than in that of later years. Thus the child (son or daughter) should be guided, educated, in the family, according to the same principles as he would encounter in the kindergarten and in nature; and the school should continue on the same lines.

Children ought not to be educated according to the differing, haphazard ideas of different parents, but according to ideas based upon eternal truths, as Froebel demonstrates. This is what I wanted to have impressed and advocated at the parents' conferences, thinking that if such action were continued year after year in the different places where the meetings of the N. E. A. are held, the knowledge of such education would be spread abroad and the desire awakened to train up, to educate, in this way, children of all ages, as they are found in families. Parents, friends, nurses, servants, being all brought under the influence of this desire and knowledge, we could hope for true practical results eventually,—results which the kindergarten is now striving, on its part, to bring forth. Then should we see the dawn of that day when young men and young women both take courses in the study of home building, child culture,—*i. e.*, kindergarten training. What I wished and wish to advocate is: Preparation for motherhood and fatherhood in accordance with Froebel's theory and practice of development.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

When thou hast thanked thy God
For every blessing sent,
What time will then remain
For murmurs or lament ?

— TRENCH.

UPON A RIDGY HILLSIDE with a wide view of the western horizon dwells a gentlewoman of sense and spirit. She is a leader and helper in the village, the mistress of a hospitable household, and the mother of many sons and daughters. This means that life yields for her deep, abounding and abiding joys; but it also means much mending and making and many anxious cares. When she sews, she sits at a window where the view is widest and most beautiful, and an occasional, far-off look helps her to forget the inherent drudgery of darning and patching. When she is tempted to low spirits through household friction or routine, she takes the Bible text in a literal sense, goes to the high out-hanging window on the view-side of the house, and lifts up her eyes unto the hills,—the purple hills beyond the spreading plain,—and a spiritual uplift comes.

The holidays shining here and there along the year, give us something of this experience. They are windows in the house of life opened for our wider outlook. The Thanksgiving window is opened; and we look out and up, rejoicing in our spreading plain of daily mercies and counting our blessing-peaks. The Christmas window is opened; and we look out upon a broad expanse of purity and sparkling evergreen up to the Christmas Star, with love born anew in our hearts and devotion more lively and pure. All these wider recognitions expand both heart and mind, so that after each shining holiday we go back to our everyday patching and making and care-taking—the needful routine of the house of life—fortified and renewed; and our family and the neighbors on our hillside reap the benefit.

THE DIVISION OF TIME in kindergarten was one of the subjects touched upon in a recent teachers' meeting, and the kindergartners were reminded of the importance of the Gift and

Occupation exercises, and the necessity of allowing a right proportion of time to these exercises. We must keep the balance between the use of these means for the child's development and the other means employed by the kindergarten; *i. e.*, the songs, games, talks, and stories. A half-hour period, minus the time consumed in giving out and putting away materials, was advocated as not too long a time for the children to spend with their Gifts or Occupations. With this allowance of time, neither the children nor the kindergartner will feel hurried; the play spirit will have freer scope during the building, stick-laying, etc., which is led by the kindergartner, and also during the time of the child's own free play with the material,—that precious time which is often cut short if not cut off altogether when shorter periods are allotted. Twenty-five minutes or even twenty minutes would be too long a time to exact close attention from such little children to any lesson; but a rightly-conducted kindergarten exercise, purposeful yet playful, will leave the children in a refreshed rather than wearied state.

In the kindergarten time table which was used in Jamestown, N. Y., in connection with Miss Colburn's Program Notes, the division of time was well-planned. The main difference between it and many others lies in its having a third period (of fifteen minutes) at the tables, for what is designated in the Notes as Other Handwork, in addition to the previous periods of one half hour each. Morning Circle and the three periods of table work are followed, respectively, by fifteen minutes of marching, etc., a half hour each of games and free play, and ten minutes for songs and good-byes, etc., at closing.

In India, in some parts of it at least, kindergarten of the right sort is making its way under government auspices; in testimony whereof listen to the good doctrine promulgated in one well compacted sentence through the *Indian Educational Review,* and note the facts stated in the little report from India given in our Progress of the Movement. "The value of a kindergarten," says Mrs. Isabel Brander, inspectress of schools in the Madras Presidency, "depends almost entirely on the kindergartner; and the true success of the kindergartner depends upon the extent to which he or she has studied the subject, has grasped the principles as well as the practice of this method of education, and is able to carry them out." She acknowledges that ideal kindergartners as described by Froebel (well-educated young women who combine the protecting care of the mother and

the sympathy with play of an elder sister) do not yet exist in India in sufficient numbers, although such kindergartners are there to be found.

The ideal kindergartner clothed in flesh is a rare creature, and no country can claim very many specimens. She is cosmopolite; Miss Annie Howe has seen her in Japan, Mrs. Brander in India, and she is known to inhabit less remote parts of the earth.

In addition to the regular training given to those intending to become certificated kindergartners, constant effort is being made to improve the kindergartners already occupying positions, and to spread some knowledge of Froebel's principles to teachers of other grades. Where young women could not be obtained for the teaching of little children, young men have been employed. These young men have shown much interest in kindergarten and are quite successful in using the knowledge of it which they gain. An experiment is being made at one of the Government schools where kindergarten has been well established, in giving some kindergarten training to men teachers. "Six men teachers, from Government girls' schools at Telegu, attend the Rajahmundry school for two months. They watch the kindergarten teaching, take notes of stories, songs, and games, and copy series of patterns of the various occupations for future use in their own schools. They also attend a course of six simple lectures on the life and work of Froebel and the principles and practice of the kindergarten. At the end of two months they return to their schools and another set of six men teachers takes their place. By this means it is hoped that an improved knowledge of kindergarten will be spread among teachers in the Government girls' schools of the Telegu districts." This, however, continues Mrs. Brander, is only an attempt to improve present conditions. She urges a much more radical course as the real thing needed. "The heads of all training schools in the Presidency (for men as well as for women) should master Froebel's ideas on education and make themselves fully acquainted with the methods which he recommended. Ample provision should then be made in every training school for the thorough education and training in kindergarten principles and methods of teachers to whom is to be intrusted the education of little children during the most important, because the most formative, years of their lives. Every child should then begin its early education in a well conducted kindergarten. Thus a foundation for real education would be well and truly laid and the fabric reared upon such a founda-

tion should be stable and satisfactory."

This would seem the vision of an educational "Kingdom Come"; and yet how simple is the plan, and how effective it would be!

"AGITATE, MADAM, AGITATE!" replied the reformer when a lady inquired what she could do to help his cause. There is no doubt that "agitating" is a necessary preliminary to the accomplishment of many a purpose, and the agitating must be persistent. To stop churning before the butter comes is to waste what churning has already been done. Wherefore, we must keep on "agitating" for the establishment of kindergartens; "agitating" for careful selection of persons to be trained as kindergartners; "agitating" for their better training; "agitating" for more healthful conditions in our kindergartens and schools; "agitating" for more "summer schools" and playgrounds;—and so on, *ad Millennium!*

THE NEW ANNUAL REPORT of the International Kindergarten Union is now in the hands of the printer. Unavoidable causes have led to some delay in its appearance, but it will soon be ready for distribution.

HOME OCCUPATIONS IN RELATION TO NATURE—III.

BY FREDERICA BEARD.

IF we plan a little in advance, water, and work in relation to it, will supply the children with plenty of occupation for the dark rainy days of November. Where is the child who does not delight in playing with water in some form or other? And it is so often a forbidden luxury because there is no plan for its legitimate use!

This recalls to mind an experience with a little neighbor and her mother: Santa Claus had brought, by the mother's own arrangement, a complete set of washing utensils—washtub, board, wringer, clothes-horse,—for the eager little worker. Imagine our feeling of regret when the mother said, "Of course Ethel won't have any real water, but she can play at washing her dolls' clothes." (!) Evidently the kindergartner who believed in "imaginary plays" was expected to highly approve this plan! "I wish I *could* have water," began the little worker, and the kindergartner could only mildly suggest that, perhaps, Ethel's mother would think her big enough to do so soon. To this the mother responded: "Oh! yes, when she is as big as Mary. You would catch cold now, dear."(!) A little oil-

cloth apron might have saved from any danger of a damp dress, and an amount of water, proportionate to the size of the worker and the tub, with a little showing as to how to use "real" water, would very likely have prevented any harmful catastrophe. If playing with water be granted as a special privilege, it becomes a great enjoyment, and a child is not so tempted to snatch the pleasure when its mother is not near.

Much interest may be awakened in water itself, through experiments and observations which, while exceedingly simple, are yet scientific in their nature. The following headings are suggested:—

Water drops.
Water changing to steam.
Water seeking its level.
The absorption of water.
The uses of water for cooking and washing, and for transportation.

Water changing to ice will be considered in the next paper, and is therefore omitted now. The effect of water on plant life is a good topic for the springtime, and its effect on minerals, shown in a simple way, will be another interesting topic.

A play of water drops that has proved very attractive is the following: Take a cup partly full of water, and tell the little ones that within it there are "water-babies." Show them one of these by taking out a drop of water with a toothpick or any little stick; then let each child have a cup and stick and take out the "babies" big and little, set them in a line or circle, play that they are marching in ones and twos, and have them "join hands," after which the children may try to make them "drop hands."

The falling of the rain has a new interest as the "water-babies" come on the windowpane, "join hands," and run down the glass in little companies. Let a child set a cup out on the window sill or doorstep, and watch as the water fills it.

The journey of a water drop is a story full of suggestion, and good for a rainy day. It may be briefly told thus: A little water-baby was riding one day on the back of a wave in the great ocean; the sunbeams were shining down, and presently they said, "Come, take a ride with us," and pretty soon the water-baby, so changed now that it had a new name, Vapor, was rising higher and higher. As it went up and up, nobody could see it. When it had gone to the top of a mountain, Vapor found many other water drops which had been turned to vapor. As it grew cold they came closer and closer together, and then, one day, they were changed back to water-babies, and came down to the earth again. They ran down the side of the mountain, and by and by met some other water-babies; and as they all ran along together they made a stream of water. After the stream had run for a long time and through many a field and meadow it came to a place where there were water drops without number; and that first little water drop that had started from the back of the wave found itself again in the dear old Ocean.

"Do you hear the song of rain?" from Song Stories by the Misses Hill, always delights the children. With pencil and paper or chalk and blackboard, let them make pictures of the rain falling, blown by the wind one way and then another. Older children can make pictures for the story told above.

All children have at some time watched the steam from the kettle, but the relationship between steam and water is not clear to them. Wonder will be aroused, and some realization of the unseen, if one day it is suggested that we take a look at the water-babies as they set off on a journey. Put a very little water in a tin cup, hold it over an alcohol lamp, placing a piece of cloth over the handle so as not to burn fingers. Let the children watch the steam going up and up, and then finally turn the cup upside down to show that there are no water drops left. It is really very amusing to note the surprise and astonishment on the children's faces. Of course a mother will not let children have this occupation by themselves. It may be that a day will come when the warm sun shining on a wet wooden sidewalk or fence will do just what the fire does, and the water drops will be changed to "steam" or vapor, which the children will see rising. Then they can appreciate that vapor, by rising higher and higher and from many places, makes a cloud when it gets colder.

And now, we come to the absorption of water by certain solids. If the children have a sand tray in some corner of the house (as we hope they have), it will be fun for them to make a little hollow in the sand and to have a half cup of water to pour in, and see it run away. A trench may be made at the side of a "hill," or a ditch by a "roadway," if the little workers are careful and can be trusted to use the water well. (Is it not good training for the children to have times and seasons for such plays, when an overall suit may be donned, and a mat of oilcloth laid on the floor?) They will now be ready to appreciate the absorption of water by the earth, as shown in the watering of house plants. The effect of water on plant life is a valuable observation, and, if a comparison be made of a drooping flower and one refreshed by water, some slight realization of the plant's drinking the water from the earth may follow. Of course, this is best observed in the hot summer days, but the right conditions can be made at any time.

In the spring, the germination of seed by the aid of water will be, perhaps, the most interesting of occupations. Peas, oats, or lima beans, will start well on cotton batting resting in water, and wheat, flaxseed, cress, etc., on a wet sponge.

After the observation suggested above, the little ones when "washing day" comes round, will very likely see how the cloth absorbs or "takes up" the water; when the clothes are hung in the sunshine, or by the fire, how the heat carries away the water drops. Again, they will naturally see how water always runs *down,* as they play with the hills of sand, and make streams running together to form a

river. In building houses and making different kinds of roofs, they may find how the water runs off. By taking a flat piece of tin and a piece bent to simulate a gable roof and pouring on each a few drops of water, an excellent opportunity is given for discovering from which kind of roof the water drops run the faster. Pipes to carry away water, and other pipes to bring it to a house, are now a natural need in the children's eyes, and are represented in all sorts of ways. Empty spools set together may be the best material at hand for laying pipes or setting them upright at the side of the houses which the children build.

Water is a fascinating subject, especially for small boys, who will sail a boat in the bath tub for many an hour. Here is one way in which they can make a boat out of stiff paper. Take a square of paper 6x6 inches (or larger); fold in half in all directions, making horizontal, vertical, and diagonal lines on paper when unfolded; fold each corner of paper to the center; turn over the paper (folded) and again fold corners to center; open paper entirely, bring the middle of the four edges to the center of the paper simultaneously; flatten two of the corner pieces so that they lie from right to left, and fold back the upper right hand corner to the lower left hand corner, and a boat with a sail will result.

Last month we spoke of the logs floating down a river. Now the children may understand how the water helps in this work. Steam engines will have a new interest in relation to the water and the fire needed for the steam. Making steam engines with their blocks, or drawing pictures of them, will be enjoyed by the children, and their power of invention and construction will thus be aroused.

Let the children find out as many as they can of the ways in which we use water, and note with them incidentally the fact that all animals drink it. The topic is a fruitful one, touching the child's experience in so many directions. We need to be careful that we do not force the subject or weary the children by the form or constancy of presentation.

In these plans it is not the intention to make the knowledge of certain facts the primary consideration. That is comparatively of little worth. The investigation, observation, discovery, and construction involved, the appreciation of so common a thing as water, and of the relationship which one thing bears to another, are the real values.

ently aimless,—mere scribbles for the sake of seeing funny lines and making the pencil go; but a change soon comes. A child of two years is usually a purposeful worker; that is, he is trying to represent something. Man is child's first creation; and two round dots for eyes, with sundry lines for legs, make a very good man. A few lines, drawn almost at random, constitute a horse, a cow or a dog, as the case may be. There seems to be no doubt that the drawings represent something to the small artist, even if his elders do not recognize them as representations. While all children love to draw, there is a difference at this age in the way different children work. Some seem to work painstakingly and carefully, while others draw with a dash and freedom which is marvelous. The difference in application may mean a difference in the purpose of the child; the careful child having more of a desire to create something, and to create it according to his ideas.

The representative drawing which follows so quickly upon the scribbling of the baby, usually has something to start it. Sometimes, just a suggestion will set the child to drawing something which he has seen. Again, a drawing of an object must be made for him before he thinks of trying to represent it himself; and yet, although this drawing spurs him on to representation, he never basely copies. All his work is original, and grows out of his own ideas and conceptions of things as they are.

Of course, a child's conception of things is not clear, since he does not, as yet, observe closely; and this lack of observation accounts for many of the absurdities in the child's drawings. What we find most noticeable in his first attempts is that they contain few details. The most important parts of men and animals, as the head, eyes, and legs, are almost never omitted. The head is of first importance, the eyes give expression, the legs suggest motion. The number of legs is not always taken into consideration; nor is that of the fingers when they are first drawn. A multitude of legs and fingers do as well as two or five, and produce a more striking effect!

Profile views are, commonly, not drawn at first; and when they are, the details of the unseen side are always put in, regardless of natural laws. A side view of a cow will show two eyes and four conspicuous legs, for when the child once knows that the cow has two eyes and four legs, he cannot be persuaded to omit one of them in his drawings, even when, to us at least, circumstances seem to demand an omission.

As the child grows older more details are seen in his drawings; and these details show how far and how accurately he has observed. The little artist's motto seems now to be: "One thing at a time and that done well"; for when his attention has been called to some particular object, this object will appear, exaggerated beyond measure, in all his artistic work. The arms when first drawn are usually very long; and when the feet have been observed as distinct from the legs they are drawn of

monstrous size and produce anything but a light and airy effect. When teeth and ears are added to the child's man, both are made unnecessarily large, and the teeth very numerous. If a child gets anything new in the shape of clothes,—a new hair ribbon, a new dress,—these acquisitions will be emphasized in the drawings; new shoes will cause whole sheets of paper to be filled with happy people in new shoes. And it is the same with other things. One little girl had her attention called to the bag on the cow which holds the milk. Thereafter she drew the "mik" on cows, horses, dogs, cats, and people. Her imagination outran observed reality.

However, lack of proportion and restraint is not the most noticeable incongruity in the child's drawings. The lack of unity and connectedness is very marked. In drawing a house, the chairs, tables, and people will be drawn as if they were on the outside wall; and the inmates will be represented as coming out of the house where there is no door. This lack of unity or proper relation is most noticeable when a series of pictures illustrating some story is drawn. For instance, if Cinderella were illustrated, the girl weeping before her grate would probably be right in the presence of the prince and ladies at the grand ball. The glass slipper and the fairy coach might be side by side, and the fairy god-mother talking with the ugly sisters. The important parts of the story would all be there, but there would be no seeming connection. The child sees things one at a time, and not in logical groupings.

As a child grows older, this lack of unity disappears somewhat, and we find that he is beginning to see relations between things. His drawings now become more suggestive, also, while before nothing was left to the imagination. Perspective, however, very seldom appears in these untrained sketches, and the lack of this does much toward making them seem ridiculous.

Now the question naturally arises; Would the child develop in artistic taste and ability if left to himself, or must he have help? If he is an observing child and likes to study out things for himself, he will grow in power to a certain extent unaided; but even in such a case, progress must be uncertain and slow, while with an unobserving child help is very necessary. The early peoples progressed slowly in their development because there was no history of the past by which they could profit. The child, if left to himself, would be in the same condition; but help from those who possess greater knowledge than himself, will enable him to master the little difficulties, and pass on the sooner to work requiring greater skill and talent.

To a great many persons, this tendency of the child to draw, and the results of the tendency, seem to amount to nothing. For their part, they would give the baby no encouragement to scribble. Indeed, the old-fashioned parents and teachers forbade drawing, for they thought that the ugly, comical pictures were the result of the natural depravity of children. Later, it was considered

ently aimless,—mere scribbles for the sake of seeing funny lines and making the pencil go; but a change soon comes. A child of two years is usually a purposeful worker; that is, he is trying to represent something. Man is child's first creation; and two round dots for eyes, with sundry lines for legs, make a very good man. A few lines, drawn almost at random, constitute a horse, a cow or a dog, as the case may be. There seems to be no doubt that the drawings represent something to the small artist, even if his elders do not recognize them as representations. While all children love to draw, there is a difference at this age in the way different children work. Some seem to work painstakingly and carefully, while others draw with a dash and freedom which is marvelous. The difference in application may mean a difference in the purpose of the child; the careful child having more of a desire to create something, and to create it according to his ideas.

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Of course, a child's conception of things is not clear, since he does not, as yet, observe closely; and this lack of observation accounts for many of the absurdities in the child's drawings. What we find most noticeable in his first attempts is that they contain few details. The most important parts of men and animals, as the head, eyes, and legs, are almost never omitted. The head is of first importance, the eyes give expression, the legs suggest motion. The number of legs is not always taken into consideration; nor is that of the fingers when they are first drawn. A multitude of legs and fingers do as well as two or five, and produce a more striking effect!

Profile views are, commonly, not drawn at first; and when they are, the details of the unseen side are always put in, regardless of natural laws. A side view of a cow will show two eyes and four conspicuous legs, for when the child once knows that the cow has two eyes and four legs, he cannot be persuaded to omit one of them in his drawings, even when, to us at least, circumstances seem to demand an omission.

As the child grows older more details are seen in his drawings; and these details show how far and how accurately he has observed. The little artist's motto seems now to be: "One thing at a time and that done well"; for when his attention has been called to some particular object, this object will appear, exaggerated beyond measure, in all his artistic work. The arms when first drawn are usually very long; and when the feet have been observed as distinct from the legs they are drawn of

monstrous size and produce anything but a light and airy effect. When teeth and ears are added to the child's man, both are made unnecessarily large, and the teeth very numerous. If a child gets anything new in the shape of clothes,—a new hair ribbon, a new dress,—these acquisitions will be emphasized in the drawings; new shoes will cause whole sheets of paper to be filled with happy people in new shoes. And it is the same with other things. One little girl had her attention called to the bag on the cow which holds the milk. Thereafter she drew the "mik" on cows, horses, dogs, cats, and people. Her imagination outran observed reality.

However, lack of proportion and restraint is not the most noticeable incongruity in the child's drawings. The lack of unity and connectedness is very marked. In drawing a house, the chairs, tables, and people will be drawn as if they were on the outside wall; and the inmates will be represented as coming out of the house where there is no door. This lack of unity or proper relation is most noticeable when a series of pictures illustrating some story is drawn. For instance, if Cinderella were illustrated, the girl weeping before her grate would probably be right in the presence of the prince and ladies at the grand ball. The glass slipper and the fairy coach might be side by side, and the fairy god-mother talking with the ugly sisters. The important parts of the story would all be there, but there would be no seeming connection. The child sees things one at a time, and not in logical groupings.

As a child grows older, this lack of unity disappears somewhat, and we find that he is beginning to see relations between things. His drawings now become more suggestive, also, while before nothing was left to the imagination. Perspective, however, very seldom appears in these untrained sketches, and the lack of this does much toward making them seem ridiculous.

Now the question naturally arises; Would the child develop in artistic taste and ability if left to himself, or must he have help? If he is an observing child and likes to study out things for himself, he will grow in power to a certain extent unaided; but even in such a case, progress must be uncertain and slow, while with an unobserving child help is very necessary. The early peoples progressed slowly in their development because there was no history of the past by which they could profit. The child, if left to himself, would be in the same condition; but help from those who possess greater knowledge than himself, will enable him to master the little difficulties, and pass on the sooner to work requiring greater skill and talent.

To a great many persons, this tendency of the child to draw, and the results of the tendency, seem to amount to nothing. For their part, they would give the baby no encouragement to scribble. Indeed, the old-fashioned parents and teachers forbade drawing, for they thought that the ugly, comical pictures were the result of the natural depravity of children. Later, it was considered

wise to look into the matter and see if there were not any good to be found in what was so natural to the little ones. It has been found that drawing is only a form of children's free play, and is an expression of themselves. It is a result, not only of their activity, but of a desire to express some of their ideas. Their drawings, at times, represent their ideals of the beautiful, and are thus, although crude and lawless, the beginnings of art.

It was found, too, that there is a physical value in drawing; for as the child develops, he learns to make his hand draw what his eye sees, thus correlating the action of hand and eye. He will observe more in order that he may draw better, and it is in this observation that he may be guided, to his great advantage, by the teacher. When he has added harmony and order to his freedom of movement, he is well on his way to the artistic.

Drawing is now taught, in some localities, all through school, from the kindergarten to the college; and when the teaching is based on the spontaneous drawing of the child, great progress is made. The teacher may easily learn what the child's interests are, for the child will draw what is attractive to him; and by suggestion and example he may be led to an interest in other things. If the child would be an artist, he must draw because it is a pleasure; and it is for this reason that so much stress is laid on the natural interests of the child. The encouragement received from the teachers means much to him; for, without it, his natural taste for drawing, unless extremely pronounced, would soon die out. The years of training which the children are getting now in the public schools bid fair to make a greater proportion of the younger generation steady and skillful of hand than has ever been the case before.

Froebel in his mother play "The Little Artist" speaks of different ways of outlining forms, all of which are very entertaining to children. Every one knows the fascination of outlining letters or objects in snow, sand, or dust. The sensation is pleasant, as well as the results of the motion. Drawing in the air pleases the small ones, too, because of the movement and the mystery accompanying it. Drawing on the windowpane interests in the same way.

Froebel, as usual, emphasizes the spiritual side of this subject. He speaks of the child's little world within to which he needs to give expression; and says that because drawing is creative, it brings the child nearer to the Creator, thus making more strong the union of God and man. Individuality has an opportunity to develop, physical and mental power is gained, and the spirit is quickened through the free drawing of the little child.

A KINDERGARTEN DEMONSTRATION IN AUSTRALIA.

SCENE: a large, lofty schoolroom, with seats round three sides; the benches crowded with an audience of men and women of all ages, from the graybeard to sweet seventeen; in the center of the room a class of little tots listening open-mouthed to a tall woman of Nance O'Neil's physique and almost of her inches, and neither she nor the children paying the least attention to the audience. The audience is mostly composed of teachers, and the tall woman is Miss Eva Hooper, the lately-arrived English expert, who is giving a kindergarten demonstration for their benefit. Rather a reversal of old ideas to see that grown-up audience giving up their Saturday morning's leisure to learn from little children,—for that is what it amounts to!

An hour and a half is occupied with a series of three lessons, each one leading out of the other. First comes a story told by Miss Hooper, and she tells it well. It is one of the immortal fairy tales that own no author but the human race,—the story of the Sleeping Beauty,—and it is told with plenty of the minute attention to particulars so dear to the childish mind. The color of Beauty's hair and her clothes are dwelt on, and the palace with its verandas and its towers, its winding staircases and its rose-hedges pictured with description and gesture till even the jaded imagination of the newspaper man is stimulated to fresh interest in the story for its own sake, while to the children still the wonder grows. Some of them have heard the tale from their mothers, and hold their breath when comes the fatal prick to the little hand. The timid ones are encouraged to help the story on, for even they can tell Miss Hooper from their small experience of life (none of them are over six), that rosebuds open out into roses, and that they grow on bushes and have sharp prickles that will scratch little boys and girls if they are not careful, and of course they have learned to expect that princes should ride gay and prancing horses. One little boy remembers that his father owns a black horse, "and it bolts sometimes!" (Thrills of delight.)

Beauty awakened, the castle alive, and the story ended, Miss Hooper suggested that the children should draw anything in the story that they fancied. So presently on folding slates appeared hats and leaves and birds; soldiers were popular, and one lover of the beautiful even attempted the fair princess herself. Over her presentment we draw the kindly veil of forgetfulness; but the less ambi-

tious efforts showed an approach to firmness of touch and accuracy of eye remarkable as the result of two months' training under Miss Hyem, of the Prince's Hill state school.

Still the story was kept in remembrance, and when a box of simple bricks was produced the children, with a little help, built the palace front, a chair for the king, and a sentry-box for the sleeping soldier.

In the closing lesson the children were led to see how there were other things besides princesses that could be wakened from a sleep as sound as hers. Seeds, for instance. So, hard, dry peas, beans, and oats were brought out, and after some talk and questioning about the little sleeping plants inside the seeds, and how the rain and the warm sun wakened them up into living things, they were planted in a box of soil and raked over and watered. There were some saucers, too, wherein the same seeds had begun to sprout. Miss Hooper confessed afterwards in strictest confidence that these prepared saucers of springing plantlets had had a narrow escape, having been left out all one frosty night last week, and their appearance not improved in consequence. An action song in which little pattering fingers brought down the rain, and waving arms coaxed the sun's struggling rays through the skylight, ended the play lesson, and the children filed out.

The audience interested me much. I did not see an inattentive face, though it included inspectors, University graduates, and head masters and mistresses of many schools both public and private. Some were keenly critical, disposed to regard story-telling as just baby play, beneath the notice of certificated teachers of their experience and standing. Other faces lit with genuine child sympathy as the story proceeded, and as each detail of the beautiful old fairy tale was unfolded. But sympathetic or not, all were interested. Not a sound could be heard, except the occasional quiet opening of the door to admit some late comer, and there was no chatter except at an occasional pause, when such remarks would be heard as "That leaf is good. I wonder if they 've ever done it before." But they had n't. Teacher and taught were brought together for the first time.

—*Melbourne Argus.*

THE TRUE STORY OF SPECKLE AND BROWNIE.

By Jane L. Hoxie.

YOU would have known from the very moment you set eyes on them that they were no ordinary fowls; but you would never have suspected that they, with their proud and haughty manner, their extreme exclusiveness, and the disdain which they showed toward their barnyard

fellows, were nurtured during their weeks of tender chickenhood in a kindergarten.

Speckle looked like a yellow worsted ball when he first appeared among us. On closely inspecting this ball of down, however, we saw two bright, bead-like somethings that did duty as eyes; two yellow stems upon which this ball was perched; and a short, stout, yellow bill which, as we looked, opened wide, and—was it possible that such a soft, fuzzy, insignificant thing as that before us could give forth such shrill, ear-piercing sounds?

He was indeed a forlorn, homesick baby, and nothing could satisfy him except a seat on the kindergartner's lap and a friendly hand against which to snuggle. Now this was all very well for a while, but discipline had to be maintained; so the time came when Speckle was obliged to remain alone in his roomy cage with nothing better than a feather duster, a supply of cotton, and an old box, for companionship.

We tried in vain for many days to make him feel at home among us. He was satisfied so long as the children were about him, with their sympathizing little fingers touching his head, and their friendly voices saying: "There, Speckle, pretty chickie!" As soon, however, as the morning talk or the games took the children to another room, his shrill and mournful *"peep! peep!"* burst forth with redoubled vigor, till at last, in desperation, the kindergartner procured a feathered companion for him.

Brownie was soft and downy, too; but from the first she had an air of self-satisfaction, and an expression of "I am able to take care of myself and ask no odds of anyone" which was laughable to see. She was brought into the world simultaneously with a hundred other chicks, and had known nothing more maternal than an old woolen cloth. From the time of her arrival the cries of Speckle ceased. He grew contented and seemingly reconciled to the kindergarten, and calmness once more prevailed.

How fond Speckle and Brownie grew of their new home, none but themselves can tell. They took walks with equanimity on the kindergarten tables among the wonderful creations made of blocks and tiles by the children's busy fingers. They seemed to regard the kindergartner's lap as their rightful resting place, and would sleep through the morning talk perched side by side on her knee with eyes tight shut, showing no signs of life except an energetic shaking of the head when an unusually high note was reached in an occasional song.

They grew and throve on their diet of meal, cracked corn, and bread crumbs, and the children enjoyed seeing them eat. It was also a source of great amusement to the children to see these little creatures scratching in the pan of fresh earth which was daily set before them. When a worm was upturned during the earth-scratching process, oh! what a scuffling and measuring of force took place between Speckle and Brownie!

The sawdust bed with its woolly covering at last became too warm for

Speckle and Brownie, whose coats had gradually grown thicker, and warmer; or else Speckle and Brownie felt that they no longer needed a cradle, and must take on the dignity of coming hen-and-rooster-hood; for they ceased to creep at night beneath the shelter of the box and perched instead upon its very top.

About this time a family of white rats came to live in the lower part of the cage occupied by Brownie and Speckle. The chicks made no objections to the advent of these neighbors, but seemed to regard their pink eyes as an especially fine kind of grain, and their long, smooth, trailing tails as especially fat earthworms. The daily cleaning of the cage made life very precarious for the rats. The moment the door was opened, Brownie and Speckle hopped down to the basement and began to chase Racker and Tacker about their quarters, pecking vigorously meanwhile at eyes and tails, until the poor rats were forced to take refuge inside the great loaf of bread which they had been industriously tunneling.

One day Brownie met with an accident and became lame. Although the doctor pronounced it nothing serious, she grew no better; so that it was finally decided that, delightful as the companionship of these chicks was to us, and happy as they themselves seemed to be, the environment was too artificial for them; and, after much deliberation, they were at last sent to live in the country.

Here on the farm all was new to Speckle and Brownie. To our surprise, instead of seeming to welcome the appearance of their kind, and hastening to affiliate with them, they withdrew by themselves and refused to have anything whatever to do with the other fowls on the place. By day they foraged alone in the meadow, and, even at night,—though offered a cozy bit of the henroost in common with the other hens and chickens,—they sought out a distant corner of the barn and perched alone far from the rest.

One night there was a terrible fire, and, in the morning, nothing was left of the farmer's barn but a heap of smouldering ashes. The animals, as we supposed, had all perished in the flames. Imagine, then, our surprise when Speckle and Brownie appeared, walking with greater dignity than ever to the feeding place and seeming to say, as they glanced about, "Of course those stupid hens and chickens could not save themselves; but we have had a kindergarten training!"

Brownie and Speckle are still alive and well; and, though they seem content in their grass-grown fields, with plenty of rich earth beneath and an expense of blue sky above, they still show the effect of their early environment and are never so happy as when in the presence of little children.

THE FALLACY OF INNER RESISTANCE.

By George H. Martin.

TO do what one likes to do, no matter how well it is done, counts for nothing in education. To do what is disagreeable, no matter how reluctantly, counts for everything.

This is the dogma which we hear preached whenever the election of studies is under discussion. Professor Munsterberg's article in the June *Atlantic* boils down to this. The phrase "inner resistance" is his.

The doctrine is not new. It has been working mischief in education for centuries, just as the doctrine of total depravity worked mischief in religion. Indeed, they are twin stocks from the same root in mediæval theology, and the children have been the greatest sufferers from them both.

Professor Munsterberg uses the dogma in defense of the German gymnasium. It has been used over and over in defense of prescription of studies in secondary schools and colleges; but its logic strikes deeper, and it has poisoned all elementary school work and made much home training ineffective.

There is just enough truth mixed with it to deceive. Every earnest life is a strenuous life, a perpetual struggle. It demands pluck, vigor, fiber, hardness, endurance, "an anvil to bear and a hammer to strike." These qualities are not suddenly evolved. They grow by slow processes under right conditions, and the growth must begin in childhood. So much is true.

The inner resistance theory mixes with this much that is not true. It assumes that the general and the individual characteristics of children, their appetites, their instincts, their tendencies, their choices, are entitled to no consideration from those who would lay the course of their training. If of any value, it is only to show what should be avoided. They do not mark the channel; they only locate the rocks and shoals.

It assumes that children prefer play to work because play is easy; that if left to themselves they will choose an easy course, and so miss the training in overcoming difficulties which is essential.

More than this, it assumes that the very freedom of choice is itself enervating, and that only by an inner conflict between the child's will and another will in which the child learns to submit can strength of character be attained.

The same theory used to be applied to the body. People thought that children should be exposed to the rigors of a New England climate in order to toughen them, and in the same families, that is in most families, children were forced to eat "what was set before them" or go hungry, and the same things were "set before" the able-bodied farmer and his delicate wife, and his children of all ages and all varieties of taste.

The same people thought that the

first thing to do in bringing up a child was to "break his will."

If there were anything in analogy, the phrase "inner resistance" would carry its own condemnation. In mechanics all the energy expended in overcoming inner resistance reduces by so much the amount available for useful work.

The history of school education shows that this analogy exists. During all the centuries in which narrow and uniform courses of study have been prescribed, every device has been tried to lessen the inner resistance. Degrees and honors in colleges and universities, rank-lists, prizes and medals in lower schools, have all been used as lubricants.

The German system has gone further than any other and has tried to diminish the inner resistance by reducing the time of compulsory military duty for those who complete the work of the higher schools.

All this is very inconsistent. If there be any truth in the inner resistance doctrine, all these practices should cease. By reducing the friction they weaken the character. If the virtue of the medicine is not in its health-promoting properties, but in its unpalatableness, then it is a mistake to sugar-coat the pill.

More than this, the doctrine carries with it a crushing indictment of that uniform prescribed course which it is used to defend. Suppose a boy happens to like the prescribed studies, say Latin and Greek, so that there is no inner resistance, how is he to acquire strength of character by pursuing them?

Suppose he hates botany and physics and archæology, are they not the very studies which should be prescribed? So, does not the inner resistance doctrine land us just where the more modern elective theory does, in a varied course of study determined by the characteristics of individual students? The only difference would be in the basis of selection. One would be based on likes and the other on dislikes.

One element of weakness in the old theory is the false distinction it makes between work and play, and another is in ignoring outer resistance as a factor in developing strength.

The primary qualities which make manhood successful in its work are the qualities which make childhood successful in its play. Physical vigor, directed by mental alertness,—force combined with courage,—mark the leader alike among children and men.

The boy in pursuing his fancies, in following the drawing of his own tastes, becomes acquainted with nature's laws, learns to overcome physical difficulties, learns to meet failures with patience and to try again, learns to see quickly and clearly, to reason correctly, to decide promptly.

All these qualities develop more fully because they develop freely, because there is no inner resistance to be overcome on which to waste his energy.

When necessity comes, which is the element that changes play to work, all that has been gained through play, all of endurance, all of skill, all of alertness, all of courage, remains to

serve. The professional player of baseball works no harder than he did when an amateur; he works for a living, and he learned how by working for fun.

Longfellow's master builder rejoiced in difficulties because "his heart was in his work." Either the poet was wrong or the preachers of the doctrine of inner resistance are.

Would you always let a child do as he wants to? I would if I could. I would as far as I could. I would as soon as I could. But that involves a longer discussion. I am only contending now that I would not prevent a child doing what he wants to do just because he wants to do it, nor compel him to do what he dislikes because he dislikes it, and declare that I am doing God service.

I would not exalt submission into the highest place among the virtues. I would not strew the pathway of a child with thorns in order that he might learn not to cry. I would rather let him find the thorns among the roses and teach him that to prick his fingers is not their only nor their highest use.

—*Journal of Education.*

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

EARLY CHILDHOOD. By Margaret McMillan. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y. $1.50.

We have seen none but good words for this book in reviews from best sources, and are glad to add our mite to the general approval. The author, evidently a teacher in Bradford, England, possesses a thoughtful, well-stored mind and democratic heart. The "all-round" education of children of primary school age is the general subject of the book, and its tone and trend may be judged by the following extract: "The successful primary school teacher of the future will be she who sends out, not youthful prodigies, but children who love beauty, who desire knowledge, who need fellowship, who thirst for innocent pleasure; who, in short, make demands." That Miss McMillan's ideal of early education is broad may be seen by a cursory statement of some of the points which she discusses. The social question, for instance, obtrudes itself even into the child world as things now are, and no one could treat it in a more wholesome and sensible manner than this English woman. In the beginning children naturally feel themselves on a level, as Miss McMillan prettily illustrates by anecdote. Give all children full opportunity for and training in cleanliness, in kindliness to other living creatures (human beings included), in truthfulness of perception, word and life, (and in these three things,—in cleanliness, kindness, and truth, every human being should be trained), then, though social classification remained, the friction between social classes could not be of a harmful nature.

The chapters on the Cost of Mental Effort, Fatigue, Normal and Abnormal, Impressions, and Movements, bring these subjects to us with new enlightenment and force. Literature for children is capitally discussed. No list of books is recommended, but the author's final agreement is with Goethe, that "the best is good enough for children," in books as in other things. The effect of Time and Space in the early life of human beings is strikingly put,—time for feeling to grow, ideals to form; wide horizons from which impressions of greatness may be received. In the chapter on Moral Training a charming pen picture

is given of an ideal school in Yorkshire, with its country surroundings and its many pets; but it is too long to quote. The use of large and small muscles, the voice training and hygienic breathing of pupils and teacher, and the educational treatment of feeble minded children are ably considered.

Love and Law in Child Training. By Emilie Poulsson. Third edition. Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. $1.00.

Among the constantly increasing additions to Froebelian literature, no book responds more directly to the needs of mothers than Miss Poulsson's volume entitled "Love and Law in Child Training." The distinguishing mark of this timely book is its sanity. It is not only healthy but health giving. It exhales fragrant memories of a wise mother and a joyous childhood. It is the happy expression of truths learned through a happy experience. The author has not needed the stern lessons of failure, because by native endowment she is consecrated to the high privilege of child-nurture.

The keynote to Miss Poulsson's book is struck in the motto given on its title page, "All 's love yet all 's law." Five chapters develop the rich implications of this loving lawfulness. The subjects discussed are the educative power of play; the earnestness at its heart; the application of kindergarten principles in home life; the transition from the nursery to the kindergarten, and the order in which early virtues develop. Supplementary chapters treat of Christmas and the best way of keeping Christmas; of Santa Claus and Christmas tree, and of the great need of kindergarten-trained nursery governesses. A final chapter is devoted to books on child training.

Love and Law is a book which all mothers, and especially all young mothers, should "read, mark, and inwardly digest." It is likewise well adapted for use in mothers' classes. It will help kindergartners to define their ideals and incite them to loving fidelity in their daily duties. It is as wise as it is gentle, and as cheerful as it is gentle and wise. It is just the book we should have expected from the author of Nursery Finger Plays, In the Child's World, and Through the Farmyard Gate. From these books we learned to know the author as a nurturer of childhood; from Love and Law we learn to know her as a conscious interpreter of the highest ideal of child-nurture.

—Susan E. Blow, *in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Water Colors in the Schoolroom. By Milton Bradley. Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. $0.25.

This is a modest little book, which sets forth some facts and principles concerned with the use of water colors and the science of color in general. Practical instructions are given about the different forms in which water colors are put upon the market, about the selection of paper and brushes, and how to prepare for and proceed with the work of water color painting.

Mr. Bradley's scientific study of color was undertaken in the service of the kindergarten, but in working out a scheme by which all colors, tints, and shades can be accurately designated, he has done a broader service to mankind, which will be more generally appreciated as it becomes more generally known.

Standard Literature Series. The Childhood of David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. Early chapters of the author's novel, with an introduction and notes by Edward Everett Hale, Jr. University Publishing Co., New York. $0.20.

One could not ask, for boy or girl, in school or out, a better leadership into the field of Dickens' works than is here given. It is as if we could see Professor Hale,—the genial, book-loving son of a genial, book-loving father,—go to his library shelves, choose a book worth reading and loving, hold it for a little time caressingly in his hands while he tells enough about its history and attractions to make the youngster who is to read it all agog with interest and desire, and then deliver the volume into the youngster's hands to be read in some favorite spot,—by the haymow, in the hammock under the apple tree, in the big chair of the library, or with his mates in the schoolroom. Then, as the reading goes on, we can almost see Professor Hale chancing around occasionally to give some little explanation which clears up an obscure word or reference (these explanations, short and to the point, taking the form of footnotes in the book). It seems to us a perfect bit of editing.

STANDARD LITERATURE SERIES. FAIRY TALES FOR THE SECOND SCHOOL YEAR. Edited with an introduction for teachers by Edward R. Shaw. University Publishing Co., New York. $0.15.

Besides The Water of Life, and One Eye, Two Eyes and Three Eyes, by Grimm, The Amber Witch (from the German), and The Three Feathers,—all loved and familiar,—this book contains two charming fairy tales by Volkmann, viz., The Three Sisters with Glass Hearts, and The Wishing Ring. The two remaining stories are Taro and the Turtle (from the Japanese), and an old version of Cinderella, which is not so worthy of perpetuation as the version in common use.

HEATH'S SCHOOL AND HOME CLASSICS. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Issued fortnightly. $2.50 per year. Single numbers, paper covers, $0.10 and $0.15; cloth covers, $0.25.

GOODY TWO SHOES. Attributed to Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Charles Welsh. Illustrations after the original edition of 1765. $0.10.

THE WONDERFUL CHAIR AND THE TALES IT TOLD. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. Illustrated. $0.10.

JACKANAPES. By Mrs. Ewing. Edited by Professor W. P. Trent. Illustrated. $0.10.

A child who does not have the wit and wisdom and whimsicality of Goody Two Shoes to brood over, misses a joy in life. This quaint classic is inscribed by the author "to all young gentlemen and ladies who are good or intend to be good,"—an inscription capitally in keeping with the tale itself, which is, of course, an old-fashioned pedagogical extravaganza of a very jolly order.

The stories in The Wonderful Chair bear the stamp of Professor O'Shea's approval, which we feel to be deserved. They have a charm about them, and as Professor O'Shea says: "Each [story] presents to the child a situation which is just unusual enough to enlist his attention, and yet real enough to come home with force." They are distinctly ethical, although not pointedly so to the child's perception, which, of course, is greatly to their advantage.

Jackanapes "is too well known to require praise, and its fitness for inclusion in such a series as the present is incontestable." The annotations make the English allusions more clear to American children.

THE COMEDY OF THE TEMPEST. Abridged and edited by Sarah W. Hiestand. Illustrations from drawings after F. A. M. Retzsch. $0.15.

CHAPTERS ON ANIMALS. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Edited by W. P. Trent. Illustrated. $0.15.

Both of these reach the point aimed at by the publishers, and are in excellent form for school use.

A FIRST BOOK OF BIRDS. By Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. School Edition, $0.60.

In KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, September, 1899, we gave our opinion of this delightful book, the price of which, in the edition then reviewed, was one dollar. The present edition is the same as to contents, —colored pictures and all. It has a neat, durable cover and is exactly as good for school use at little more than half the price.

CONTINUOUS CONTRACTS FOR TEACHERS. By C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y. $0.50.

Is it advisable that teachers should hold their positions under civil service rules,—*i. e.*, with regard to tenure of office, be removable for legal cause only? Mr. Bardeen thinks not, and argues ably against it. He believes in the principles of civil service and their application in the more mechanical fields of labor; but holds that in teaching, as in other important professional or non-professional fields of work, personal power and fitness must be considered, and that tenure of office should result from a satisfactory filling of a particular position, not through a legal protection against removal.

In general, the protection of the teacher in office does not seem so urgently called for as some other things. As Mr. Bardeen says, hundreds of incompetent teachers are kept in office for one who suffers unjust dismissal; and it should be remembered that every place held by an unworthy teacher keeps out a worthy one. The key to the situation is proper discrimination. "Make sure that only properly prepared teachers are employed and the law of supply and demand will take care of salaries. Make sure that the work of teachers is justly

estimated and made the sole basis of retention and promotion, and you give teachers a constant incentive to make the best efforts of which they are capable."

Songs of the Shining Way. By Sarah Noble-Ives, with pictures by the author. R. H. Russell, New York.

The fancies and doings of three little children along the shining way of childhood are here prettily pictured, and sung in bright, smooth, agreeable verse; but they are, perhaps, of a too subjective nature to have a very vivid interest for children themselves.

Toyon, A Book of Holiday Recitations. Selected and arranged by Allie M. Felker. The Whitaker and Ray Co., San Francisco. Bound in paper, $0.35; boards, $0.60; cloth, $1.00.

Toyon means holly berries, and the selections presented under this name comprise, besides "pieces" for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year, two dramatic exercises, called The Seven Little Sisters (arranged from Jane Andrews' book) and The Honolulu Children. The last is entirely new and would be much enjoyed by the children and their listening friends.

The Wooster Arithmetic. Grade I. By Lizzie E. Wooster. Crane and Co., Topeka, Kansas. $0.25.

Another well-made little book is here added to the good ones of its kind already in the market. It is one of a set of three for the lower school grades.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. C. Heath and Co., Boston. Chapters on Animals. By P. G. Hamerton. Edited by W. P. Trent. $0.15. Shakespeare's Comedy of The Tempest. Abridged and edited by Sarah W. Hiestand. $0.15. Jackanapes, by Mrs. Ewing. Edited by W. P. Trent. $0.10. The Wonderful Chair and the Tales it Told. Part I. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. $0.10. Goody Two Shoes. Attributed to Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Charles Welsh. $0.10.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Fairies and Folk of Ireland. By W. H. Frost. $1.50. Brethren of the Coast. By Kirk Munroe. $1.25. With Buller in Natal; In the Irish Brigade; Out with Garabaldi;—three books by G. A. Henty. $1.50 each.

C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y. Continuous Contracts. By C. W. Bardeen. $0.50. How to Study Nature in Elementary Schools. By John D. Wilson. $0.50.

Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. Water Colors in the Schoolroom. By Milton Bradley. $0.25.

R. H. Russell, New York. Songs of the Shining Way. By Sarah Noble-Ives.

Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston. Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers. By John Burroughs. $1.00.

Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. Mr. Bunny, His Book. By Adah L. Sutton. $1.25.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

National Ideals, Conscious and Unconscious. By Gilbert Murray. International Journal of Ethics, October.

The Child. By J. C. Fernald. Atlantic Monthly, September. Some Old-fashioned Doubts about the New Education. By L. B. R. Briggs. Our Immigrants and Ourselves. By Kate H. Claghorn. Atlantic Monthly, October.

The Ancestry of the Horse. By Frederic A. Lucas. McClure's Magazine, October.

Microbes: Are they inherently Pathogenic? By Maurice L. Johnson. Westminster Review, September.

Overburdened School-girls. The Congregationalist, September 27 and October 8.

Art in the Kindergarten Story. By Anne K. Benedict. Outlook, September 29.

THANKSGIVING FOR HARVEST.

Words by Emilie Poulsson. Music by Josephine Sherwood.

Moderato.

1. The har - vest is in! The cel - lar and bin Are stored with the fruits of the earth; So let us be gay On Thanksgiving Day, And keep it with feasting and mirth.

2. For all the good things The rich Autumn brings, For all that the har - vest can show, Most thankful we'll be, Dear Fa - ther, to Thee, Whose pow-er and love made them grow.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

India, Madras Presidency.

It is now about three years since the kindergarten, as called for by the Madras curriculum, has been introduced. The interest and pleasure of the children in their kindergarten work are most marked; and the results of this training are shown in improved spirits, intelligence, and behavior, not only in the kindergarten but in the higher classes. I could give many proofs of this, did space allow. A few must suffice. For instance, I was examining some bead work done in my presence in an infant class in Nellore the other day. All the children were eager and proud of their work and one small damsel, about five years old, poured forth a flood of eloquence to the effect that she had done the pattern which she showed me because her teacher told her to. "But, lady, I can make many more patterns; and if the lady will give the order, I will make some patterns much more beautiful than this." In order to test the results of kindergarten training in developing the faculty of observation, I lately gave to each child in a third standard a margosa leaf and asked the children to describe it to me. They quickly noticed and mentioned almost every important characteristic of the leaf, and some of the more delicate

differences were also noticed, for instance, the way in which the leaflets are fastened to the midrib. To test their power of representing what they saw I then laid a leaflet on each child's slate and told her to draw it. With a few exceptions the drawings were wonderfully good; the shape and size of the leaflet, veinage, and the serrated edge being faithfully represented. In the fourth standard in the same school I called upon the pupils to write from memory some story which they had heard. Each wrote a different story, using spirited and very fairly accurate language, and each showed that she grasped the meaning of the story and the lesson conveyed by it. In another school I found the second class engaged in the occupation of stick-laying. To test their power of original work I told each to make a border pattern for a sari, the pattern to consist of only upright and horizontal lines. Every pupil made a different pattern and some of the patterns were very good. By an order of the Director of Public Instruction statistics are being collected this year which will show the number of children in the Presidency who are receiving kindergarten teaching. This will be interesting to know; but the good that is being done cannot, of course, be gauged by figures.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Dr. S. C. Schmucker, of the State normal school, West Chester, addressed the Philadelphia branch of the International Kindergarten Union at its first fall meeting held in October.

Miss Anna W. Williams, president of the Union and superintendent of public kindergartens, introduced the speaker, and announced that a series of bi-monthly discussions would follow this lecture to emphasize the need of nature study among the teachers of little children.

"As kindergarten work includes everything from the sun, moon, and stars to flies, morals, and mosquitoes," said Miss Williams, "teachers and pupils must be brought so close to the secrets of nature that such mistakes as the song about a little chipmunk living up a tree never can be repeated."

There are three hundred members in the Union, and at the next meeting, which will be held in December, Dr. Lucy L. Wilson, of the normal school, will review the display of nature lessons that Philadelphia sent to the Paris Exposition. Miss Mary Adaire will specialize in the kindergarten section of the exhibit.

Beginning with January a course of lectures on the poetry of Dante will be given by Prof. Howard Griggs. The talks will be given in the normal school, but will be open only to members of the association. In the interim Miss Williams will give a series of informal discussions to the teachers, leading up to the work of Professor Griggs. A mothers' meeting will be held in April, and Miss Marion Mackenzie, of the University of Pennsylvania, will be the orator of the June conference.

Pueblo, Colorado.

Pueblo this summer has had three kindergartens that were real child gardens. Plots of ground for the cultivation of flowers and vegetables took the place of schoolrooms and hoes and rakes served as educational apparatus. In most cases each child had an individual plot in addition to a general space in which all were interested. Work in the gardens took up the children's time between nine and half past eleven o'clock in the morning, when it was cool. Games and light work indoors occupied the afternoons. For the individual plots each child was given two or three vegetables, such as corn, beans, and cabbages. They were provided with watering cans and taught how to use garden tools in keeping the ground in condition. Their attention was also called to the stages in the life of a plant from seed to seed again. They made drawings of leaves, trees, and birds and the best of these drawings they were allowed as a special reward to color with water colors. In the plots cultivated in common there was a wide variety of plant life—lettuce, radishes, potatoes, squash, cabbage, watermelons, cantaloupes, and peanuts, besides the flowers. In the latter part of the summer the lunches of the children were provided in a large measure from the produce of the gardens and in some instances the vegetables were sold for their common benefit. Excursions to large farms near the city were arranged from time to time during the summer and the children were delighted to see their little operations repeated on a more considerable scale.

At first the idea of a garden school was not well received, especially by the foreigners, who make up a large part of the population at the steel works and

smelters, but these people gradually became its most enthusiastic supporters. The benefits of these summer kindergartens have so plainly demonstrated themselves that they have passed beyond the experimental stage and it has been decided by the school board to make them a regular thing each year.

Newark, New Jersey.

Since the new school law went into effect it has been possible for parents to send four-year-old children to the kindergartens. In many sections the number of four-year-olds received has been comparatively few, while in some schools as high as twenty and thirty have been taken. Whenever there are a sufficient number they are made into a group by themselves so that they may progress together.

The coming of the four-year-olds will have an important effect on the kindergarten system. The kindergarten course will be from a year and a half to two years, according to the ability of the child to advance. Heretofore it has been from six months to a year, and there seems to have been a tendency in some schools to hurry the little people on before they were really ready for first grade work.

The largest kindergarten in the city is that at Morton street, which has two hundred pupils disposed in two rooms, with one directress over both and two assistants in each,—a teaching force of five in all.

Each of the other fifteen kindergartens has one hundred children or over.

New York City.

The Little Housekeepers of The Alfred Corning Clark Neighborhood House is a class for girls from eight to ten years old, who are taught, in a simple way, the elementary principles of domestic science.

With the kitchen-garden material,—small tubs, beds, table sets, and brooms, especially designed for this purpose,—the girls learn the right way to wash clothes and dishes, to make a bed, set a table, and sweep, the play being accompanied by a little talk about the work being done, and enlivened with motion songs.

Occasionally there are practical lessons in actual sweeping and dusting, scrubbing, and cleaning silver.

The Housekeepers wear, as an honorable badge of service, white aprons and caps, which add not a little to the general picturesqueness of the girls as they are seated at the tables or in the playtime which follows.

Marching, physical exercises with brooms and jump ropes, and games such as, "Little Waiting Girls," "Waiting on Door," "We're Cleaning House To-day," are all most popular.

The purpose of the class is to make the small girl more helpful at home, and it is encouraging to find, after the year's work, that the mothers, at first somewhat incredulous of the new attractiveness of housework, appreciate most heartily the real results.

Chicago, Illinois.

The Chicago Kindergarten Club held its first meeting of the year on Saturday, October 13, and listened to a delightful lecture entitled A Glimpse into the Home Life of all Nations, by Miss Zonia Baber, instructor in geography in the Chicago Institute. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views and was followed by a procession of people attired in the dress of the different nations of whose homes Miss Baber had told. In rooms adjoining the hall were laid a number of curios collected by Miss Baber in her trip around the world. The lecture was introductory to the subject for the year, A study of the Facts of Play as shown in the fundamental Instincts. A business meeting was held before the lecture during which the club elected Mrs. A. H. Putnam (president of the Kindergarten Club) chairman of the Local Committee of the I. K. U., which will hold its annual meeting in Chicago in the spring of 1901. Chairmen of various other committees connected with the I. K. U. meeting were also elected.

LIZZIE WHITCOMBE, *Cor. Sec.*

NEWS, NOTES AND APPOINTMENTS.

Under the auspices of the Wheeler Kindergarten Association, a course of lectures is to be given by Miss Laura Fisher of Boston on program work, songs, stories, and exercises connected with "Froebel's Mother Play." The lectures will be given the first Saturday in each month, beginning October 6, at the Rhode Island Normal School, Providence.

The biographic pictures of life in the schools of New York, and the phonographic renderings of the songs and utterances in the schoolrooms, exhibited in the American educational section at the Paris Exposition have made a profound impression on the spectators and the educational experts from all the European countries. The Russian government, which, by the way, sent two thousand teachers to Paris at the expense of the state, has asked the officials in charge of this particular exhibit to provide a duplicate exhibit for use in Russia at their normal schools and pedagogical institutions, and has expressed not only its willingness to provide for the expense of such duplication, but also its sense of the value of the exhibit and its uniqueness and utility in imparting knowledge and inspiring patriotism.

A series of lectures on Dante will be given by Miss Susan Blow before the mothers' clubs and the students in the kindergarten college at Pittsburg, Pa. The series includes seven lectures, beginning October 18. One will be given each week until the series is completed, and more than the usual amount of interest is being taken in the course.

Miss Agnes T. Junkin will take charge of the kindergarten department of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home at Ft. Worth, Tex.

Salem, Mass., has its ups and downs with regard to kindergartens. Last spring, their discontinuance was voted because of lack of funds for their maintenance; but this autumn finds them reestablished, temporarily at least, in the public school buildings on Skerry, Herbert, and Beckford streets, and in the Cogswell school at North Salem. All these kindergartens have large classes, as has also the one at the State normal school at South Salem. The salary of the Skerry street kindergartner is defrayed by a prominent and public-spirited Salem lady.

The mission kindergarten under the Columbus, Ohio, Kindergarten Association opened September 24. The training school at the corner of Broad and Seventeenth streets has also opened for the year. It has been voted by the association to establish a new kindergarten on the south side in a room given by the new Methodist church.

The Alumnæ Association of The Philadelphia Training School for Kindergartners will hold its annual meeting on November 10, 1900, at the "School of Industrial Art," Broad and Pine streets. A lecture on The Kindergarten Program will be given by Miss Laura Fisher of Boston, directress of the public kindergartens. After the lecture, there will be a social meeting of the members of the association.

The Wilmington Kindergarten Association, formed during the past summer, has opened a kindergarten under the charge of Miss Mabel Corwin of Springfield, Mass. The officers of the association are: Mrs. H. L. Adams, president; Mrs. Esterbrook and Mrs. L. F. Page, first and second vice-presidents; Mrs. H. L. Fox, secretary; Miss Blanche Boyd, corresponding secretary; Mrs. O. H. Jones, treasurer. Interest in establishing a kindergarten in Wilmington was aroused by Miss Leila A. Flagg and Miss Viva Smith. To start the kindergarten fund, Miss Flagg gave a successful evening entertainment, explaining about the kindergarten and singing kindergarten songs.

The program for the third annual convention of the State Kindergarten Association of Pennsylvania, held at Pittsburg, October 18, 19, and 20, included visits to local kindergartens to inspect new methods which have been adopted this year and are not in use in other places. There were papers on Art in the Kindergarten by Miss Corey, superintendent of the Erie kindergartens; Nature Study, Miss Mary Schwarberg,

A discussion of Free Play was led by Miss Georgia Allison, supervisor of Pittsburg kindergartens.

The executive committee of the kindergarten association of Pasadena, Cal., have opened a kindergarten at the Garfield school with Miss A. Brooks, director, and Miss Minnie Wood, assistant. A second branch will be opened at the Columbia school as soon as the necessary funds are acquired, which is now practically assured. For this school it is expected that Miss Visscher will be engaged as director, and Miss Annette Underwood as assistant. It is the hope of the committee that a third branch may also be inaugurated as soon as possible at the Washington school in North Pasadena.

The managers of the day nursery at Toledo, Ohio, have opened a kindergarten in charge of Miss Julia Ensworth, assisted by Miss Bella Lombard and Miss Tout.

The kindergartens of Salem, N. J., are now practically under the control of the board of education, and will receive substantial financial aid.

Among the students in Miss Gould's kindergarten normal school at Indianapolis this year are two young women from Porto Rico—Maria Padial and Marie Ana Hernandez. These young women have each had a six-months' course under Miss Gould, who went to San Juan to instruct in kindergarten work. Misses Padial and Hernandez speak some English, and in connection with the kindergarten work they will study English. They will remain through the school year, and will return to Porto Rico to spend the summer, and it is their present intention to return to Indianapolis next year and finish the course and then go back to their island home and take up kindergarten work professionally.

Miss Madge Maclay recently gave an interesting exhibition of kindergarten work at her home, 35 East Wright street, Pensacola, Fla.

The kindergarten association has opened a new kindergarten in the Moorhead building, Eleventh ward, Pittsburg, Pa. Miss Gertrude Smith and Miss Lena Belknap are the instructors. The average attendance at this school is sixty-one. The managers will soon open another school in the Minersville building, Thirteenth ward.

The first annual meeting of the St. Louis Froebel Society for the year was held October 6, at the Crow School Kindergarten, President Miss Mary C. McCulloch occupying the chair. Her address of greeting contained an announcement which came as a delightful surprise to the enthusiastic audience. Through the generosity of Miss Ann Ewald of this city, a collection of sixty volumes has been placed, as a gift, at the disposal of the society. Reports were read by Miss Annie Harbough, chairman Library Association; Miss Ella Ford, for the Needle Work Guild; Miss Nellie Flynn, treasurer. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Miss Mary C. McCulloch, president; Miss Mabel Wilson, vice-president; Miss Jennie Taylor, recording secretary; Miss Nellie Flynn, treasurer; Miss Eliz. J. Longman, corresponding secretary. A committee of seven were appointed to arrange a program for the year's work in the society.

The program of the meeting of the Brooklyn Kindergarten Union held October 12, included a report of the N. E. A. convention at Charleston by Mrs. Meleney and Reminiscences of Summer Work by Miss Fitts, Miss Harvey, Mrs. Locke, and others.

Miss Julia Runge, assisted by Miss Julia Baker, has opened a private kindergarten and kindergarten training school at 2309 San Antonio street, Austin, Texas. Miss Runge, formerly of Galveston, comes highly recommended, having had a very successful career in kindergarten work in that city.

A course of lectures entitled Practical Talks on Kindergarten Methods in the Home, will be given by a practical kindergartner of wide experience at the Toronto, Ont., School of Domestic Science, in the Y. W. C. A. rooms on Wednesday afternoons during October and November. The lectures will be accompanied and their import ably illustrated by the demonstration lessons which will form part of the program each week. The Life of Froebel was the topic chosen for the first lecture, October 10, while paper folding was the occupation demonstrated.

The Cohoes, New York, Kindergarten Training Class has been reorganized and made a state training school, under the Laws of 1895, chap. 1031, and will hereafter be under the direction and supervision of the Department of Public Instruction. The principal is Miss Frances M. Crawford.

The Indiana Kindergarten and Normal Training School has opened for the year at the Mary Cooper School, Indianapolis. The young women to take instruction in kindergarten work receive their practice mornings at the several free kindergartens throughout the city and at the kindergartens connected with the public institutions. The course includes the instruction and care of the children, and a course in domestic science.

The Pestalozzi Froebel Kindergarten Training School at Chicago Commons, Milwaukee and Austin avenues, has begun its fourth year. Mrs. Bertha Hofer Herzog is the instructor.

Miss Marguerite Russell of Dartmouth, N. S., has taken charge of the private kindergarten in Moncton, New Brunswick. She has begun a series of mothers' meetings and an afternoon primary. Miss Genevieve MacLeod of Brooklyn, Nova Scotia, has opened a private kindergarten at Liverpool, N. S. Both young ladies are graduates of the Dartmouth, N. S., Kindergarten Training Class.

Miss Mattie Palmer will take charge of one of the Baldwin free kindergartens at Savannah, Ga., this year. Last year Miss Palmer conducted a kindergarten at Darien.

The Free Kindergarten Association of Ft. Worth, Tex., has established two free kindergartens in the Third and Fourth ward school buildings of the city. Miss Martha Wood, as director, will have charge of the training school to be established by the association, and the Fourth ward kindergarten, and Miss Myra Winchester with assistants will teach in the Third ward. Both are graduates of the Chicago Kindergarten College.

The friends of the kindergartners, Misses Cora Bee and Hattie Lemons of Galveston, Tex., will be glad to know that the lives of the two young ladies are saved, although all of their belongings were lost in the late disastrous Texas flood.

Miss Linn Wyatt, who for the past four years has been working among the Apache, Comanche, and Kiowa Indians, will superintend a kindergarten in the vicinity of the Santa Fé shops, Topeka, Kan., this year.

At Malden, Mass., the kindergarten of the Maplewood school, which is occupying the vestry of the Methodist church because the school board has no other room for it, is the largest in the city, having fifty children. The principal is Miss Katherine McDonald, and the assistant is Miss Emma C. French.

The kindergartens of the Day Nursery and Kindergarten Association at Cleveland, Ohio, have opened with a very large attendance. The School for Invalid Cripple Children will hold its sessions in rooms at Alta house in the Italian settlement. This association supported two vacation schools this summer, one at Rockwell street and the other at St. Clair street.

Mrs. J. W. Riddell, who for the past year has been matron of the Girls' Training School at So. Williamsport, Pa., has gone to Muskogu, Indian territory, where she will assume charge of a kindergarten.

Savannah, Ga., will have three kindergartens this year, two of them being free and the third for pay scholars. The work proved very successful, especially among the poor children of that city, last year. Miss M. G. Backus, who conducted the kindergartens last year, is to have charge of them again.

Miss Beaton, who has been at the head of the state institute for the blind at Columbus, O., has resigned and her place will be filled by Miss Clara McClure, a graduate of the Cleveland Kindergarten College.

Miss Josephine Howe, the principal of the kindergarten in connection with the blind school at Halifax, Nova Scotia, is visiting kindergartens and institutions for the blind in Massachusetts.

Miss Elizabeth Macfarlane, secretary of the Pittsburg and Allegheny Free Kindergarten Association, has returned from Europe where she spent a portion of the summer. She made an exhaustive study of the German primary schools and their methods of study. Miss Macfarlane states that the German kindergartens are similar to American institutions in many ways, but that less stress is laid on the development of individuality, the principal effort being to train children in one direction. There is more drilling and training in Germany, but less original child action, than in America.

The following kindergartens have opened at Topeka, Kan.: Central Church kindergarten, Mrs. Anne G. Overholt, director; Tennesseetown kindergarten, Mrs. June R. Chapman, director; Miss Lulu McKee's kindergarten, 225 Western

avenue; North Topeka kindergarten, Miss Bertha Smith, director; Santa Fé kindergarten, Miss Linn Wyatt, director; Lincoln Street kindergarten, Miss Lydia Wehe; The Baptist kindergarten, Miss Anna Wilson, assisted by Miss Nina Edwards. The T. E. Bowman Memorial Kindergarten Training School opened October 1.

The first public kindergarten for colored children in Kansas City, Mo., was opened in October in connection with the Lincoln school. The kindergarten will be situated at present in the basement of Allen chapel, corner of Tenth and Charlotte streets. Miss Ida Abbott, from the St. Louis kindergarten training class, is in charge, with Miss Ophelia Watts, a Kansas City girl, who will be in the kindergarten training class this year, as assistant. A second colored kindergarten will be opened next Monday in connection with the Phillips school. It will be in charge of Miss Lela Warwick, also of St. Louis, and Miss Daisy Foster.

St. Louis has seven colored kindergartens, with an average of eighty pupils each enrolled. Of the three kindergarten trainers and directors in the city, one is colored, Mrs. Haydee Cambell, and she has charge of the training of the colored teachers.

St. Luke's Kindergarten at Scranton, Pa., has reopened in the rooms of the Young Women's Christian Association on Cedar avenue, with Miss Thomas in charge.

A colored kindergarten opened September 24 at St. Mark's Episcopal school building, Birmingham, Ala., with an enrollment of twenty-eight pupils. The kindergartner, Miss Ketchens, of New Orleans, is a graduate of the kindergarten training school of that city.

The two kindergartens which have been so successfully carried on by Mrs. Hugh Wright and Miss Viola Booker at Grand Forks, N. D., have been united and will meet hereafter in the rooms in the Security block hitherto occupied by Miss Booker. This change has been made with a view of grading the children so that the older ones can do more advanced work and also that ample room can be provided for a number of new ones who are seeking admission. Miss Nora Rice will have charge of the music.

The Rockvale, Col., school district has a new kindergarten. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company offered to equip a kindergarten for its employees' children, provided a room was furnished. This was done and the company has provided all the necessary supplies, including a handsome upright piano.

There is a good attendance at the Ellen street kindergarten, Winnipeg, Man. Miss Barnett is in charge, assisted by Misses Coltart and Scroggie.

The kindergartens of Lewiston, Me., are well attended this year, though the limit in numbers for each room is now twenty-five. Of last year's graduates under Miss Frances Evans, the Misses Pingree and Templeton have entered Miss Wheelock's school in Boston. Miss Smith is teaching the new kindergarten opened at the Main street schoolhouse; Miss Jackson remains this year at College street and Miss Bucknam at Lincoln. Miss Evans is planning to have mothers' meetings three or four times a term this year. There are no special students of this branch at the Dingley school, but all of the junior teachers of the training school will be required to give some study to this department, hereafter, as a part of their regular course.

At the fifty-fourth annual meeting of the Connecticut State Teachers' Association held in New Haven, October 19, the program of the kindergarten section included addresses by Dr. Luther Gulick on The Motor Centers, by Miss Anna Williams of Philadelphia on Popular Misconceptions of the Kindergarten, by Miss Bertha Conkey on Order vs. Kindergarten Activity, Miss Laura Fisher on The Making of Programs, and the Rev. William J. Long of Stamford on The Study of Nature.

St. Stephen's kindergarten and primary school for colored children at Savannah, Ga., opened on Monday, October 1, with the largest attendance in its history.

Mrs. Phœbe Hearst will maintain a free kindergarten in Lead, S. D., this winter. Mrs. Hearst owns stock in the Homestake Mining Company and is already keeping up a free reading room and library for the people of Lead.

The Free Kindergarten Association of Asheville, N. C., supports five kindergartens.

The fall meeting of the Connecticut Valley Kindergarten Association will be held at Springfield, Mass., Saturday, November 10.

A kindergarten was opened October 1, in the old University training school

building, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the supervision of Miss Mary C. May, and conducted by Miss Bertha Cherry, a normal school graduate in the kindergarten department of the University.

The Bohemian kindergarten connected with the Bohemian Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, Md., but conducted under the auspices of the Baltimore Kindergarten Association, was reopened October 4. Seventy children were enrolled in charge of Miss Maud Conliff.

There will be three free kindergartens in Saginaw, Mich. The miners' kindergarten at 1815 Genesee avenue is in charge of Miss Anna Sears, assisted by Miss Nellie Floyd. Two more kindergartens, one in the Fifteenth ward and one on the east side, will open as soon as quarters can be found for them.

The Alice D. Cary Kindergarten Association was organized July 17, 1900, at Centenary M. E. Church, Charleston, S. C., its object being to establish a kindergarten for the children of the colored race. The committee have held several meetings since the organization and have now opened a kindergarten at room No. 1, Wallingford Academy, Meeting street. The running expenses of the school for the first year, including the equipments to furnish the room, will be between two hundred and fifty and three hundred dollars. The committee feel assured that this amount can easily be met through the churches, and by the aid of parents and friends. They hope to accommodate at least one hundred children each day.

One room in the Washington school, Waterbury, Ct., has been fitted up as a kindergarten with Miss Fitzpatrick in charge.

The Plymouth Church kindergarten, Wichita, Kan., is under the direction of Miss A. L. Halsey.

A new kindergarten department has been opened in the Central school, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., under the direction of Miss L. Catherine Kelly.

The free kindergarten at Meadville, Pa., has opened in the new room in the Dr. Flood building, on Park avenue. Miss Everson will be again in charge, with Miss Emma Swickard and Miss Mary Lord as assistants.

Miss Lucia J. Lewless has resumed her work as kindergarten instructor at the State normal school at Natchitoches, La.

Mrs. Ida Colville is engaged in kindergarten work in Newkirk, Ok. T.

Miss Beulah Damron has been appointed assistant in the kindergarten department of the Canal street school, Evansville, Ind.

The Canton avenue kindergarten at Toledo, Ohio, is in charge of Miss Mary Masten this term, assisted by Miss Katherine Watson, Miss Ethel Fisk, and Miss Maude Houghton.

Miss Bessie Leppard has been chosen by the board of education as principal of the kindergarten department of the public schools at Fostoria, Ohio.

Miss Lillian Rice has charge of a public school kindergarten at Waupun, Wis.

Good Housekeeping, a magazine conducted for nearly twenty years in the interests of the higher life of the household, is now published by the Phelps Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass., who will spare neither labor nor expense to make it the leading magazine of its class. Its scope will be widened to embrace the whole realm of family life and domestic science.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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YES, COME! DEAR, DEAR CHRISTMAS!

(From the Swedish of Z. Toppelius.)

By Emilie Poulsson.

All frosty cold stands Christmas
At Winter's snowy gate;
"Good people, may I not come in?
The year is growing late."
"Yes, come! dear, dear Christmas!"

"My baskets are so heavy
With gifts for young and old:
Dear children, quickly let me in,
I shiver with the cold!"
"Yes, come! dear, dear Christmas!"

"I bring," says dear old Christmas,
"The fir tree and the pine;
I bring the lighted candles, too,
Among their boughs to shine."
"Oh, come! dear, dear Christmas!"

"I bring in joyous echoes
A song from heaven above;
Good people, in your hearts make room
For peace, good will and love."
"Oh, come! dear, dear Christmas!"

SOME SUGGESTIONS AS TO FINANCIAL ECONOMY IN KINDERGARTENS.

By Charles B. Gilbert.

SPIRITUAL values cannot be measured in material terms. Education is a spiritual process, and its most important results are spiritual; hence no proper gauge can be found in terms of dollars and cents for the worth of the teacher's work. Notwithstanding this, material conditions frequently put limitations upon education and upon other processes which, though spiritual, require material support.

The frugal American is disposed to force a measure of all things in terms of dollars and cents. Education is no exception. Hence, those who would train children are compelled themselves to be frugal and to see to it that the cost of education is kept within the bounds of political and financial possibility.

Particularly in public schools where the people or their representatives determine the amount of money to be spent upon education, the practical teacher must adapt his system to the limits set by the people's financiers. Especially when it is desired to add a new department, as the kindergarten or manual training, great care must be exercised that the departments already in the schools do not suffer and that the additional cost of the new department is not so great as to endanger its permanency. Else the enthusiastic superintendent who has pushed his theories beyond the danger point will find himself suddenly in trouble and his pet departments, which may be the most important in the system, ruthlessly cut off by the hand of the sentimental, albeit narrow, selfish, and ignorant municipal economist.

The kindergarten has come into our public school system with a rush, bringing many children into the schools and adding the cost of their education to the annual budget. In my own city we have added within three years to the system fifty-two kindergartens with an enrollment of between four and five thousand. Some children are now in the kindergartens who formerly would have been in the primary grades, but very many would not have been in school at all. To care for these we have more than a hundred kindergartners. This means a great increase in the annual cost of schools, and unless the most careful economy be not only exercised but also made evident the system is sure to suffer.

Of course, the first consideration is the excellence of the kindergartens, but if the kindergartens are made so expensive in our desire to make them

excellent that they are cut off altogether as an extravagance we surely are not gainers. In many cities, unquestionably, the cost of the kindergartens is out of proportion to the cost of the other classes. It may be that the other classes should be made more expensive; but, until they are, ought the children in the kindergarten to receive a much larger share of the public funds than other children?

Is it possible to have good kindergartens properly equipped and manned at a reasonable cost? If so, what lines of economy should be practiced?

Several different plans have been suggested and are employed in different places. One is to pay the kindergartners very small salaries; another is to have one paid kindergartner for a school and place in her care a number of untrained young ladies who are to receive from her their training and at the same time assist her; and the third is to have very large numbers for the kindergartners to instruct.

All of these methods to my mind are decidedly objectionable. Small salaries I will not even discuss.

Large numbers of children in care of each kindergartner I will not discuss.

The objections to the employment of a single kindergartner with a number of unpaid and untrained assistants in each kindergarten are mainly two. First, children must suffer from inferior instruction when taught by untrained neophytes, and young children stand most in need of wise, thoroughly trained teachers. Second, the young ladies themselves receive inadequate training under these conditions, for comparatively few kindergarten directresses are capable of doing efficient work as trainers, and even these few, burdened with large kindergartens and with only untrained assistants, cannot do justice to either the children or the pupil teachers.

It goes without saying that the kindergarten should be, both in fact and in spirit, a co-ordinate branch of the school system. It should be regarded as the first grade and as of equal importance with the other grades, not more important nor less important. There should be no ground for jealousy by other teachers toward the kindergartners as especially favored in point either of work or of pay. To this end, kindergartners should meet practically the same conditions as teachers in primary grades, that is, they should before appointment be required to submit evidence of equivalent training, both academic and professional; they should do practically the same amount of work, that is, they should work for about as many hours; and they should be paid according to the same schedule of salaries. The cost of each kindergarten child should be practically the same as that of a child in the grade immediately succeeding the kindergarten. Now, is there any way by which this can be accomplished without serious injury to the kindergartens?

One charge against the kindergarten is that its equipment, which is quite expensive, lies idle much of the

time, being used but two or three hours a day. Can this be avoided? The plan which is adopted in a number of cities to meet these difficulties seems to me on the whole satisfactory and economical.

It is this: The kindergarten children are divided into two classes, one for the morning and the other for the afternoon; the morning class having a session of two or two and one half hours, and the afternoon class of two hours; the younger children being put in one class and the older ones in another. Kindergartners are provided at the rate of one for forty children, twenty at a session. These kindergartners are all trained and in every way thoroughly equipped. They are paid upon the same schedule of salaries as the other primary teachers, and are compelled to meet practically the same conditions.

Some say that the kindergartner's work is so hard that she ought not to be compelled to teach more than a half day and should have the afternoons for preparation. Theoretically, this is true; it is equally true of good teachers of the first and second grades. The difference between the modern, good first year grade and the kindergarten is one of material and not of difficulty or importance. The first year teacher must make as much preparation as the kindergartner; and if she can teach from forty to fifty children alone all day and thrive, why cannot a kindergartner do the same and still be happy?

The only valid objection to the plan proposed is that the morning is a better time for kindergarten work than the afternoon. This has some force, but not so great in fact as it is in theory. The older children are usually put in the afternoon class and do nearly, if not quite, as well as those who go in the morning.

This plan divides the *per capita* cost of the kindergarten by two, and yet no kindergartner is compelled to care for more than twenty children at a table and all the kindergartners are properly and fully equipped before undertaking the work, while the kindergarten equipment is in use all day.

And further, where this system is adopted there is a spirit of harmony throughout the schools, the kindergarten being considered as of equal importance with the others, the kindergartners and primary teachers working together without jealousy. After many years of experience with this system and of observation of others it seems to me to combine the most of economy and efficiency with the least loss of money and power.

I want to add one suggestion in conclusion. It is very important in my judgment that the kindergartens and primary grades be supervised by the same person. If a system requires several supervisors, they should supervise by districts and in all cases supervise both kindergartens and the other grades. This with the financial plans suggested secures a closer relation throughout the system than any other I have seen in operation. "Harmony is the strength and support of all bodies."

WORKERS TOGETHER.

By Caroline Hardy Paton.

"COME, let us live with our children." The Bachelor quoted the sentence one afternoon on the veranda, and the Maiden Lady took it up for discussion.

"What did Froebel mean by it?" she queried, with one eye on her embroidery and the other on the Kindergartner. "I 'm a convert to Froebel's teachings, for I read somewhere, the other day, that by applying his theories he so well guided the children committed to his care that 'the family of sixty members lived together in quiet harmony, thriving in joy and love, while each obeyed only his own law'; but how does he mean that we should live with them?"

"Surely that 's plain enough." It was the Father who spoke. "He meant that a mother should be a constant companion for her little ones; that she should be always with them, care for them physically, mentally, morally; that she should bathe them, dress them, discipline them, attend their uprisings and downlyings, their outgoings and incomings."

The speaker paused to breathe; whereupon the Bachelor remarked that probably, when the mother had done these things for a family of eleven for a few weeks, she would then be sleeping with her forefathers instead of living with her children. Encouraged by a smile from the Mother, he went on, "As for my children, if I ever have any, I 'll see to it that they 're properly fed and clothed, and then I 'll turn them out to get experiences. Kipling says that a young dog can learn that soap and blacking balls are poor food, and without doing himself any injury. A pup's digestive organs are strong and can throw off noxious doses that might poison an older dog. Life lessons gotten late are not only useless but dangerous. My children shall have soap and blacking balls in infancy."

"But children and dogs are quite different forms of creation," objected the Mother, "and 'soap and blacking balls' are too material to express all the things a child picks up when allowed to run free around a city block. A youngster might, on occasions, be permitted to experiment with his digestive apparatus; but moral blacking balls leave shades on the memory, if not on the character, and the soap, though cleansing, has a bad taste and is n't desirable as a steady diet. Surely there must be some middle ground between the condition of bondage which Froebel suggests for a mother and that maternal irresponsibility which allows a child to live wholly independent of parental instruction and guidance."

The Kindergartner had been listening to the conversation in silence, but her eyes were very thoughtful and earnest. "That sentence of Froebel's," she stated tentatively, "is often

misquoted and oftener misunderstood. Two-thirds of my acquaintances justify themselves in spoiling their offspring by saying, 'Come, let us live for our children,' and those who do read the sentence correctly, use it in a literal sense that robs it of half its meaning. Froebel never meant to suggest that a mother should be always with her children. One of his most earnest pleas is for the recognition of individuality in every human being, and he urges that each one be allowed full opportunity for natural and rounded development. Now a child cannot so develop if continually limited and protected by the mother. Neither can the mother herself, whose fullest experiences and broadest opportunities are just before her, develop in full measure unless she has chance for reflection and recreation. Constant companionship is limiting and burdensome to both parties. The mother who is overwearied by the perpetual care of her children is dead with them at the dawning of each new day and is incapable of practicing Froebel's beautiful suggestion."

"Froebel wrote with German mothers and German conditions in mind," interrupted the Bachelor. "The women he knew most of could live with their children and yet have recreation and reflection. Those big German gardens were n't built on the scale of the modern American flat. Froebel wrote to people who lived in a state of nature, and he could urge them to a mode of life that would be wholly out of the question for the American woman who lives an artificial life amid artificial surroundings."

"You 're surely mistaken." The Kindergartner spoke apologetically, for she is young and does n't care to pose as an oracle. "Froebel wrote for the modern American mother quite as much as for her German prototype. Of course the former works under limiting conditions such as the latter never knew; but in Froebel's sense of the word we can live with our children to-day quite as fully as mothers of days gone by. Froebel thought always of motherhood as a spiritual relationship; and the mother who is thus bound to her children is present with them alway, whether she be physically near or far. My own mother died when I was but a child, yet my present day decisions are often reached through consideration of some principle which she established with me. Absence of years, separation by death, have no power to destroy her influence with me. She still lives with her child."

"That 's new to me," observed the Mother in a low voice; "I had n't thought before of being able to live with them,—afterward."

"The thought 's all right, but 't is n 't practical," objected the Bachelor. "Feminine possibilities, if they 're practical, can always be condensed into recipes; and I don't believe anyone can give an unfailing recipe for transforming the material motherhood of the nineteenth century into the spiritual union, proof against time and space, which always appears to me to be a glorious accident rather than a sequence of events."

"But one *can* give a recipe for it," retorted the Kindergartner; "and such a condition is as much a sequence of events as anything can be. Any student of Froebel"——

"Oh, but make it practical!" pleaded the Bachelor. "Mothers, as a rule, are n't students of Froebel; and if you begin with such a premise as that, your suggestions will be as unavailable as those of a cook-book which states that certain food preparations are delicious, and yet gives, as necessary to their concoction, ingredients that can't be obtained this side of the West India Islands."

"You must consider outside duties," observed the Maiden Lady. "It always seems a mistake when a young woman is so absorbed by domestic joys that she forgets her broader relationships to church and society, and has no farther part in philanthropical duties and social pleasures."

"Consider her husband," pleaded another auditor. "He 's the item most often unduly neglected by the mother who devotes herself to her children."

"And consider also the position of working housekeeper that the majority of mothers must occupy, and the amount of sewing necessary in a home where there is a family of children! I 've only four; but some one is most of the time in the condition of the prodigal son after he had sold his shirt." The Mother, as she spoke, swiftly rounded the corner of one buttonhole and threaded her needle to attack another.

"Did you ever realize," queried the Kindergartner, "that these things, —society, church, and domestic duty, —are all means to the very end we want to attain, if only we establish for ourselves a correct estimate of their relative values and use them intelligently? One does n't need to know Froebel in order to do it, either. 'Workers together with God,' is a scriptural phrase which perfectly expresses the ideal relationship between a Christian and his Heavenly Father. The relationship between parent and child, if established upon the same basis, will invariably tend toward spirituality and perpetuity."

"But how can it be established upon that basis?" queried the Bachelor. "The average child is rebellious and perverse. He does n't want to be a worker together with anybody. How can you change that?"

"Generally by changing the attitude sustained toward him by his elders. We are to live with our children in perfect sympathy and equality, yielding obedience with them to the law of best and right and demanding obedience from them only as we represent that law."

"That allows us to sorrow with the sinner even while we condemn the sin, does n't it?" interpolated the Mother.

"Yes," responded the Bachelor, "and it eliminates entirely that irritating element of personality which is a disturbing force in too many of our American homes."

"I can see how people could well live together in peace and harmony under such conditions," observed the Maiden Lady; "but you have n't yet

shown us how the mother is to live with her children while she is busy with church and club work, nor how she is to utilize household drudgery in their training."

"I thought you might like to think out part of it for yourselves," laughed the Kindergartner. " 'Workers together' is the key to the situation."

"Well, just unlock the gate and show us over the grounds," urged the Father. "We 've all been brought up wrong ourselves; and, after being brought up, we have been too busy to study out these questions about the right way for our children. The fact is, the Mother and I often feel as if the problems which we ought to solve are beyond our ability or education. The Mother is simply killing herself to bring the children up right, and yet they 're apparently coming up wrong."

"Perhaps the Mother lives with her children too much, and you live with them too little," ventured the Froebelian disciple, timidly. "If the Mother would run out a bit more and have some restful, broadening, outside interests, she would be happier and more lovable when with the children, and could give to them and win from them three times the sympathy and coöperation that she may now look for."

"I see," observed the Bachelor; "you 'd make the mother a sort of an ice cream treat instead of a continuous burnt porridge diet."

"But I can't go out," objected the Mother, with a little tremor of longing in her voice. "There is so much housework to do; and then the sewing is never finished. The children make so much picking up, and"——

"Simplify and systematize your home making," commanded her instructor. "Let the children be 'workers together' in accomplishing the daily tasks. Firmly insist that each little one be responsible for some duty, and work with him so happily that he will learn to love working together with Mother. Get many of your garments and much of the household linen ready made. Dress the children simply. Sewing and housework thus reduced, you could surely have two or three afternoons each week for recreation."

"Yes," assented the Mother, "but what about the children when I 'm out? They will surely get into mischief, or have some accident, or hear or see something"——

"No, they wont," said the Father. "You can leave home when they start to school and plan to be back by the time they return."

"Many mothers follow that plan," stated the Kindergartner. "But, do you know, I really think your children need a little soap and a small blacking ball. You are too careful of them. They need to have a few life lessons now, and to learn to stand alone."

"Don't object to me before you hear me through," she continued, as the Mother raised her hands in protest. "They are growing up to manhood and womanhood in a city, and will live under city conditions. Let them learn some of these while yet under your guidance and amenable to your discipline. You will live

with your children more, if you give them some freedom of action and then win their confidence in long, quiet talks, than you do when you limit them continually to playroom and yard, and irritate them by perpetual commands and watchings. Their father could accomplish much, for both the boys and the girls, by little ten minute confidences every evening or by walks on Sunday afternoons."

"Never thought of it," ejaculated he; "I 'll institute a regular system of that sort of thing this very evening. And say,—I believe I 'll enjoy it immensely myself! Do you suppose they will, too?"

"There is n't a doubt of it," came the answer. "Before many days, if only you 're tactful, they will overwhelm you with their secrets and will await your coming at night eager for your sympathy and advice. More than that, a child thus drawn to its parent soon learns to love to do when the parent is away what will be pleasing to tell him on his home coming. Confidential talks with the father are better than whippings, any day."

"Don't tell us any more!" said the Mother. "There 's a glimmer of light ahead of me, and I want to find my own way toward it, please." Then she turned toward the Maiden Lady and said, with a flush in her worn face: "I 'll take that Sunday school class. The children and I can study the lesson together; and perhaps I 'll join that history club. The older children would enjoy helping me prepare the papers, and the little ones would like to hear the stories I could make from them."

The Bachelor was adjusting his coat collar, preparatory to saying good-by. "I 'd like to bring up a child myself," he observed gravely. "That idea of a ten minute emetic after each day's dose of soap and blacking is fine!"

The Mother looked at him pityingly. "He 's only a Bachelor," she remarked to the Father that evening after an hour of purest happiness with the children. "I don't suppose he will ever fully appreciate the thought of being 'workers together,' unless he marries and has a family."

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But it may be, in a diviner air,
Transfigured and made pure,
The harvest that we deemed as wholly lost,
Waits perfect and mature.
And the faint heart, that now defeated grieves,
May yet stand smiling 'mid abundant sheaves.

—Mary L. Ritter, in *The Christian Register.*

INFANCY.

By Kate Whiting Patch.

I love all young and tender things!
How sweet
The first frail blossoms of the year; the bleat
Of wee white lambs! What gentle pleading lies
Within the little bossy's lucid eyes!
How winning is the kitten's playful grace;
The saucy puppy's round and roguish face;
The frightened-eyed small squirrel scampering
(No "Shade-tail" he as yet, poor little thing!);
The fluffy chicks near hidden by the grass—
Their plaintive "peep" detains me as I pass;
The wide-mouthed nestling, with its constant cry
And feeble fluttering wing.
You wonder why
The opening bud so stirs me? Why my knees
Bow down before the very least of these?
'T is just that, looking up with great wide eyes,
Upon my breast my own dear baby lies!

THE ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS IMPORT OF THE KINDERGARTEN.*

By Wm. M. Bryant, LL.D.

V. *The Question of Spiritual Beginnings in their specifically Ethical Aspect.*

With such exercises as those just referred to—*i. e.*, exercises in the power of attention, attaining specific form through intention, and leading thus to a deepened sense of the causal aspect of the world—the child will soon be prepared to feel the import of such plays as that which Froebel describes under the form of the "All Gone." Sweetmeats eaten are no longer visible. They are "all gone." Water evaporates—is "all gone." And so of multitudes of other things. Through such play, often repeated, though with constant variation, the child will be brought by degrees to recognize, as by a sort of secondary instinct, the fleeting nature of things

* Begun in October.

and the unwisdom of trusting to mere things for one's highest satisfaction. Possession of outward things no doubt is a matter of prime necessity for every human being. Nevertheless, such possession must, in the nature of the case, entail its own reversal—*i. e., dis*possession. Sooner or later it will be "all gone." Each soul comes into the world bringing—nothing. Each will depart from the world bearing with him—nothing. And he who lays up his chief treasures on earth is sure to be treasureless in the life super-earthly—that is, he will himself *be* nothing, yet *be* as conscious of his own nothingness. And what is that but a form of the "death that never dies?"

Premonitions of such truth the child will gain through such play. And this the more if the play is conducted with clear consciousness of its real import by the one in charge of the child in his play. For then the objects will be so selected and the times and the manner of the play so ordered that, with no word of the "preaching" sort, the child will attain to a thorough-going conviction that all time-forms and space-forms are in their nature phantasmal and in themselves can give no true, no enduring, satisfaction.

Thus, in some degree at least, the mind of the child will be prepared for genuine comprehension, at a later stage, of the truth that wealth in all its forms is worthy of human effort only in so far as it is recognized as a means to the unfolding of actual worth in the soul of its possessor.

But this, too, implies nothing less than the use in common of wealth. Only in and through actual communal life can wealth either exist or be put to effectual use. Of this the child attains his earliest glimpse through the life of the family. The individual slice presupposes the communal loaf. Yet the child, utterly helpless at first, is at the same time greedy mendicant and selfish despot. Nevertheless, fond anticipation of his needs and loving promptitude and efficiency in his service keeps him in blissful unconsciousness that he either beseeches or commands. And finding pleasure also in giving pleasure he swiftly arrives at the stage where he gives and obeys with a grace and genial readiness that serve to ennoble alike the urgency of his requests and the imperiousness of his demands. Above all does the interplay of natural affection between the true mother and her child serve to stimulate to fullest exercise and richest growth the germ of universal love as the one element that saves or could save the world from becoming a present Inferno, and which ceaselessly lights up the world with gleams of a genuine Elysium.

I have seen a mother holding in her arms her newborn child, its head unsteady, its eyes vacant and vaguely wandering; she, meanwhile, talking to it incessantly in most endearing tones and phrases, unhesitating in her confidence that across the centuries of its still unrealized experience it must somehow understand. Fondly foolish, divinely prophetic motherhood! To the infant the stream of maternal speech can be no more

than vaguest tones of far-away music. And yet the music is from the celestial country of Love and must ever unfailingly wake in the soul of the infant some shadowy premonition of the eternal harmonies.

These are, in truth, the child's first lessons in music, in poetry, in science, in faith in the world that abides forever. They are the lessons through which the child is awakened, and that just enough to set him dreaming. And dreaming is nothing else than creating. And the inner creating of dreams leads on to the outer forms of creative activity through which the savage world of space is first conquered and then transformed—transformed until it assumes the character of perfect mediatorial docility in the service of the soul. Nay, in their ultimate significance, the outer creations are naught else than forms intended to serve as fulfillment of the inner creations which, left unfulfilled, must forever remain but the merest of empty dreams.

And here, indeed, is the clue to a further chapter in what may be called the book of ethical revelation. Rightly read, it tells the secret of the real contrast between the complementary phases of mind known respectively as feminine and masculine. The feminine quality of mind is characteristically oracular, sibylline, prophetic. It perceives the imperceptible, announces the unexpected, foretells the hidden decrees of Destiny. To see and to declare suffices. To give reasons would be superfluous. That is the characteristic of the poet, who is ever a prophet; and of the prophet, who is ever a poet. And this is the reason why the feminine mind must forever remain unrivaled by the masculine mind in its power rightly to stimulate and guide the dawning mind of childhood. For by gentlest means the child must first of all be aroused to dream the impossible, and afterward inspired to fullness of faith in the ultimate realization of the impossible, before he will enter upon the active exercise of power tending toward the world's transformation and insuring the unfolding of the child-mind itself to actual, genuine maturity.

But again, for this outward, more prosaic, less prophetic work, wherein reflection, verification, and this even to uttermost exactness in detail, prove indispensable, the masculine quality of mind alone is competent. Or, to speak more precisely, in the latter kind of work the masculine quality of mind must be predominant; while in the former its firmness and precision ought still to constitute the undertone.

Nor is it less essential to notice that gentleness and delicacy are no more synonymous with weakness than are coarseness and brutality one with strength. And though the outward tasks in which the masculine mind takes chief delight are more conspicuous and bring to him who performs them a more clamorous approval, yet the marshaling of armies, the founding of states, the building of railways, the conduct of commerce, the construction and maneuvering of navies —all these are but passing exercises in the great educational process to

which the human soul is ever inspired through that prophetic quality of the feminine mind to which all present reality is nothing more than a wondrous complex of lenses through which is discerned a world of perfect truth, of perfect beauty, of perfect goodness. In short, it is precisely the characteristic of the feminine mind that, in and for such mind, the divine instinct of Reason unfolds in that ideally rhythmic form that can only appear, even though it be in a dream, as an abiding world of harmony and Love. To such mind the present, warring, self-consuming world of "reality" is only a vast phantasmal dream; while the splendid dream of an abiding world of perfect unison is cherished in the unconquerable faith that that and that alone will prove in the end to be genuine Reality. The feminine mind sees the end from the beginning. The masculine mind is apt to lose sight of the end in its search for and use of the means.

Both these aspects, again, our educational seer has clearly recognized and pointed out. As soon as the child is able to enter upon such outward activity he is to be allowed (for example) to stir the soil with his own hands and to plant seeds and to nurse as well as watch the growing plant; and this from its germination to its maturity. Again (in Froebel's scheme of Mother Plays) the child is given opportunity to watch the passing procession of elegant and stately knights. That is, as we may notice, on the one hand he is brought to feel the dignity of labor, and on the other to appreciate the elegance of leisure. The real and the ideal are held by him in closest union—the real serving at once as fulfillment of the ideal and as means to its further cultivation.

To the bad child, indeed, the knights bear only a threatening aspect, and in their presence he can only hide his head in terror. Which seems—and here I am varying from Froebel's interpretation—which seems to say that the evil-minded have only a negative relation to the ideal and that hence they fly from it as from the decree of their own annulment.

With this, indeed, still another point of view is attained. The highest form of the Ideal cannot but imply that

VI. All Spiritual Beginnings involve a Religious Aspect.

It is thus, in fact, that we are brought to notice that the culmination of the Ideal for individual, personal life is to be found only in the idea and feeling pointing to a supreme, infinite, eternal Personality. And just because of the greatness of this supreme degree of the Ideal, both Richter and Froebel, in unison with the universal instinct of the race, would guard against too frequent, and above all against light and careless, use of the name applied to the supreme personal Power. "The younger the child is," says Richter, "the less let him hear the Unspeakable named, who only by a word becomes to him the speakable: but let him behold His symbols. The sublime is the temple step of religion,

as the stars are of immeasurable space. When what is mighty appears in nature—a storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death—then utter the word God before the child."*

On his part Froebel considers the moon and the stars as favorable points of attraction for the deeper nature of the child. He relates how a child of two years, seeing two specially bright stars near one another, reverently exclaimed: "Father and mother stars!" And following such clue he could not but regard these luminous points in the otherwise darkling heaven of night as natural sources of stimulation through which to secure the awaking of the child to a consciousness of the supreme Personality.

Who, indeed, has not known of deeply significant mythic—and that is the same as poetic—interpretations which children have spontaneously given of the stars? To one such infantile prophet, the stars are "gimlet holes in the floor of heaven to let the glory through." Another reflects on this wise: "If the wrong side of Heaven is so beautiful, what must the right side be!"

Another child's interpretation of a natural phenomenon† is of special interest. It is just after sunset. A weary man of business is walking leisurely about the lawn. Little Stella dances about him, her childish fancies taking shape in incoherent prattle. Her eyes wander over objects near and far. She sees everything, yet sees nothing. Her sense of vision is active, and yet active only in vaguest fashion. The responses of her still undeveloped mind to the stimuli coming from the world about her scarcely extend beyond that of simple pleasurable sense of mingled colors. Attention is not yet sufficiently focused to insure in her mind any well-defined perceptions in respect of form. But as twilight deepens the child chances to glance skyward. In the midst of a cloud just above the horizon a sharp flash leaps up. Stella is startled, awakened, set wondering.

"What 's that, Papa?" Papa, too, has seen the flash—without wondering. Yet with the child's question he finds himself helpless. The vision of Franklin stealing away, with a key, a kite, and a foolish feeling, into the field; the rain, the bristling kite string, the flash and shock from the key; the return of Franklin—foolish feeling gone—to make proclamation to the world that lightning and electricity are one and the same mode of energy—all this runs like another flash through Papa's mind.

But how to make this plain to the child? He is ignorant of any language which at the moment can be made effective by way of explanation of the fact to her, and so is silent.

Meanwhile another flash leaps up in the cloud; and instantly thereafter, just above the cloud, a star appears. Stella gives a sudden, spasmodic pull at Papa's fingers and cries out: "I know, I know! It 's God scratching matches against the sky to light the stars by!"

* Levana (Trans. Bohn Library,) p. 132.

† Reported in a newspaper paragraph some years since. I have given it a form and setting to suit the present purpose.

It is a miracle in which flowers, trees, earth, all things sublunary, fade swiftly into unreality, while the sky flames into vivid, actual being, revealing God as alone truly active, and his activity as focused in the creation of Light. Facts already long familiar to her in Papa's house *here* are on the instant seen as taking place also in what she has come to think of as her Father's House *there*.

Mythic in form, the child's explanation undoubtedly is. Yet in substance it cannot so lightly be rejected. What, indeed, can we say of Stella's experience but that in deepest truth it is just a repetition of the essential experience of the whole race of man? Did not primitive man wander with infantile mind for ages up and down the avenues of the world, slowly gathering power of vision through vague impressions of near objects, until, at length, eyes turned skyward, his soul caught flashes of Divinity in threatening clouds and in a Heaven forever widening and lighting up with endlessly multiplying star-points of eternal Truth? Surely, from the very childhood of the world, it is thus that men have been led on to recognize the oneness of the life of the world, and the oneness of the life of the human soul with the life of the Soul of the world.

The soul of the child is a prophet's soul. Lead him to vital sources of inspiration; give reverent heed to his sayings; and betimes you will hear from his lips a message direct from the Soul of the world.

But here we come still more definitely face to face with

VII. The End toward which such Beginnings point.

It is perpetually expanding power of right vision and right doing on the part of the child that constitutes the end of all true educational effort. All possible knowledge slumbers securely in the soul of each and every child,* and the sacred mission of the primary teacher is just to wake that knowledge into actual and ever increasingly explicit degree of realization in the child-soul intrusted to her care. And in nothing is there greater need for extremest subtlety of soul on the part of the teacher than in the performance of that special phase of her work which consists in tempering the stimulation made use of to the actual power of response on the part of the child. Ceaselessly must she search for media that shall enable her pupils healthfully to exercise their still feeble power of mental vision. Infantile minds must be led through symbol, and through endlessly varied forms of poetic fancy, that so at last they may come to possess the power of comprehending the truth, not merely through, but also without, the Isis veil of metaphor.

On the other hand, not even Science itself is all prose. It has its legends

* This general conception I have presented more at length in my Socrates as a Teacher of Ethics, an address published in the proceedings of the St. Louis Society of Pedagogy. I there attempt to show the rational import of the Platonic-Socratic doctrine that "all knowledge is recollection." Hegel has referred to the same doctrine as explained in the ultimate nature of the *Begriff* or Ideal Totality—that nature being such that the *Begriff* "proves itself to be in its own process simply the development of itself." (*Werke*, vi. 318. Cf. Wallace's Hegel's Logic, 2d ed. p. 288.) Richter somewhere in the Levana makes substantially the same remark as the one giving occasion for this note.

also. There is Watt and his kettle. There is Newton and his apple. And electric science itself began with the waking shepherd finding his metal-tipped crook adhering to the rock as he arose from his slumbers in a field of Thessalian magnesia. And have not you and I more than once stepped aside from the jostling throng of the present and passed down the noiseless, narrow, and narrowing lanes of past centuries, and have we not paused there in the doorway of that industrious maker of lenses? And standing there have we not seen him set one and another of those lenses on edge in the grooves of his wooden table? And that little daughter of his—the Stella of an earlier era—she has for years been growing steadily out of childhood and pausing betimes to look more and more wonderingly at these dainty circles of glass.

And just now, as we stand in the doorway, she has attained a growth by which her eye is for the first time exactly upon a level with the centers of the lenses in the grooves. There are two of the lenses, and they chance to be also in line with the spire of the distant church as seen through the window.

Gliding about the table with a careful, finger-tip touch, induced through long training, the growing child once more casts a prophetic, wondering look at the lenses, and—marvel of marvels!—the church spire, seen through them, looms huge and comes suddenly, startlingly, *near!* The child cries out in wonder. The father verifies the vision; and the telescope emerges from the nebula of human creative possibilities. Lengthening bones and lengthening years have silently lifted the eye of this dawning soul to a point where it no longer looks merely *at* things, but *through* them! And at once with the unfolding of this new power the distant becomes near, the impalpable is rendered clearly tangible, things invisible are with utmost vividness revealed.

And is not Science itself the tireless maker of lenses about whose table we children play in innocent wonder until we have grown tall enough to look through the magic glass and see all things in marvelous transformation? And in what, truly, does this transformation consist but precisely in this: That, aided by Science, our power attains such degree of positive penetration as renders it easy for us to see *through* the otherwise hopelessly baffling things of the world?

Is it not thus, indeed, that the very myths of the world have grown transparent, so that through them we may clearly see the workings of the minds of departed generations? And the very stars of the sky, they, too, have ceased to obstruct our vision, since now we have learned to look through them rather than at them, and thus have come to behold the mighty principle of universal gravitation as that mode of living Energy which holds all the stars of infinite space together in a single universe. Nay, the telescope is but a symbol of science by which vision is extended to infinity—by which, indeed, the very stars are drawn from their place in the sky and reduced to their primal elements

of energy in the laboratory of human reason.

Nor is it possible for the mind to pause even here. For by the same method the forms of the gods of the earlier faiths, even while fading from the view of men, have served as the means of focusing the radiance of the infinite ONE into ever greater clearness for the growing vision of the human soul. And, again, by little and little, through the sense of the life of the things of the world, even the child may be led to seize the great truth that all the forms in all the world of Reality are what they are only because in and through them the infinite life of God as eternal Mind is expressed.

And so we come to repeat that the rose bloom is but the visible smile of Divinity, just as its fragrance is but the perfume of his creative breath. And because the Soul of the world is the soul of each thing in the world, and because all of infinite knowledge is needful to plan a rose, and all of infinite power is required to bring a rose into actual being, it is plain that not only is God present everywhere, but that everywhere God in his fullness is present. So much of Divinity as I can comprehend, and feel, and will,—that, for me, is the Real Presence. Only as I become like Him can I hope to "see Him as He is."

Thus, by little and little, may the child be brought face to face with the eternal Father; and this in such a way that he may be brought vividly to feel that it is in very truth precisely and only in and through the eternal Father that "we live and move and have our being." And in so far as this is accomplished education assumes the character of a ceaseless *Imitatio Dei*—of a genuine Imitation of God, as the one eternally perfect example of realized Personality.

And clearly it was in this spirit that Froebel held so high an estimate of the idea of Imitation. Nor is it any wonder that, as Miss Blow suggests,* he owed to childhood and motherhood "the idea of utilizing imitation as a main factor in nursery education." For in every child the idea of Divinity is already latent, and in the true mother the instinct has grown to clear vision and actual present manifestation. No wonder, either, that Kant should have gone so far as to affirm without reserve that "all education is by imitation." For in this there is nothing less than the clue to the actual form of human response to that solemn word which the central Personage in human history addressed to mankind: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

And now we have to notice the two specially effective agencies through which the Imitation of God can be fostered and furthered during the years of infantile life. These agencies are the Family and the Church.

* Mottoes and Commentaries of Froebel's Mother Plays, p. 26.

To be continued.

LITTLE MAID OF MELODY.

By Edith H. Kinney.

A small musician whom I know
Thinks flowers are only songs that grow,
And birds are simply songs a-wing.
She hears a harper in each tree,
This little maid of melody,
And vocal joy in everything.
Last night the heavens overhead
Seemed one great music-scroll outspread,
To her eyes deep with wondering;
"I think," she said, "the dotted stars,
In spaces blue, on cloudy bars,
Are golden notes the angels sing!"

THE SHOVEL SIDE.

A MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS HOMILY.

By Molly Crewe.

I WANT to put in a plea for the little child, whose Christmas joy will soon warm the great world's heart anew to its deepest glow of love and tenderness. In the interests of this dear little child and the approaching Christmas, I have been making a bit of practical child-study, my own small daughter being the subject thereof.

Little Elizabeth is over two years old, and at the time of this writing she is at home alone with me in the morning.

Now, what plays does she choose, or choose oftenest without suggestion from anyone else, when playing alone at home? This is what interests me; and, sitting at my sewing, I like to observe my little one living out her impressions of life in her play.

In her baby mind her play is not play at all, but work; for many times she will look up seriously from it and remark: "I busy, mamma;" thus seeking recognition as a person of usefulness and importance.

Part of Elizabeth's morning play always centers around what she calls her "baby broom,"—a popcorn stalk with the husk at one end. With this she proceeds to "fweep" the floor and

the rugs, industriously poking into the corners and diving under the bed, as she has seen me do. For a long time she will thus be contentedly employed.

But when this amusement palls, she knows where another delightful plaything hangs on a low nail. It is nothing but an old damp cloth, yet my wee housemaid seizes it with joy, and with it scrubs the window sills or floor, back and forth, a half-hour at a time, until rag and little hands alike are grimy enough. I would that scrubbing were as fascinating an employment at twenty-two as it is at two!

Next, perhaps, the commercial spirit will seize our girlie and the little red cart will be brought out and taken on long journeys around the room. It always brings up at my chair, though, in its circuit, and a sweet little voice says: "Buy some 'nanos, mamma?"—which I do promptly, with a kiss.

After these exertions, the little lady generally subsides into her rocking chair with her rag-baby, Jessie. But this play always takes the form of care and attendance such as she herself receives from me. The dolly is fed, wrapped up, taken to walk, or put to bed, the play being the little player's daily life in brief.

These, and others similar to them, are Elizabeth's favorite and most often chosen plays, although she is blessed with playthings a plenty,—balls, books, toys of all kinds, and kindergarten Gifts.

During the afternoon, little Elizabeth is kept out of doors as long as the sunshine lasts. I have been interested in noticing what most attracts the attention of this very little girl as, her hand in mine, we travel down the city street. Is she drawn to the gay and beautiful costumes of the elegant ladies we meet? No, she is utterly indifferent to these; but by and by we come upon an ancient negro down on his hands and knees scrubbing the portal of a stately church on the avenue. Elizabeth drops my hand hastily, runs and plants herself close by, a self-constituted inspector of the job. It requires a little more force than persuasion finally to start her lingering feet in the onward way.

The shop windows are very alluring as we pass on; yet the baby eyes never seem to see the rainbow show of dry goods, not even the beautiful baby wear. But around the corner, on a side street, she sees through a dingy doorway a brawny arm uplifting a great hammer and bringing it down upon a piece of red-hot iron. To the baby mind there are no charms on the great avenue to equal those of the grimy blacksmith shop. The grand and stately architecture fails to hold her; but the gaunt, bare-ribbed frame of a cheap shop which is going up detains her long, for the sinewy arm and the hammer of the carpenter are there.

Little Elizabeth is pleased, to be sure, with the toy store window and its display of dolls and hobby-horses. But what is that pleasure to the ecstasy with which she stops in front of a hardware store and utters the two words: "Shubbuls, mamma!"

Not even the groups of playing children have the same fascination for my dainty, white-gowned little maid, as have a row of dirty laborers, shovel in hand, digging on the street. After regarding these sons of toil in silent rapture for some time, my wee lady spreads wide her arms with a most expressive gesture and exclaims in a tone of deepest self-commiseration: "Not any shubbul, mamma!"

And I, with far other thoughts in my mind, echo: "Not any shubbul!" So in behalf of the little child and the near Christmastide, I am going to lay the emphasis upon the shovel side of things, in this small homily of mine. I have been comparing notes with other mothers, and I have been reading the writings of various very wise persons who were not mothers, and I have come to the conclusion that the artistic and poetic sense is decidedly embryonic in very little children; and hence that beautiful toys, beautiful books, beautiful clothing, can make but little impression upon their minds; that not even lovely Nature herself appeals to the very little child as does hard, coarse, common human labor.

God said to man: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and the little child comes into the world cheerfully ready to acquiesce in the God-given mandate. Alas, how studiously and systematically do we go to work to eliminate this likewise God-given instinct! It is always "Not any shubbul," from the baby times up, if we can possibly manage it.

So now, dear mother-reader, I want to ask you, as the busy holiday season comes on, not to spend all your money at the toy counter, nor in the baby-wear department, nor among the children's books,—beautiful as these may be; nay, do not even let the kindergarten supply companies get all your spare change! But with your purse still unemptied of quite all its contents, descend to the nether, gas-lit depths of the mysterious, wonder-hiding basement regions.

There your wandering eye may perchance light upon the nicest little brooms, designed for real uses but small enough for baby hands to wield. There also you may find those delightful little washboards, meant for actual, grown-up use, but oh, how perfect for baby's really-truly washing of bibs, handkerchiefs, and dusters!

Then, too, off in another corner you must look for tins,—charming little square tins, round tins, "kitty-cornered" tins, not make-believes at all, but things useful in any kitchen. With what satisfaction Miss Baby will pat down pieces of dough in those little pans and clap them into the oven with the family baking! Tiny doll dishes and the like do not appeal so very much to the very little child. The desire for these comes later.

Be sure not to overlook those fascinating little ten-cent feather dusters with the long slim handles. With what glee the tuft of "henny feathers" at the end will be flirted around mantels and tables, to the dire danger of bric-a-brac but to the delight of a dear little heart!

Also small baskets are in order, —not the fancy, Indian, sweet-scented affairs upstairs, but market baskets of the basement type, small enough to hang comfortably on a baby arm, it is true, but also big enough to carry to the store and to hold what the grocer-boy forgot to bring for the dinner. Can't you see what a glamour a real market basket of one's own might throw over an otherwise tiresome little errand?

I must remind you, too, of those precious little watering pots with sprinkling spouts, and of the joy which a small child will get out of the daily use of such a possession, even if your flat will accommodate but a plant or two. How much better an investment, from the child's standpoint (which should be the only Christmas standpoint), than a mechanical calf, say, whose works are soon out of order and so will not "go"!

Look around further in the basement and you may find the wee-est, daintiest, darling-est scrubbing brushes, just right for window sills and doorsteps. But there! perhaps I am too radical! Get your mechanical calf instead, if you wish,—but it will cost you more money and give the wee folk far less pleasure.

Last, but not least, before you leave my Christmas fairyland, the basement, don't forget—the shovel! For mercy's sake, don't try to find those little "two-for-a-cent" trumpery affairs that accompany sand pails and are smashed in a twinkling. Get a good shovel; small, of course, but substantial enough to shovel snow and coal with this winter, and to garden with next summer.

Another thought: Are you old-fashioned enough to do a little sewing at this happy time of the year, or do you let the department store do all your Christmasing for you? If you sew, go home, sit down, and hem with gay red tambour cotton a pair of cheesecloth dusters. Let them adorn a Christmas tree and they will make a pair of baby eyes shine.

Now there may be certain advanced mothers who will say: "How much better to give the child the materials for the dusters and teach him to do the making!" But I say nay. When I was a child of five, I had been taught, according to the custom then, to knit and to sew patchwork neatly. To the day of his death my father slept under a quilt which was his pride and delight,—a quilt which I pieced together entirely myself before I was seven years old. But to me that patchwork cover told a horrible tale of long, wearisome, painful hours of distasteful toil. The very little child craves active labor and not close work.

I know a little girl whose Christmas gifts included jewelry, furs, and dolls, but who cast all these aside indifferently, when her old grandmother produced the gift which she had provided,—a little print work-apron with strings to tie around the waist just like the apron of a grown-up person. If a pretty sweeping cap, mamma's in miniature, were added, this gift would be complete.

Now, dear mother, I must make

one more plea on the shovel side. The Froebel whom we all love, said: "Come, let us live with our children." I want to add humbly to that world-famed saying: Come, let us work with our children. Thus only can we truly live with them, for all little children are born laborers.

Are you rich, dear mother? or, harder still, are you a "new woman" with the press clamoring for your words of wisdom? Never mind; drop it all, drop it all, I say, for a few minutes each day, and fill those minutes for your children's sakes with busy, beautiful household labor.

There is a lady of my acquaintance, a wise, cultivated person, who has the finest notions in the world about the grandeur of labor, who quotes from Tolstoi as from a prophet, who is at the head of a kindergarten training school and discourses admirably on growth through self-activity. She works hard at her desk, and in the pursuit of her profession; but she never does one stroke of household labor. Her little girls, consequently, can scarcely be induced to take any helpful steps in the house, in spite of careful training in kindergarten. That early, beautiful, natural instinct to labor, the only foundation upon which to build real character, has died in these children, because in their home the household toil—the natural and suitable labor for children to undertake and be trained in—was not ennobled and glorified by the mother herself.

It may be, dear mother, that you are poor, overworked, and burdened with many cares; still, all the same, to you, too, I will repeat: Come, let us work with our children—not *for* them altogether, but *with* them. Stop in your busy whirl and show the little hindering hands how to really help; and in all the years to come you will bless the fruits of the action.

You may, by persistent impatience and harshness or mistaken unselfishness, crush out in your little children that God-given impulse to labor, and never again may you awake it in all its divine fullness. Later, perhaps, people will be amazed that so good a woman as yourself should have raised so shiftless and good-for-nothing a family. But it will all be because, alas! in their eager, active little babyhood, there were "not any shubbuls," for mother laid her hands to all the shovels herself.

So with my heart in the words, I say, as I close:—

To the little child everywhere,
Merry Christmas—and a shovel!

CHRISTMAS IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Sarah E. Acker.

CHRISTMAS in the kindergarten can only be fully appreciated by those who know the history of the months preceding, from the September day when the nursery gave up its charges at the open door of the kindergarten, and when the little ones, with wondering, half frightened eyes, stepped over the threshold and into the new life awaiting them.

Christmas is not an event by itself, but rather the culmination of a chain of events or ideas which find their climax in this generous outpouring of love and unselfishness; and these ideas are but germs of great truths which go on deepening and widening throughout the months and years that follow.

There is a right and a wrong way to look at almost everything, and even the beautiful Christmas time has been so misused as to lead some to conclude that children are better off without a knowledge of the delights of Santa Claus.

Have you never heard anything like this? "If you do that again, I 'll tell Kriss Kringle and he 'll put nothing but a lump of coal and a switch in your stocking!" or seen a refractory child startled into the narrow way of peace and righteousness by the assertion: "Get up, right away! I see Kriss looking in the window!" This is on a par with the nursery bugbear of the ragman, whose most lucrative business, it would seem, is carrying naughty children off in his bag.

But even the gracious, winning side of the legend may be carried too far. There comes a time when, as the mind begins to develop and the process of reasoning sets in, the incongruities of sleigh and prancing reindeer, when the weather is often of Indian summer mildness, of sudden descents down chimneys into rooms where no fireplace exists, of stockings filled with toys which may have been seen surreptitiously handed in the week before from the delivery wagon—there comes a time when these and like incongruities make themselves felt, and the inevitable question follows: "Is there *really* a Santa Claus?"

Shall we, then, nurse the dear delusion, bolster up the tottering belief with a fresh structure of assertions and false proofs, which the child is not wise enough to deny, but which eventually shakes his faith in our veracity and makes the final moment of enlightenment the heart-rending time that those who disapprove of Santa Claus say it is? Or shall we, going to the other extreme, roughly brush away the cobweb of fancy with the statement almost equally false: "No, there is no Santa Claus!"

Is there not a middle and a natural way? As surely and as safely as the history of nations shows the gradual emergence from the age of myth and fable, so will the children, if given the right clue, work out for themselves the real meaning of Christmas giving. I would no sooner deprive them of their birthright of these ecstatic memories than I would sweep from our literature all allusion to nymphs and dryads, to fabled knights and mythological heroes.

Let us see how the kindergarten would deal with Santa Claus.

Through September, when we considered, first, the child's own activities as related to home and family life, and then the manifestation of life around him in plant and animal, the preparation for winter and the kind care of our Heavenly Father in providing means of shelter for all His creatures,—through September with these teachings, and through the later harvest time to the Thanksgiving festival, the idea of a great life outside of the child's own personality has been gradually worked out. He feels himself part of a greater whole, where each is in some way dependent on others and each one can do something to advance the general good.

It is grandly appropriate to have the Christmas month come thus early in the school year, for it provides a chance for giving expression to the feelings of love and thankfulness that have been growing in the child's heart.

What is Santa Claus, after all, but love and good-will in concrete, instead of abstract, form! And the preparing of gifts and the many discussions as to what mamma would like, and what to make for papa, with the pleasant flavor of secrecy about all that is going on, give the children a share in the real delights of the time.

The good cheer may extend also to our animal friends. The children will be delighted with a Christmas tree for the birds. A small tree two or three feet high can be trimmed by the children and hung with gifts suited to the feathered recipients: tarlatan bags of oatmeal, lumps of sugar, strings of popcorn, small crackers and the like. On the day before the Christmas vacation, after the other exercises, a happy procession in cloaks and hoods may take its way to the garden or school yard, where, amid the snow, the tree is securely fixed; while the children sing the following little song:—

(TUNE, "In my hand a ball I hold." Jenks and Walker.)

Birdies, here 's your Christmas tree,
Very happy may you be,
Flutter down, do not fear,
You may have all that 's here.

Are you glad, O birdies dear,
While the earth is brown and sere,
Here to find such a treat,
Everything good to eat?

As a matter of fact, preparation for Christmas, as some one has truly said, must begin in our own hearts. If we ourselves feel the beauty of the Christ time, the children will do so likewise.

PROGRAM NOTES.

By Mina B. Colburn.

DECEMBER.

His, not mine, are the gifts; and only so far can I make them
Mine, as, in giving, I add my heart to whatever is given.

— Longfellow.

Topics.

Longer evenings, cheerful fires, Jack Frost. The first appearance of snow and ice.

Christmas. Point of departure,—how observed in the children's homes. Christmas tree, candles; hanging up stockings; Christmas dinner. The gifts an expression of love. Where there are Swedish and English or other foreign children in the kindergarten, talk of the Christmas customs of those nations. Preparation for Christmas in the home, in kindergarten; decorations of holly, evergreen; making gifts for loved ones. Bringing, directly after Thanksgiving, toys, picture books, games, that the children have enjoyed and will part with for the happiness of others. The Jamestown children sent theirs to the Five Points Mission Kindergarten, New York city. Appearance of stores; useful articles as gifts. The first Christmas; the baby Jesus who came to show us all "how to help and how to love." Christmas in the kindergarten; the tree, decorating it; inviting the parents; entertaining them and presenting them with gifts made.

Means of Presentation and Expression.

Songs.—Christmas is coming (Hubbard); Ring, ring, happy bells (Walker and Jenks); Once a little baby lay (Walker and Jenks); Last stanza of Sewing Song (Walker and Jenks); Children, children, winter is here! (Hill).

Piano.—Christmas Bells (Köhler's Method, Vol. I., Page 42). A theme from Monastery Bells by Adele Weille.

Rhythm.—Clapping, one two, one two three. Guessing songs clapped by kindergartner.

Pictures.—Madonna and nativity pictures (not too many); Mother Play: The Flower Basket, The Toyman. Each child to frame and take home blue print of Sistine Madonna.

Stories.—Shoemaker and Elves (Grimm). Why the chimes rang (Kindergarten Magazine, Dec. '96). Saint Christopher (Christ Tales, Hofer). Christmas in the barn (In the Child's World, Poulsson). The First Christmas (Story Hour, Wiggin).

Games.—Representative,—Santa Claus, English carolers, store, trains bringing packages, delivery wagons, sleighing, snowballing. Throwing and catching bean bags. Sense games with toys, pieces of holly, evergreen. Guessing children gone from the ring.

Skipping.—Two times around the ring, alone, and with partners. Use song.

Marching.—Two by two, one by one, make change readily; in two lines passing, etc.

Free Play.—One or two evergreen branches for dolls' Christmas trees. Several pairs of stockings. Paper and twine for the wrapping of packages.

Nature.—Evergreen in contrast with deciduous trees. Holly. Cranberries strung with popcorn. Pictures made by the frost on sidewalk and windowpane.

Beads and Peg Boards.—Red and green in combination. 2 and 2 are 4.

Gifts.—Those previously used. Represent wagons, trains, houses, stores.

Clay.—Christmas cakes; emphasize round, square, and oblong. Christmas candles.

Sewing.—Designs for brush-broom holder, scissors holder, picture frame, blotter.

Drawing.—Christmas trees; note branching. Stockings, beds. Windows with candles in them.

Cutting.—Candles, candlesticks. Stockings, etc. Paper for red and white chains.

Painting.—Tinting paper used for cutting and folding pin or pen trays, boxes, stamp or court-plaster cases. Gilding edges.

Folding.—Older children, beauty forms of coated paper for a box.

Weaving.—Red and white paper mat, 7 by 7; make into sachet cracker.

Other Handwork.—Candlesticks (bits of tin and heavy bristol board), Dipping candles (twine and melted paraffine), Rattleboxes (beans put inside ribbon-bolt cylinder, outside covered with bright paper).

Be sure that the janitor and the principal of the school are each remembered with something made by the children.

CHRISTMAS PLAY FOR PRIMARY CHILDREN.

By Angelina W. Wray.

CHILDREN, let's play that it is the night before Christmas! The wind is whistling outside. The last yellow light of sunset has almost faded. The snowflakes are fluttering through the air. All the little squirrels are safe in their warm homes. A few brave little robins are hopping around in the snow even yet, but up in the tiny house on the hill all the dear children are tucked into bed, dreaming of Santa Claus.

Which of you children want to be the birds? the snowflakes? the bright stars? the sleeping flowers? the dear little children? the funny gray mouse in the chimney corner?

The Birds.

We're little brown robins out here in the snow,
We're busy and merry wherever we go.
Cheery! cheery! chee! chee! Blow, winds, if you will,
We birdies are happy and chirp gayly still.

Our cozy brown cradles up there in the trees
Are filled with the snowflakes that dance in the breeze;
But up in the barn there is shelter we know.
Cheery! cheery! chee! chee! Away we will go.

THE SNOWFLAKES.

We are tiny snowflakes white,
Flutt'ring gayly, gently, down,
Over withered grass and leaves
In the meadows bare and brown.
From the cloudy sky we come;
Flutter, flutter, to and fro,
Fold the dreaming flowers deep
In the coverlets of snow:
Sleep and dream, you pretty flowers,
Rest till time again to grow.
Now we dance and whirl and fall,
Fairy flakes of gleaming snow.

THE FLOWERS.

Out here in the meadow, deep under the snow,
We flowers, so sleepy, are waiting to grow.
We 'll surely awake when the Spring comes once more,
But now we will rest, for our working is o'er.
So cuddle down close, little flowers, and sleep,
While pretty white flakes wrap us cozy and deep.

THE STARS.

We are shining Christmas stars,
The world is white with snow,
And through the clouds that hurry by,
Our cheery tapers glow.
We watch the flowers in their sleep,
The small birds where they rest;
With silver radiance we deck
The bluebird's empty nest.
We watch the children small and dear
Tucked safely in their beds,
And all night long we twinkle bright,
Far, far above their heads.
We shine to tell the love of God,—
He set us all aglow;

We bring a message soft and sweet,
Of Christmas long ago.

THE CHILDREN.

We 're the children tucked in bed,
Better go to sleep!
Mr. Santa Claus won't come
If he hears us peep.
Tick! tock! tick! the clock goes slow;
Better shut your eyes!
Mr. Santa Claus is near
And he 's very wise.
We shall dream of pretty things,
Dainty books and toys,
Things that jolly Santa brings
Happy girls and boys.

Chorus.

Shut your eyes! Shut your eyes!
Don't you dare to peep!
Jolly Santa Claus will come
When we 're fast asleep.

THE MOUSE.

I 'm a wee, wee, little mouse,
All alone, all alone,
In the chimney corner warm,
All, all alone.
Out of doors the loud wind calls
Through the frosty winter night,
And the sleigh bells jingle by,
And the moon shines round and bright.
By the fire the stockings hang
Blue and crimson in a row;
When the clock is striking twelve
Santa Claus will come, I know.
All the children are asleep;
Nothing stirs in all the house,
Not a thing's awake but me,
Just one tiny little mouse!
Here I wait for Santa Claus,
All alone, all alone,
In the chimney corner warm
All, all alone.

THE TREE THAT CAUGHT THE CHRISTMAS STARS.*

By Elsie L. Darling.

MORE than three hundred years ago, outside the little town of Wittemberg (that is in Germany, away across the sea) stood a great forest. The trees were pines and hemlocks, so that the forest was always green and always dark—so dark that the soldiers who had to march along the road through the forest were glad when it was passed. Little children never went out there at night. Yet to a young hemlock tree growing on the edge of this forest, it seemed as if no one could wish a more beautiful home. It lived near the roadside, which gave room for its branches to grow out, straight and full. The days were delightful to the little hemlock, the quiet talk of the wise old pine trees was pleasant to listen to; but most beautiful of all was the night time. Then, high in the great, dark roof above, gleamed bright lights, the shining stars. The little hemlock meant to reach them some day. The wind was the hemlock's friend, and helped it to lift its arms and sway them aloft. Each time that the hemlock reached its arms especially high, it thought that it would surely catch a bright star on the tip of one of them; but each effort was in vain. Perhaps little hemlock trees had to wait until they were as big as pine trees before they could catch stars!

In one of the houses of the town near by, lived three little people, Hans and Madeleine and Martin, the baby. Sometimes they had good things to eat, and many friends to help eat the good things, for Mother Katherine never turned anyone from her door. This was when the Elector remembered to send money to them. There were other times when some old piece of family silver had to be sold to buy bread. Yet they lived in a very big house, a gloomy, towering monastery. Silent monks had sat in its cells, praying, and thinking that they were thus serving God in the best way, till one of them, Martin Luther, found a better way, and he and all the other monks came out into the world where they could be among people again, and serve God by helpful deeds as well as by prayer and praise. So the monastery stood empty till Luther married Mother Katherine, when the Elector said that these two might have the monastery for their home. Some people loved Martin Luther and many people hated him, but to Hans and Madeleine and Baby Martin he was the kindest of fathers. It was through his love for them that the hemlock tree happened to catch the stars. Let me tell you.

It was winter time, the very day before Christmas. The family had had an early evening meal, when Father Luther, who had much to think of, started off on a walk. It was not far to the gates of the town, and he soon left the town behind him

* Based on a legend.

and passed into the great forest. There he stopped, just a little way from the hemlock. The forest stood silent as if listening to Father Luther, who, after gazing up at the stars a long time, began talking aloud:—

"Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.
Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee."

He was thinking of that starry night so long ago, when the Lord Jesus came to this earth; and he wished that he might tell his little children the story of that night so that they would never forget it. His eye fell on the shadowy trees, dark as the sky. "Ah, I have it!" he cried. Then he searched about him, till he came straight to the little hemlock. "Would you like to be the night and bear the Christmas stars for my children, little tree?" he asked; and, before the tree could answer, he turned hastily back to the town.

The hemlock stood trembling in every limb. What had he said about stars? Was he going to help him get the stars at last? It seemed a long time before Father Luther returned. He carried in his hand a shining axe. With two or three well-aimed blows, the little tree felt its hold on the earth loosen. It fell softly to the ground. Then Luther grasped it firmly, lifted it to his shoulder, picked up the axe, and marched homewards. Do you think the hemlock was sorry to go? Oh no! with every step its branches bobbed up and down as if for joy, till at last they had passed through the town gates, along the narrow streets, and in through the door of the great monastery.

The fire on the open hearth gave a cheerful glow to the room where the family lived. Luther entered with the tree. Then what a scramble there was! And how many questions were asked! The little tree did not have to wait long till it was set up in the middle of the room, and then, oh, joy! tiny lights were fastened to every one of its long branch-tips. The tree sparkled and glowed, and the children jumped and danced about it.

Then Hans and Madeleine nestled into their father's arms, and Baby Martin found his place on Mother Katherine's knee, while Luther told the story of the Three Wise Men from the East, and of the star-lit heavens in which they found their guide. All the time the stars on the dark hemlock shone as if they were "really-truly" stars. When the story was ended, Father Luther and Mother Katherine and Hans and Madeleine sang softly together,—

"Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head;
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay."

And so the first Christmas Eve when children had danced about a candle-lit tree came to an end; and so it was that the pretty hemlock caught the Christmas stars.

AT THE MARKET HOUSE.

By Florence E. Gleed.

RUTH had saved pennies for such a long, long time that now she had fifty.

Did you ever hear of a little girl seven years old earning fifty pennies? I 'll tell you how Ruth earned hers. She helped her mamma each day by wiping the dishes, helping to make the beds, sweeping up the crumbs after each meal, dusting the chairs, and running to the store. I cannot begin to tell you of all the things Ruth did. She did so many and did them so well that her mamma often called her her "Little Right Hand"; and when Ruth heard these words she felt very happy, of course, and wanted to work all the more. And yet, although Ruth was such a busy little girl, she had plenty of time to play; and often, too, her mamma had time to tell and read stories to her.

Because Ruth was so helpful, and because her mamma wanted her to learn how to use money well, Ruth had five cents given to her, for her very own, every Saturday morning.

Now Ruth was particularly glad on one of these Saturday mornings, for, as the next day was her papa's birthday, she and her mamma were going on the street car to the market house, down town, and there Ruth was to spend her pennies. Can you guess what she was going to buy? Her papa's birthday gift,—a beautiful plant!

Ruth wished that the market house were twice as far away, (you know how nice it is to ride in a street car!), for, in what seemed a very short time, there they were at the market house. The first thing they saw was the flower stalls, with beautiful, blossoming plants standing all about. Ruth thought that fairyland could be no more flowery. She and her mamma walked around, till Ruth, spying a certain plant, clapped her hands and said, "O mamma! see this beauty! I wonder if I have enough money to buy it." The plant had tall green leaves, and a stem on which grew a lot of little pink, bell-shaped flowers. It was a hyacinth!

They asked the price and found that it would only take half of Ruth's money; and then, while the market man was tying a paper around it, Ruth turned and saw a little girl looking at her. This little girl had been looking at Ruth for some time, and had been thinking what beautiful golden curls she had, and how clean her face and hands were, and how tidy her clothes were.

Now Martha (for this was the name of the little girl) did not look neat, poor little child! Her face, from which peered two great dark eyes, was smeared and dirty, her hands were dirty, her dark hair was tangled and uncombed, her shoes were muddy and unbuttoned; but,

poor little girl! she had a hard time indeed, for she and her grandmother lived across the street from the market in one little room, and the poor grandmother had been ill for many months. Everything was very lonesome and sad in the little home, and Martha's only pleasure was in coming over to visit her friend the market man and in seeing the flowers.

Ruth's mamma asked little Martha her name and where she lived, and found that, like Ruth, Martha was just seven years old.

Then Ruth said to Martha: "Do you love the flowers?" "Yes," answered Martha. "My friend lets me come over and sit here every day, but I can't stay long because Grannie is so sick."

Then Ruth had a beautiful thought. She thought that she would use the rest of her money in buying a plant for Martha. So she told her mamma what she wanted to do and her mamma said that it would be "a deed of kindness."

When Ruth placed the plant in Martha's hands you can imagine Martha's delight, for in all her life she had never owned a living plant before. Her dark eyes danced, and with them she said, "Thank you,"—she forgot to say it with her lips; then off she darted across the street. Splash! splash! splash! she went through the mud, and in she ran at the door, saying: "Look, Grannie dear! A little fairy girl with golden hair gave it to me! Oh, Grannie dear, do get well quick now!"

Martha placed the plant upon the floor, while she went to get a drink of water for Grannie and do some errands for her; and when she came back what do you think had happened? The beautiful pink flower was drooping and the green leaves seemed to have lost their strength!

Then said little Martha: "O Grannie, look! The beautiful plant does not like to live here with us."

Grannie did look, and then she remembered that when she was a little, happy child in the country the flowers grew in the sunshine; and so she said: "I think that it needs sunshine, Martha. Put it up on the window sill."

This Martha did; but do you know that although the sun was shining brightly outdoors, it did not come into the room? It could not, because the window was so very dirty.

Then Martha washed the window, and soon the little plant raised its head and looked happy again. But the sunshine—why, it showed many, many things which Martha had not seen before! Yes, it showed that Martha had brought in much dirt; so she took the broom and swept the little room all neat and clean. Then, looking at her feet, she saw that she must clean her shoes; and this she did. Then next the sunshine showed her that Grannie's bed needed straightening and that her pillow needed shaking.

After all this was done, Martha washed herself and combed her hair; then, looking at Grannie, she thought: "Oh! Grannie, too, must be washed and have her hair combed!"

Martha was just combing Gran-

nie's silvery hair and thinking that it was as beautiful as Ruth's (here was one thing more which the sunshine had shown her!), when there was a knock at the door. Martha quickly opened the door and there stood Ruth and her mamma. What a happy visit that was for them all!

After that day Ruth and her mamma came many times to see Martha and her grandmother, and in a little while they all grew to love one another very dearly. And now, if you should go to that little room across from the market, you would find neither Grannie nor Martha,—for one beautiful day mamma and Ruth drove up to the door in a large carriage, and when they went home Grannie, Martha, and the plant went with them; and now they all live happily together in one home.

Martha and Ruth go to school together just like little sisters, and they often go down to the market to see their friend. So you see Ruth has found a sister and a grandmamma, Martha has found a papa, mamma, and a sister, and Ruth's mamma has two little girls to help her instead of one.

Can you straighten all this out?

OUR GRANDMOTHER'S WEDDING GLOVES.

By Martha Young.

OUR Grandmother sat in her armchair with the round pillow in the back of her chair, and her feet on the footstool; and her own black maid, Dilsey, was holding an old brass-bound small-box that Grandmother was "looking over." All the queer old things that had been in the brass-bound small-box were scattered about, and a pair of old white kid gloves lay in our Grandmother's lap. "These were my wedding gloves," said our Grandmother.

Then she told us what a long, long way those gloves had come, by land, by water, by caravan, by steamboat, before they had reached her; for when Grandmother wore those gloves on her wedding day Alabama was not yet a state of the Union, so she told us, and things traveled in a slow way as they must travel in a pioneer country.

And now with us it was War time. Alabama was again not a state of the Union, for our Grandfather had signed the Order of Secession up at Montgomery, and every one of our Fathers were in the army.

There were ten of us grandchildren, and we thought it the most fun to be all together at Grandmother's house.

We did not expect to be long together, if we thought of that at all, because at first we had heard all the

great grown folks say: "The War can last but six months."

But would you believe that the War had lasted two years then! This was our second War Christmas.

No toys had run the blockade in a long, long, long time, and we Little Pitchers with Long Ears—how angry we children were when our Aunts called us that!—had heard the great grown folks say to each other that we would have to do without Christmas that year. Think of that! Do without Christmas! Now we knew that War was a dreadful thing: to do without Christmas!

No child had ever before heard of such a thing; No Christmas!

That very day,—and it was Christmas Eve too,—as we sat listening, all ten of us, to Grandmother telling about the grand wedding and the white gloves,—our Aunts said to each other: "There will be no Christmas this year!"

The two Aunts sat at the window in Grandmother's room sewing, and they said: "There will be no Christmas this year."

We grandchildren looked one at another, one at another, one at another, until we had all ten looked one at another.

We knew now what War meant.

The two Aunts said again: "There will be no Christmas this year."

"Come!" said Grandmother, for Grandmother did not care how great or grown Aunts were, she just said: "Come!" to Aunts just whenever she wished to, just as our Mothers said: "Come!" to us when we were naughty.

"Come, come!" said Grandmother; "no Christmas! Why I never heard of such a thing. It is obliged to come for it is down in the almanac."

Then we all felt glad and we looked one at another, one at another, until we had gotten all around the ten of us, and each one whispered to the other, each one to the other, until we had gotten all around the ten of us: "It 's obliged to come for it 's down in the almanac!"

Then one little grandchild who looked so solemn all the time that we thought he would make a great man some day, and so to be prepared for that time we called him "Judge," said: "Grandma, did Christmas ever stay away when Alabama was n't a state in the Union?"

"Never," said Grandmother.

Then we all felt so much better about Christmas!

And Grandmother said to the two Aunts: "Come, come! I could make Christmas out of these old gloves rather than not have Christmas come at all!"

Then Grandmother said to her own black maid Dilsey: "Dilsey!"

Then Dilsey said: "Yes, ma'am, Old Miss."

Grandmother said: "Dilsey, put down the brass-bound small-box and go to the closet on the left of the fireplace and get out the bow-basket and bring it to me."

And Dilsey said: "Yes, ma'am, Old Miss."

Then Dilsey put down the brass-bound small-box and opened the door of the closet on the left of the fireplace and lifted the bow-basket off the

shelf and said: "Old Miss, must I bring what is in it, too?"

We looked at one another all around, and as we looked we wondered: "What is in the bow-basket?"

But in a minute we knew,—every one of us,—what was in the bow-basket, for the whole room, Grandmother's room, was sweet with odor of apples!

Then Grandmother put her two little wrinkled white hands into the bow-basket and took out two round red apples, then she put her hands into the bow-basket again and took out two more round, red apples, and she put her two hands into the bow-basket five times, and took out two round red apples five times, for there were ten of us grandchildren.

She did not say a word. And we did not say a word.

Dilsey put the bow-basket back on the shelf and shut the closet door and came and took up the brass-bound small-box again. Then Grandmother said to the oldest grandchild: "Take this apple, and eat it, and bring me every seed out of it."

Then Grandmother said to the next older grandchild: "Take this apple, eat it, and bring me every seed out of it."

Grandmother gave us one by one, all ten of us, an apple, and to all of us, one by one, she said: "Take this apple, eat it, and bring me every seed out of it."

Then we went out of Grandmother's room, all ten of us in a row, and we went to the path that ran by the camellia-japonica hedge, and there we sat down all in a row.

Then the oldest grandchild of all said: "Did n't Grandmother say that very solemnly to us?"

Then the next older grandchild said: "I felt so strangely as she said it!"

Then the next older grandchild said: "But there is nothing for us to do but to eat them."

And so we sat all in a row, all ten of us, and began to eat our apples.

We were talking of many things and we had eaten our apples nearly down to the core when the oldest grandchild of all cried: "Oh, the seeds!"

Then the next older of all the grandchildren cried: "Don't forget to save the seeds!"

Then "Judge," who had gotten farther down in his apple than any of us said: "I am saving mine."

And he held out a magnolia leaf turned upside-down, and there on the brown lining of the leaf were already laid two apple seeds and he was eating down to the others.

So then we all, all ten of us, picked up magnolia leaves, and turned them upside-down, and put the apple seeds on them.

When all the apples were eaten, and all the seeds saved, we found that some had six seeds, some had five, and some had even eight. Then we talked a long time about how was the best way to carry to Grandmother the seeds that she had told us to bring back.

And we decided to go one by one in a row, all ten of us, carrying the apple seeds carefully on the inside of the magnolia leaves, as if they were

on waiters, and, beginning at the youngest, to go to Grandmother, one by one, and to say: "Thank you, Grandma, we enjoyed the apples very much; and here are the seeds you told us to bring you."

So we went one by one in a row, all ten of us, and, beginning at the youngest, we said one after the other: "Thank you, Grandma, we enjoyed the apples very much, and here are the seeds you told us to bring you."

Then Grandmother took the first magnolia leaf with the seeds on it that was handed to her and she wrote on the brown lining of the leaf with the point of her knitting needle: "Amy."

Then on the brown lining of the next leaf she wrote: "Tom."

And on the brown lining of every leaf she wrote with the point of the knitting needle the name of the little grandchild who brought the leaf.

Then she said: "Run away now! Every one of you ten grandchildren! Run to the rose-terraces to play. And don't let me hear of you again to-day!"

And we went.

The next morning—early, *early,* EARLY,—for it was Christmas morning,—just after Stocking-Opening-Time,—Dilsey, Grandmother's own black maid, went to every room in the house where a little girl or a little boy slept. And Dilsey handed in at the door of every room to which she went a little tiny white box.

At every door to which Dilsey went she said just outside the door, when it was opened to her knock, just as Grandmother had told her to say: "A happy Christmas Day from Grandma!"

When every little girl, and when every little boy, opened the tiny white boxes,—there were ten tiny white boxes because there were ten grandchildren,—there in each box was a small white card. And on the small white card was a tiny white bag of meal! (or what looked like a tiny bag of meal).

And there were mice—tiny, tiny, little brown mice—running over the card and after the meal! (or what seemed to be little mice running over the card and after the meal).

And when a little later we all got together in the hall, all ten of us grandchildren, to show to each other and to talk over our early Christmas boxes, we found that some had five mice, and some had six mice, and some had even as many as eight mice on the white cards running after the meal.

And then "Judge" remembered that he had had just six apple seeds. And now he had just six mice. And then one by one we remembered until all of us had remembered how many apple seeds we had had—and then we knew that the apple seeds had turned into little mice!

Yes, these were the apple seeds that Grandmother had told us to be sure to bring back to her.

Those little mice all had little whiskers of black silk thread to their little pointed noses! Those little tiny mice all had little tails of black silk thread. Those little mice all had little legs of black silk thread stitches that fastened them to the white cards.

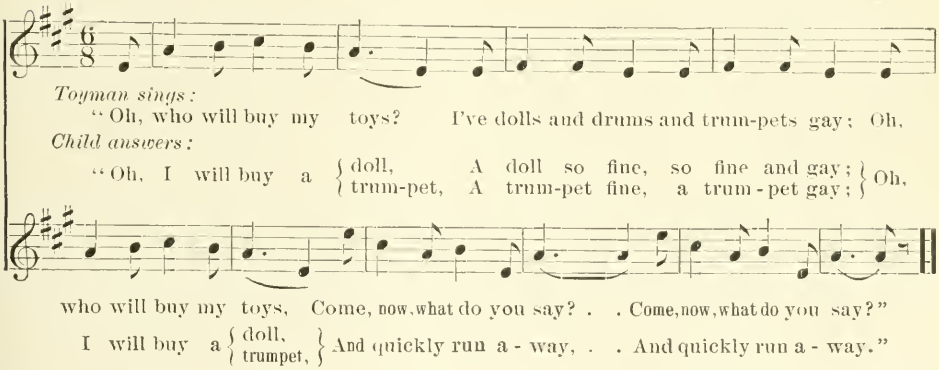
We looked at and talked over those little mice and those little bags of meal, off and on, all Christmas Day: they were so funny.

But we could n't guess what the bags were made out of until at last the oldest grandchild of all the ten grandchildren said: "Grandmother's wedding gloves!" Then we knew.

The ten little bags were the ten finger and thumb tips of the wedding gloves. The tips were turned wrong-side-out, to look soft like meal bags, —and were stuffed with cotton.

THE TOYMAN.

EDITH E. LEE. French Nursery Song.



The names of other toys may be sung instead of dolls and drums and trumpets.

Several children or even half of all in the kindergarten may take the part of the toyman instead of one child taking it alone. The rest of the children may be buyers, all those who wish to buy dolls going forward in one group, then those who wish to buy trumpets, then those who wish to buy drums, and so on till all have had a chance to buy the toyman's wares.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

HELEN EKIN STARRETT. MRS. CROSBY ADAMS.

1. The snowflakes are fall - ing, The frost's in the air, But
2. The joy - bells are ring - ing, For Christ - mas is near, To

Christ - mas is com - ing, And what do we care! Old
ev - 'ry - one bring - ing, Its joy and its cheer. Kind

San - ta Claus knock - ing Per - haps we may hear; Hang
Fa - ther in heav - en, Oh! hear while we pray, And

up ev - 'ry stock - ing, Each child he holds dear.
give to all peo - ple A glad Christ - mas day.

Used by arrangement with the owner of the copyright, Mrs. Crosby Adams, 40 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., from whom the carol may be obtained in leaflet form.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

SPIRITUAL MOTHERHOOD, the kindergartner's ideal, beams from the Madonna faces portrayed in the wonderful old paintings. Mother-love is one of the most precious and most appreciated themes which can be presented to little children, whether through picture or song, story or play. How natural, therefore, that a Madonna picture should be the first choice, as it generally is, for the kindergarten room. But one Madonna at a time is enough for the children. The kindergartner enjoys going from picture to picture and discovering each painter's idea of a typical mother. She can understand the tireless striving of artists to depict that especial Mother and Child which naturally stands for the holiest example of motherhood and childhood. But little children view the picture as the real portraits of the Christ Child and his mother, and the contradiction of different pictures is neither edifying nor pleasurable for the very young children. "Oh, yes; I know. It 's another of 'em." This was the remark in a weary, half-impatient tone, by a little fellow in kindergarten; and the occasion of the remark was the showing of a new Madonna picture which had just been presented to the kindergartner, and which she, in her pleasure, had taken to the morning circle. Similar anecdotes could probably be furnished by almost anyone associated with children in these days of the multiplicity of reproductions of famous paintings. This one is quoted for the working hint which it conveys.

THE FRONTISPIECES hitherto given in our December number have been from the world's treasured pictures of Madonna and Child. Since these and several other Madonna pictures may now be obtained separately from the publishers of KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, we have chosen this year to offer a Christmas scene which kindergarten children will recognize as one taken from kindergarten life. Put the picture up somewhere in the kindergarten on a level with the children's eyes, and keep it there not

only through the Christmas preparations but after the holidays, then particularly. Can we not imagine the wave of happy memory which will sweep over the children as they look, after vacation, at the pictured Christmas tree?

THE COST OF PUBLIC KINDERGARTENS is a subject which is challenging serious consideration in many quarters, especially in our large cities. School boards, having established kindergarten after kindergarten, find themselves ground between the upper and nether millstones of a still imperative educational demand and an inadequacy of public school funds. Even before the advent of the kindergarten, school boards were chronically in need of money; since the birth of this new educational babe, they are in tighter straits than ever. What shall they do? They have not the heart to put the lusty, promising infant out of existence; yet, shall they feed this playful creature to the full, while the older children of the school system have the same old scanty fare? If the public cow, like the one in Robert Louis Stevenson's child-verse, would only give milk "with all her might" how delightful it would be! But she has the bad fashion of holding her financial milk back, and the educational family suffers.

"WHENEVER IT IS URGED that the kindergarten is expensive," says Mr. L. H. Jones, superintendent of instruction in Cleveland, O., "I feel like saying that it is no more so than the street school whose place it takes; only, the kindergarten must be paid for *now*, while the street school must be paid for in the future with heavily compounded interest. I cannot urge too strongly that public sentiment be cultivated in favor of the kindergarten until we shall all of us feel willing to be more heavily taxed for its support."

School superintendents and others who have traced the results of kindergarten education upon public school children in later years are decided in their conviction that kindergarten saves a year at least in the time spent in the later grades. Ought not this saving to be put to the financial credit of the kindergarten when its cost is being considered?

Mr. Soldan, superintendent of schools in St. Louis, says that the average child in that city attends school only a little over five years. Mr. Jones refers to the difficulty experienced by all school authorities in keeping pupils in school beyond the ages of thirteen and fourteen years, and for this reason urges the importance of beginning the education and training of children at the earliest age practicable. The extra year

or two years gained in this way, he considers one of the great benefits consequent upon the advent of kindergartens into the public schools.

The value of tuition for a child four years old, in a kindergarten, half a day, may be as great as the value of the tuition of a pupil sixteen years old, in a high school, a whole day. But even if this value be not conceded to the kindergarten as a basis in the education of the high school pupil, it must be conceded when the importance of the kindergarten in the education of the nation at large is considered.

Spend sufficient money on the kindergarten and other early education of the child and he will be better worth the expense of high school education. Moreover, because of his better development and preparation, that expense would then give larger returns. Was it not a college professor who told the rich man,—father of a ne'er-do-weel son,—that there was no use in putting a $4,000 education on a $40 boy?

When the comparison of hours and tasks of primary teachers and kindergartners comes up, as it naturally does where these are working side by side, had not the question of reconstruction (ever a difficult one) better be considered in favor of more reasonable conditions for primary teachers, rather than for saddling upon kindergartners the traditional disabilities of the primary teachers?

Any period of reconstruction is sure to bring rubs and pains and sorenesses to individuals. That is in the very nature of things. The introduction of so humane a thing as the public kindergarten has caused not only a revolution in primary methods to a large extent, but it has caused also the revolt of the primary teacher. "Why" says the primary teacher, "should I teach a whole school day when the kindergartner teaches only half a day? Go to! I will rebel!" And this rebellion is often one element in the school board's worry. Verily, as a Boston *Transcript* investigator has said: "The school question has many aspects; and methods of improvement can be suggested only after an impartial and careful investigation of all the conditions has been made." It may turn out that kindergartens ought not to be modified so as to cost less, but that the conditions in other grades ought to be improved, whether they then cost more or not.

The friends of the kindergarten can do no better service to it and to education in general, at the present moment, than by giving thoughtful consideration to this question of expense. Whatever needless expense, if any, is now being incurred in the

provision and maintenance of kindergartens, and in other expenditures of school moneys, must be vigorously sought out and curtailed. The kindergarten needs no pampering. The pressing question is: What is best and wisest for the child? This includes the provision of well-educated, properly-trained kindergartners and teachers, and right conditions for them to live and work in. "In the ultimate analysis, there remains only one object for which the schools exist; that is, the pupil. * * Buildings, equipment, boards of education, teachers, are all means directed to raising the pupil to his proper position as a factor of our complex civilization. The teacher is not only the most important of these means, but easily outweighs all the rest." (Supt. Gorton, Yonkers, N. Y.)

The nation can afford all that any of its children need in the way of education. It can afford it without chipping and sparing where vital results are concerned. It is a shame for a great rich nation like ours to have children standing outside of the schoolhouse doors in its proudest cities, longing to get in and refused because of lack of room. It is a shame for children to be herded into half-lit rooms without good air to breathe and with un-"sanitary arrangements" which are pronounced over and over again by boards of health to be very offensive, foul and unhealthy. It is a shame for us to have teachers loaded down with sixty or seventy children to care for and try to instruct for five hours or so a day. We all know, if we will take thought about it, that we are asking the impossible and the ridiculous under such conditions. Shall our American cities say supinely: "My poverty, and not my will, consents"? It is the unaroused will, alas! which consents to all these deficiencies and abuses and over-grievous burdens.

Now that the annual report of the I. K. U. has appeared, it behooves kindergartners to "live up to their privileges" with respect to reading it. It gives a fuller account than usual of the annual meetings, including a number of the papers read at the conferences on Gifts and Occupations and on Training, and letters of greeting from foreign friends. It also gives the general information about the Union, (Officers, Committees, Branches, Reports of Secretaries and Treasurer, Constitution, etc.) which should be read by every kindergartner.

"But I never see those reports!" This is a reply often given when a seeker after knowledge of I. K. U. affairs or management is referred to the reports. Now, every branch of the

Union is entitled to copies of the report in good proportion to the number of members. Every member of a branch, therefore, can easily procure a copy.

The Union is attaining the success of numbers, (65 branches, 6,302 annual and life members); of a good balance on the right side of the treasurer's account, ($551.38); and of enthusiastic and helpful annual meetings, which have had marked influence upon public opinion where they have been held. But the organization needs, as do all such organizations, each member's interested attention to its aims and doings, its management and its publications. Wherefore, again we urge members to procure from the secretaries of the branches these new reports for early perusal.

In his witty, half-true (and therefore the more exasperating) article in the October *Atlantic*, Dean Briggs has expressed Some Old Fashioned Doubts about the New Education. Like other articles which have appeared so frequently of late in this same periodical, it is in natural response to the many New-Fashioned Doubts about the Old Education, which, pricking the souls of the "new" men and women, have already greatly modified educational thought and action.

Heartily admiring and honoring the dean of Harvard University for his special power in the field of his responsibilities, and, delighting in his genial style, we cannot help wishing that he were not quite so old-fashioned in this instance. We should so like to have his eye for the ridiculous and his rallying skill put to uses which we could imagine! But as legitimate material for fun-making, what could have served his purpose better than that extract, from Miss Fletcher's "kindergarten" method in music, about the Major Flat family? It is so choicely dreary! O Kindergarten! "what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Well! by and by, the *Atlantic* will have had its fill of presenting educational articles based on misconceptions and half-conceptions as well as right conceptions; while, in the meantime, the kindergarten and the rest of the new education will have been moving calmly and quietly in their conquering course. And the "old-fashioned" men and "inner resistance" apostles, having said their say and had a respectful hearing, will themselves have become modified without knowing it!

A TREE THAT HELPED.

By Elise Morris Underhill.

WHATEVER may have been the surprise of our spruce tree at finding itself transferred from the snowy solitudes of its native hills to the noisy surroundings of lower New York, its surprise could not have been greater than that of the children when they walked into their kindergarten room on the Monday before Christmas, and were greeted by the green, fragrant branches of their sylvan visitor.

Understand it they could not. Had it grown overnight, like Jack's beanstalk? Who had brought it? Where had it come from, this fair tree?—perhaps the first ever touched by some of these children, certainly the first that had ever belonged to them. It was a miracle, this stately spruce;—something to be believed in, because seen, but in nowise to be understood.

At first it was enough just to have it in the same room—to live with it, feel it, smell it, to climb under and around it. By-and-by, however, some one wanted to "play birdie," and, in the twinkling of an eye, behold a roomful of fluttering "wings" and tripping feet. Finally, the birds and their nests from the cabinet once more found themselves in their natural environment. From that time the bird song meant something *real*.

The day before Christmas, the question was raised as to what we should do with the many chains, baskets, presents, etc., that busy fingers had been working upon during the past weeks. Where could we put them, so that mothers and fathers should see and appreciate all that had been done to make the Christmas party a beautiful one? Where, indeed, but upon the tree! And before the day was over the children's busy fingers had labored further to such good purpose that each bough had exchanged its robe of emerald for one of rainbow brilliancy. After the departure of the children other fingers went to work to help Santa Claus a little, till finally the result was a veritable fairy tree.

You should have seen the children when they arrived the next morning! It would have been worth a long journey simply to come within the radius of such joy! And the mothers and fathers who could and did come—well, there is n't the shadow of a doubt that they considered the time well spent.

However, the Christmas party had to come to an end, as all things do, and its close saw the spruce once more in its quiet, green dress, keeping watch in a silent room until the passing of the old year and the birth of the new, which should herald the return of the trooping children.

There may be those who think that the mission of a Christmas tree ends when it has borne its part in the

CHILDREN SITTING WORKING ON A TREE.

Christmas celebration, and has aided the immortal Saint Nick by receiving upon its spreading branches a part of his yearly burden. If there be any who so believe, I would ask them to consider what the tree came to mean to the children in the months that followed the blessed peace season and then to judge if it was not worth while to make it a year-round friend instead of a day's acquaintance.

When the arrival of the "Little New Year" brought us together again we found that something was happening to the spruce. Slowly but surely its branches were shaking down their covering of dark-green needles, until that part of the floor underneath the tree was covered with a fine, soft carpet. It was sad to see bare, brown boughs; but, since that was Nature's way, it was no harm to assist her a little; and what fun it was to hear and feel the patter of the needles if one but touched a branch ever so gently. And, since it *was* Nature's way, there must be some compensation for the loss of beauty; so when it was discovered how well we could see and touch the rough bark of the trunk, and how much could be done with the big branches and the baby twigs,—which were really and actually made of "wood," and could be sawed off to help us play woodcutter and carpenter—why then the falling of the needles did not seem to matter much. In fact, the needles' sphere of usefulness had greatly enlarged. In mass, they made beautiful pictures on the table, and our farmyard was able to have a green carpet, whenever we wished, which really looked grassy.

Then the twigs. It is next to impossible to tell what was done with their help, because that would involve a pretty complete *résumé* of six months' work. It was the exception where they could n't be used in one way or another; and, it may be said, the suggestions for their use nearly always came from the children.

The tree became to them an inexhaustible fount of supply, from which they drew daily and to which they turned for the fulfillment of hosts of their ideas.

Of course, they used twigs for laying forms, instead of the regular sticks. They took some home. They made trees out of them for the farmyard,—fine trees, with branches. They gathered them by handfuls for imaginary conflagrations. They built stoves, and went to the tree to find wood to kindle the fire. Of this they never seemed to grow weary, and, as late as June, play with the Fourth Gift was a sure signal for some small voice to say, "I 've made a stove. May I get some wood for the fire?"

For a very realistic week with the blacksmith, we owe our thanks almost wholly to the tree. A small branch stuck in a piece of moss stood near a forge of blocks, on which was an (unlit) fire of coal and twigs which the children had gathered. The tree in the moss made a good hitching-post for the horse, an iron one, that was waiting to be shod; and in front of the forge, on the grass of green needles, stood the blacksmith, the crowning triumph. He was a long twig, seemingly made for our purpose, for there were two small pieces

of wood near the bottom of the twig which served excellently for legs, and two more near the top which made the most lifelike outstretched arms.

We tied a small, bent twig to one of the arms to serve as a hammer, and when we had added a little red hat, and placed his feet in a piece of moss to insure an upright position, there was a blacksmith who rivaled the one famous in song. He was realistic without hurting the imagination, and great was the enjoyment which we managed to have with him.

In addition to these uses the tree played many parts in the sand table during its stay among us. At one time there was a dense forest, made of the large branches, and really dark and gloomy in its depths. At another time we went on a visit to the sunny South, and our cotton field, made of twigs in the sand, with soft, white cotton on the top of each one, was pretty to look at. The children much enjoyed gathering the cotton in baskets and packing it to be sent north.

When the time came for the sap to run, the sand table became a maple grove. Large twigs, with paper pails hanging from their smaller branches, gave us as much "play" syrup and sugar as we wanted, while the spruce itself did actually manage to squeeze out a few drops of gum after being scraped with a sharp knife.

In pussy willow season the twigs, with some beans, made pretty pictures; and on Decoration day every child tied his small flag to a long branch, which he finally took home, after playing with it in kindergarten for a while. The tall trunk was pressed into service as a pole for the large flag at the same time.

When the birds began to come back from their southern wintering, *our* birds came out of the cabinet again, and the two bluebirds made a nest in the top of the tree, where there were still a few branches, and set up their housekeeping, with nuts for eggs.

During the summer the tree was removed, but to the children of last year who are still in the kindergarten it is very real yet. Only this week, and it is now November, they held a most animated discussion concerning it, and, when we used some of the needles which we had saved to help out our clay chestnut burrs, the children wanted to know where the tree was!

So its spirit is with us even now, and will be, I am sure, until a new reality shall come to take the place of a pleasant memory.

—*New York Teachers' Magazine.*

THE CHOOSING OF CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

By Adelaide Lare.

THE only way a child has of expressing externally his inner being is through his play. We then, as his guardians, should provide the means through which he can best portray his threefold nature. The gift should strengthen his muscles, awaken thought, appeal to his affections.

A mother said to me, "The more my children receive, the more incapable they seem of playing with their gifts. There is really very little pleasure in getting up a big tree and the rest of the Christmas finery. The children are indifferent, if not positively ungrateful!"

That is often true. Usually the modern child, by the time he is ten years old, is satiated. It is the grown-up people, however, who are responsible for this state of affairs.

Much more than money is required to buy a gift profitably, whether the gift be for a child or for an older person. First, and above all, one should love the receiver. Gay ribbons, sweet smell, tissue-paper wrappings, and costly trinkets cannot hide the fact, if the heart of the sender is cold and the offering is prompted by custom alone. Secondly, the giver should put on the glasses of his friend, and try to see the things which his friend wants, rather than those which the giver wishes to bestow.

And after this, both wit and time should be devoted to fathoming out the one thing of all others which the friend desires most.

Ah! the pleasure that comes from such giving! You do not have to wait for verbal thanks. The happy, shining eyes of the receiver, and the joy which he shows in being in your presence, tells, plainer than words, that it is you whom he values. The inanimate gift should never be liked better than the donor.

But parents sometimes say: "When children believe in Santa Claus, they think so much of him that we parents are entirely left out." You need not be; there is another way of getting close to your children. Let them have now the few years of mystical, exciting pleasure which a belief in Santa Claus brings, of writing letters and sending them up the chimney; this strengthens their faith in the invisible.

Who would rob the children of their delightful imaginings? Their impressions are probably as real to them as a certain school of painting is to the artist. By all means, let Santa be one of the children's givers; but you parents can, and ought to be, their playfellows; and who would not love a playfellow better than the giver of a plaything?

Froebel says, "Come, let us live

with our children"; and this is not alone for the children's benefit, but for the keen pleasure which is thus given to the parent.

I have seen a mother stand in the doorway while her child, an only one, viewed his tree and gifts for the first time.

No wonder she was disappointed at his lack of enthusiasm; the poor little chap was overpowered with the immensity and newness of his possessions. Besides, language is a difficult form of expression for the wisest of men.

If she had only taken his hand, and talked to him about the beautiful things on the tree and mound, slowly going all around it on a voyage of discovery! Remember, he thinks that Santa Claus brought and trimmed it, and naturally supposes it to be just as great a surprise and delight to you as it is to him. After he begins to feel acquainted with the beautiful new possessions, he will be charmed to have his turn in showing them all to Papa. He will need but few words for this,—his chubby fingers can do the work by pointing and touching.

After that the new train of cars can be started through the tunnel, Mother can arrange the happy family of little dolls in the sleigh, and her own precious child can pull the horses over the snowy road to the station, where Father helps them out and acts as conductor in getting them on the cars. Then away they go to Grandfather's to spend Christmas day. The real mother and child must be quickly changed into the dear old couple, so as to give the family a hearty welcome on their arrival. In this manner, play out all the doings of an imaginary day. Perhaps Father and Mother and Grand-parents want to sit still in the pretty parlor of the make-believe house while the children go to the barnyard to feed the chickens, and take a ride on faithful old "Molly"; and after this they coast down the little hill, and slide on the glassy lake. Then when evening comes all the family walk, through the crisp air, to the brightly lighted church, to hear the beautiful story of the Christ-Child and what he has done for children.

All this happy play will not take more than an hour; and oh! parents, are you not willing, on this the best day of the whole year, to give yourselves, for a time at least, unreservedly to your little ones?

A child must be helped at first in his use of inanimate toys. He does not realize their possibilities, nor is his mind capable of working out a logical sequence of events. Rudyard Kipling tells a pretty story of a little Hindu girl, whose playthings are only a few shells and rounded pebbles, yet who makes them live and breathe, and transforms them into many different objects. This power is possessed by all children; but if they are to play by themselves, without help, their playthings must be simple. Multiplicity, instead of producing creative activity, causes confusion; and the sense of inability to understand is followed by listlessness.

As to the distribution of the gifts

which yet remain upon the tree for the child. They must not be unwrapped and placed symmetrically on one table, as in the sample room of a store! Oh! no. If he is quite small, put one present on the vestibule floor, jingle the bell merrily, and let the child himself run and get the gift. He will probably think that Santa Claus was too busy during the night to bring all the goodies without neglecting some other, far-away child. You yourself know, perhaps, the pleasure of receiving a belated gift, through Uncle Sam, the morning after Christmas.

If it were thought a better way, the tree and mound might come from Santa Claus, and the other gifts from fond parents and relatives; then the child would have a double pleasure. But surely, either the tree or the most of the gifts should be kept for the afternoon. Perhaps, if the day is to be spent from home, it would be best to give the gifts on the eve of Christmas, leaving the wonderful tree sole monarch of the morning.

One holiday season a little girl friend of mine, about nine years old, took me to her playroom to show me her dolls. On the way up she seemed proud and excited in anticipation of showing her possessions. There they sat, arrayed in their best, twenty-four in number. "Oh! what a busy young mother you must be! Do tell me your children's names," I asked, trying to be enthusiastic. She looked at me in surprise. "I have n't named many of them; and I am not their mother, thank goodness!" Her own mamma had just two children and, to my knowledge, had in her little daughter's hearing pitied the poor for having the big families they commonly do have.

Gifts, also, should teach truth. Children should not be compelled to unlearn what they have acquired. Shall you ever forget the keen disappointment you felt when you first saw a live elephant, all dark smoke color, after your Noah's ark had taught you to expect a lovely pink one?

If there are incongruities in a present children feel it, although they may not be able to discover where the incongruities lie. As a result, they hate the present, *in toto*. My own experience is so vivid on this point that I cannot resist narrating it.

When I was quite a large girl, about eight years old, my aunt, knowing that I was exceedingly fond of dolls, conceived the kindly plan of giving me a finer one than I had ever possessed. On Christmas morning she followed me into the nursery, to see my first joy over my gifts,—her own being among them. The doll was a large one dressed as a dowager-duchess, in black velvet with long train, low neck and yellow satin trimmings; but—she had a round apple face like a child of three, and her front hair was caught up to the crown of her head, there braided in a little plait which fell over her flowing back hair, which reached to her waist.

I have never ceased being thankful that I had enough courage and tact to run to my dear aunt and tell her what

a fine doll it was, and how beautiful I thought her dress. But that was all I could bring myself to do. I could not play with the doll. Indeed, I used to hide her behind the lounge when I was alone in the room playing with my tree; and when, about two weeks later, my aunt left for her home, a weight seemed to fall off my shoulders. I walked fearlessly up to that doll, took her in both my hands, and shook her till her big, staring eyes rattled, saying over and over again, "I hate, I hate, I hate you!" Still she looked the same; so I took my finger-nail and gouged a long line of wax off her pink cheek. "Oh, you poor thing, did it hurt? Never mind. Now you look more like a great lady,—they are always pale; and I will try to love you."

It seems strange to me, as I look back, that it never occurred to me that twisting up her hair would make a difference; but what I have told of my feelings and doings is positively true.

The necessary point in the selection of gifts, therefore, lies, not in the number and variety, but in the amount of love, thought, and care you are willing to give in the choosing.

As Emerson says:—

> "Gifts of one who loved me,—
> 'T was high time they came;
> When he ceased to love me,
> Time they stopped for shame."

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Granny's Wonderful Chair and its Tales of Fairy Times. By Frances Browne. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

These are fairy tales with a history. Published in England forty-four years ago, they at once became popular, and the edition was soon entirely sold out. Strange to say, the publishers seemed to go to sleep on the pillow of this success, for no reprint was made until twenty-four years after, when six editions followed in quick succession, several publishers competing in the field and bringing the price down within the reach of a much larger constituency than before. Frances Hodgson Burnett, one of the generation which had taken such delight in the first edition, had never forgotten the charm of these fairy tales; and, not being able to get any trace of the continued existence of the book, she conceived the idea of rewriting the tales from memory and publishing them for the benefit of her children's generation, under the title of Stories from the Lost Fairy Book, by the Child who Read Them. One of the stories, thus rewritten by her, appeared in *St. Nicholas,* as The Story of Prince Fairyfoot. Upon this, the new editions which had in the meantime come out in England were called to her notice, and her plan was, of course, abandoned. E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York, have now put these stories into charming book form for American children. With all the testimony which time and circumstance have given in favor of Granny's Wonderful Chair, the Christmas buyer can feel sure of pleasing the children and making a good investment of money when securing this book, so lovely and excellent without and within. Some of these stories are in Heath's Home and School Classics, published at a merely nominal price, and reviewed in our last issue.

Nancy's Fancies. By E. L. Haverfield. With four illustrations by Percy Tarrant. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.25.

This book is true to its sub-title, A Story about Children; but it is at the same time a book *for* children, which all stories about children are not. It is wholesome and entertaining, telling chiefly of an earnest, imaginative little girl. Nancy has, indeed, many delightful fancies and fascinating dreams; and when she acts upon them, as she does in several instances, she is brought into dilemmas and adventures so surprising, that the little readers will be kept in a state of delight,—sometimes by wonderment, sometimes by the gratifying way in which everything turns out. The final wonder of wonders, which comes about in the restoration of the father long supposed to have perished at sea, will give thrills of joy to the heart of the child who reads about it and will stimulate his own filial love.

Bruno and Bimba. By Evelyn Everett Green. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.25.

A sweet little English story, refined and with plenty of incident. Five lively, artless, natural children lead a charming life, full of child thoughts about their own and their elders' doings. English heroes returned from war, beautiful English home-life in farm, cottage, and manor, a lovely lady who has a fragrant, thickly-grown garden, plenty of chickens, colts, a dog and a donkey besides the small animals of field, lake, and wood,—all these make the book-children happy, and will perform the same office for the children of eight or ten years who find the prettily illustrated book among their Christmas presents.

The Story of a Little Beech Tree. By Esther Harlan. Illustrated by H. Barnhart. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $0.75.

We cannot suit ourselves better in commending this thoughtful child's story than by indorsing some of *The Outlook's* words about it. "Every child is a natural philosopher; that is, he wants to reach the heart of things, and responds instinctively to what is true. Few children, therefore, will fail to enjoy The Little Beech Tree, in which many things that puzzle children are touched on, in the concrete way that they understand and with the deeper meaning that they are in search of." This is what one sometimes desires so earnestly and finds it so hard to get suited with,—a true child-sermon story. It bears the cheerful message that "in God's world there is nothing too good to be true."

The Animals' Trip to Sea. Described by Clifton Bingham. Pictured by G. H. Thompson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.00.

"Have you heard of the Animals' Trip to Sea?
What, never? Well, come, then, and listen to me,
And I'll tell in a while
How they went in fine style
For a trip in the good ship Crocodile."

So runs the rhyme narrating all the events of the trip from start to finish, while every one of the pictures is full of life and fun. From elephant, hippopotamus and giraffe down to rabbits and mice, all sorts and sizes of animals went on the trip and appear in the pictures. The variety of expression in the faces and figures of the animals is remarkable, and often most amusing. The grown-up who shows this picture book to a child will himself be entertained, as well. If you have among your acquaintances any little folks who are going on a journey, this book with its explicit description of the animals' experiences in packing, starting, traveling, and returning will be especially suitable as a gift to such children.

Field and Farm Friends, $1.50. Merry Folk, $1.50. Happy Times, $1.00. Sunny Days, $1.25. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Big flat books for the littlest people seems to be the publishers' rule, and a pretty wise one it is; for small children usually have some one looking at the book with them, and the larger-sized books are more convenient for two to hold. These books, too, exist mainly for the sake of giving pictures, and the large page is more advantageous in that respect.

Field and Farm Friends is the best of these Dutton-Nister, Printed-in-Bavaria books. The full-page colored pictures are delightfully field-and-farm-y, chickens, doves, pigs, puppies, geese, rabbits, goat, calf, etc., figuring in one or more of the sixteen pictures. There are black and white pictures, too, large and

small. The text is more an appendage to the pictures than anything else, but is perhaps better in this book than in any of the others.

Merry Folk and Happy Times are not only similar to each other in general style, but they have exactly the same matter, to some extent.

Sunny Days is a smaller book with a larger proportion of reading matter to the pictures. The best use for all these books would be nursery use by children too young for the stories, which are only "so-so" as regards quality.

PICCALLILI. By Edith Farmiloe. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.00.

Edith Farmiloe's child pictures are so "to the life," and tell their stories so well that Piccallili would be complete as a picture book pure and simple. Since the "personal touch" often renders a gift doubly valuable, here is a recommendation: First practice on some old, good-for-nothing volume until you can cut leaves out in a deft and neat manner; and then apply this skill to the removal of all the pages of print which are meant to elucidate these pictures. The reading matter is all on separate pages and the book will be improved by their absence. It is curious that the same imagination should work so differently through pen and pencil.

EDNAH AND HER BROTHERS. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.00.

"You do have such splendid ideas," said Donald, one of the three brothers, to Ednah. The fact is that all the children were children of ideas and resources; and when such children have a father and mother who are artists, and the family is in one interesting environment after another, why, naturally, there are novel doings. Think of having a buffalo spend the winter with you because your father needed a model to make a clay buffalo by!—to say nothing of having the real buffalo escape. Think of going on a gypsy journey and being taken for real gypsies! But if we specified all the points of interest in the story we should have to mention each chapter; so we will comment no further, but only add that Ednah and her Brothers is one of the best of the new Christmas books.

A GEORGIAN BUNGALOW. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.00.

We follow in these eleven chapters the life of an English family in a Southern home. Negro servants abound, of course, and they with their speeches and pranks enliven the book as does also the German governess who is so eager to learn the "idiotisms" of the English language. The book is sketchy and slight, however, and gives the impression of hasty or careless preparation.

SQUIRRELS AND OTHER FUR-BEARERS. By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.00.

Because it talks of the very animals that boys come across in their story reading, and ask questions about, this special volume of Burroughs' is one which people who are thrown with children will be glad to possess. It contains fifteen illustrations in colors after Audubon, and a frontispiece from life. A good present for a budding naturalist.

ST. NICHOLAS BOOK OF PLAYS AND OPERETTAS. The Century Co., New York. $1.00.

"Tried and proven," these might be labeled. They are published, not to seek popularity, but because of it, since they have been called for again and again after their first appearance in *St. Nicholas*. There are shadow plays, acting ballads, and operettas of vivacious type, with plenty of directions for playing and a profusion of pictures and music.

MR. BUNNY, HIS BOOK. By Adah L. Sutton. Illustrated by W. H. Fry. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. $1.25.

Warned by the nightmare-producing quality of the frightful monster in the first picture and the verse which tells about him, the seeker after picture books will, we trust, pass by Mr. Bunny, His Book, notwithstanding its innocent title and generally attractive color effects. The book is not without its good points, but it is ruined by the lack of discrimination, shown both by artist and author, as to what is good and what is bad. They have mingled coarse, frightening pictures and coarse, frightening rhymes with innocent fun in both illustrations and verse; but the bad elements introduced are so outrageously bad that the book, taken as a whole, merits only condemnation.

BIMBI, STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By Louise de la Ramée. Ginn & Company, $0.45.

"Ouida's" child stories have long borne

the stamp of approval. Five are here produced in a pretty cover, with good, clear type and at a very low price. Nor are illustrations lacking. They are ten or so in number and match the text well. As many French, German, and Italian words occur (mostly, however, names of persons and places), a pronouncing vocabulary is put at the back of the book. This, well used, will give not only a good pronunciation of these special words but hints which will save a child from over-confident and awkward treatment of similar words elsewhere.

A New Wonderland. By L. Frank Baum. Pictures by Frank Verbeck. R. H. Russell, New York. $1.50.

"These stories," says Mr. Baum in his preface, "are not true; they could not be true and be so marvelous. No one is expected to believe them. They are meant to excite laughter and gladden the heart." In the beautiful Valley of Phunnyland, where the scenes center, "the sun shines all the time and its rays are perfumed. Some of the islands in Milk River (in which flows milk of a very rich quality), are made of excellent cheese, and the people are welcome to spade up this cheese whenever they wish to eat it. In little pools near the bank, where the current does not flow swiftly, delicious cream rises to the top of the milk, and, instead of water-lilies, great strawberry leaves grow upon the surface, and the ripe red berries lie dipping their noses into the cream as if inviting you to come and eat them."

The fourteen stories are full of jolly fancies. Our favorites are The Ruby Casket, Timtom and the Princess Pat-a-cake (Timtom cured her of a very bad temper), The Civilized Monkeys, Prince Fiddlecumdoo and the Giant Hartilaff, and A Visit to Turvyland.

"Upsydoun, who lived in Turvyland, was the reverse of any young man the Duchess Bredenbutta had ever seen. When he walked he ran, and when he ran he stood still. He spoke when he was silent and remained dumb when he had anything to say. 'Who are you?' asked Bredenbutta. The young man kept quiet and said, 'My name is Upsydoun.'"

A New Wonderland is full of jovialities. It has not the vulgarity of Father Goose, and the style of its fun may be judged by the extracts given above.

The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

To find a book which has no flaw and possesses every charm is a rare experience: but this is such a book. Gay humor, delicate beauty and tender feeling pervade its pages. The illustrations, by Fanny Y. Cory, match the perfection of the text. What is quaint and mediæval in them is fittingly so, and does not obscure, even for a child, clearness of expression. The charming cover, heavy black type, and unglossed paper, do their share toward the general excellence, and the publishers' motto, *"Tout bien ou rien,"* which adorns the title page, will never be more fitly placed than in this volume.

Josey and the Chipmunk. By Sydney Reid. The Century Co. $1.50.

Fun and nonsense of the right sort characterize these rollicking stories of Josey's adventures in various strange countries where the animals, the only inhabitants, are as comical as any nonsense-lover could wish. Josey is a dear, winsome child and has something so sweetly reasonable and so natural about her that even the most marvelous situations take on a mystifying air of reality with her in them, which makes them the more delightful. Many a child reader will look up from the book with eyes shining, as did Josey's own, as if they "had been seeing wonders." Josey and her doll,—always smiling and always good,—and the chipmunk visited the countries of the birds, and then the countries of animals, wild and tame. Their last journey was to Topsy Turvy Town, where even the language was upside down.

Mother Lore. Selected by Mary L. Gaylord. Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. $0.75.

This is not a book, but a set of twelve cardboard sheets (9x11) with silver-printed borders, tied together with white silk cord to hang upon the wall, and each sheet containing some beautiful picture relating to mother and child with accompanying selections from various authors. These quotations are unhackneyed and are of a sweet and thoughtful nature. A Christmas present for a mother.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Des Moines, Iowa.

The work of the Des Moines Froebel Association has begun with much enthusiasm. The meetings are to be held throughout the year at the Roadside Settlement House. The first meeting took the form of a social day with greeting from the new president, Miss Belle Barnard. She introduced Miss Amelia Morton, principal of Irving School, who spoke of the new project the association has in view—the issuing of pamphlets through the year to patrons of each school on subjects of educational interest. Music and refreshments completed the pleasant afternoon.

At the October meeting, the subject Children's Rights was discussed under the different topics, In the Home, In the School, and Outside the Home and School.

The subject of the November meeting was A Plea for the Education of the Hand,' presented by Miss Olive McHenry, principal of Hawthorne School, and discussed in its special phases by Miss Brown, primary teacher, Miss Dent, eighth grade teacher, Miss Chapman, supervisor of drawing, and Miss Phillips, supervisor of kindergartens.

The program for the remainder of the year is as follows:—

December 12.—To Balance Fortune with a Just Expense, Join with Economy, Magnificence.

January 9.—Froebel's Mutter und Kose Lieder.

February 6.—Emergencies.

March 20.—The Child Every Day, Especially Sunday.

April 17.—Right Neighborhood Relationship.

May 15.—The Froebel Association and Its Work.

New York City.

The first meeting of the season, of the Kraus Alumni Kindergarten Association, was held at the Hotel San Remo, New York, on Saturday morning, October 27. Games in the Kindergarten was the subject to be considered and discussed. It was an open meeting and many training classes were represented. After the usual business meeting, conducted by the chairman, Miss Yawger, Mrs. Kraus read a paper, presenting briefly the whole subject of games, rhythmic, ball, finger, trade and dramatic games, with their educational significance. She laid particular stress upon exercises in rhythm as necessary foundation for the correct singing and carrying out of games—the *saying* of the words in rhythmic tones before singing, suiting the length of the cadence to the sentiment expressed by the words. This she termed crude Wagnerism. Mrs. Kraus's paper was followed by a discussion of rhythm by Mrs. Pashly of Brooklyn. Miss Close then took up the subject of trade games. The particular consideration of ball and finger games was left to a future meeting. Miss Anna Harvey was appointed chairman of a committee on Games. This committee is to direct and encourage the carrying out of games, one or two, perhaps, at each meeting during the winter, in order to gain a consensus of opinion about each game, as to the best method of playing it.

The meeting then became informal and there was much speaking upon the subject in hand. Mrs. Elliman, of the Elliman Training School, Miss Curtis, supervisor of Brooklyn Kindergartens, Miss Gibbs, of the New York Kindergarten Union, and several of the Kraus graduates aided in making the discussion lively and the occasion an inspiration to all present.

A new club for games and story-telling has been formed at the Clark Neighborhood House, Rivington street. This club is composed of girls and boys from six to nine years of age, many of whom are the kindergarten graduates.

The primary object of the club is to give these children an hour each week of pure, well guided fun. Anyone who has been in the slums of New York and seen the streets crowded with children who not only have nothing to do but no place in which to play excepting the street with all its impurity and corruption, will appreciate the value of such a club. Aside from the pleasure which the children derive from this club there are numerous other benefits. The games are so conducted that each child may feel his

own personal responsibility for the success of the whole. Any symptoms of slyness or unfairness, which traits are so inborn in many of these children, are at once rooted out and fairness in every detail is strongly emphasized.

Beside the games, a story is told to these little people, who listen eagerly to every word, and this adds much to the happiness of the hour.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Through the efforts of the club women of this city, a free kindergarten has been established in the old Thirteenth ward schoolhouse. After many months of patient waiting and effort has this work been accomplished, difficulties which seemed almost unsurmountable having been overcome, but a morning's visit to the kindergarten and a sight of the thirty-five little ones whose lives will be made better and happier by the undertaking will surely repay the noble women who have interested themselves in the work.

The kindergarten is situated in a large, light room provided by the Board of Education, and when furnished and arranged will make an admirable room for the little ones. Miss Fannie Davis, a graduate of the University kindergarten training school, is in charge, and she has as assistants Miss Taylor, a senior, and Mrs. White and Miss Vera Lowe, juniors in the training school.

The club women of the city generally have taken the deepest interest in the movement, as have some wealthy men and women who are not identified with the club movement. Already quite a sum has been pledged for the work, but not sufficient to carry it on for the entire year.

Boston, Massachusetts.

The Eastern Kindergarten Association held its sixty-ninth meeting, which was also the tenth annual meeting in the social hall of Mt. Vernon Church, Boston, on Tuesday, October 16. The room had been tastefully decorated with autumn leaves and flowers and over the platform were the dates "1890-1900." The usual reports were read, and in addition a brief historical sketch, indicating the events and changes during the ten years.

Fifty-two new members were received. With much regret, the association accepted the resignation of the treasurer, Miss Anna E. Marble, who has worked so faithfully since the organization was founded.

Miss Garland reported a successful year in the work of Elizabeth Peabody House. An annual amount of one thousand dollars for three years is promised, provided an equal sum shall be raised outside the annual fees, by means of contributions and donations. There is no time limit to this generous offer, but the officers desire to raise the amount by January first. The coöperation of the association and its friends is asked in this effort.

The committee on meetings presented a very attractive report, their plan of meetings having been made according to the expressed wishes of some of the members of the association who responded to requests for suggestions. The points emphasized were increased sociability, mothers' meetings, a conference with primary teachers, a book review meeting, and the opportunity to meet kindergartners from other fields of work.

The following ticket prepared by the nominating committee was duly elected: Honorary president, Miss Mary J. Garland; president, Miss Laliah B. Pingree; vice-presidents, Miss M. Elizabeth Lombard, Miss Lucy H. Symonds, Miss Anne L. Page, Miss Susan E. Blow, Miss Lucy Wheelock, Miss Laura Fisher, Miss Ella Bradley; recording secretary, Mrs. Channing Rust; corresponding secretary, Miss Lelia A. Flagg; treasurer, Miss Lucy Kummer.

Immediately following the business meeting, there was an informal reception and tea. The invited guests were the superintendent and supervisors of the Boston schools, and the superintendents of schools in neighboring cities and towns.

Brief remarks were made by Hon. Frank A. Hill, Secretary of the State Board, Mr. George E. Johnson of Andover, and Mr. W. D. Parkinson of Waltham. The occasion was much enjoyed on account of its pleasant social features.

Mrs. Channing Rust, *Secretary.*

St. Louis, Missouri.

The St. Louis Froebel Society met in regular session Saturday, October 27. Mr. Denton J. Snider of the Chicago Kindergarten College delivered a lecture upon the Life of Froebel.

Mr. Snider said: We must study Froebel's life if we would know the doctrine he applies to the child. His life

will illustrate the principle of the unfolding of the child from potentiality to geocentrism, then the return to heliocentrism.

To illustrate this fundamental fact the lecturer divided Froebel's life into three periods, which indicate the stages of his development and his work.

The first period is that of the "Youth Froebel." This period lies between his birth and the time of his first teaching at Frankfort (1782-1805). At this stage he might be called the "potential Froebel," this being the time of all possibilities.

The next period (1805-1835) Mr. Snider designates as that of the "Schoolmaster Froebel," this includes the time spent in school as an instructor. "Froebel," he says, "now knows his vocation;" it is a time of development, but one of estrangement, separation, from which he makes the return and then we have the "Kindergarten Froebel." This period extends from 1835 to 1852, to the end of his life. "This may be called the evolution of the kindergarten, which however, was evolving all his life."

This series of lectures will continue during the week under the auspices of the Froebel Society.

ELIZABETH J. LONGMAN, *Secretary.*

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

The third annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Kindergarten Association was held in Pittsburg, October 18th, 19th, and 20th. A large representative body of earnest workers from all parts of the state met to consult in the common interests of the kindergarten movement.

Fourteen associations were represented and all reported good work being done throughout the state.

The Philadelphia Branch of the I. K. U. joined the association this year and it is to be hoped that every association in the state will soon be represented at these annual meetings so that they may grow in strength and usefulness.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. L. P. Wilson, Johnstown; vice-presidents, Miss L. Macfarlane, Pittsburg, Miss Underwood, Scranton, Mrs. McConnell, Parnassus; recording secretary, Miss Brewster, Lansdowne; corresponding secretary, Miss Spencer, Erie; treasurer, Miss Culp, Pittsburg.

Miss Susan E. Blow, who was paying her annual visit to Pittsburg, gave an inspiring lecture on Dante at the opening session of the convention, Thursday, October 18th.

Friday morning was devoted to visiting the kindergartens of Pittsburg and Allegheny.

In the afternoon Miss Corey, of Erie, gave a talk on Art in the Kindergarten, Miss Swarberg, of Pittsburg, spoke on Nature Study, which was followed by a discussion on Free Play in which Miss Allison, of Pittsburg, Miss Spencer, of Erie, Mrs. Wilson, of Johnstown, Miss Culp, of Pittsburg, Mrs. McConnell, of Parnassus, and others took part.

Friday evening at the Carnegie Library Hall, Mr. Andrews, Superintendent of the Pittsburg and Allegheny Public Schools, gave a cordial welcome to the visiting kindergartners. Mrs. Wilson responded, and Miss Blow delivered an address on Education.

Saturday morning was devoted to the business of the convention as well as a discussion of Mothers' Meetings, led by Mrs L. P. Wilson, Johnstown, and a discussion on State Legislation for Kindergartens.

The delegates were most hospitably entertained by the ladies of the Pittsburg and Allegheny Association.

KATE SPENCER, *Secretary.*

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association of Philadelphia Training School for Kindergartners was held Saturday, November 10. The main feature of the afternoon was an address by Miss Laura Fisher, supervisor of public kindergartens, Boston, Mass., on The Kindergarten Program. The clear, concise exposition of the principles of program making, and the many and varied methods as illustration of them, made the address valuable to the practical kindergartner. Miss Fisher briefly recounted the errors of the past when the word "plan" was not allowed in the kindergarten vocabulary, fearing its mechanical tendency. The first revolution from this idea was the swinging of the pendulum in the opposite direction, and the selection of a specific *fact,* and the grouping of all exercises around this center. The children were made, for instance, to sew the crow, model the pitcher, model the crow, and sew the pitcher until with one voice they cried, "We hate that old crow and that old pitcher." These methods, while very superficial and external, were not so deplorable as the aimless drifting about with no goal to

reach, nor rudder to guide, depending only on the winds of inspiration, which did not rise in due season.

"The true program," said Miss Fisher, "should be based upon universal experiences of the child and child-life and depend on the following principles: I. The right conception of the Gifts, Occupations, Songs, and Games. II. The relation of these to each other. III. Their application to the nature, development, and experiences of the child."

These principles were copiously illustrated. The method of evolution of Song, Game, Gift, and Occupation for the kindergarten was suggested. Miss Fisher uttered a warning note against too much reliance on the interest of the child and not assisting him to self-effort, self-control.

The alumnæ and training class of 1900 joined in "Auld Lang Syne" and a social hour followed at Mrs. Van Kirk's home, 1333 Pine street.

ANNA W. WILLIAMS, *Rec. Secretary.*

At Chicago Institute.

Colonel F. W. Parker has come into his inheritance, into his opportunity for usefulness, at a good time and in a grand way. The schools of America need just what the Chicago Institute can provide, and what can be had nowhere else. An elective normal school has not been possible hitherto, will not be feasible in state institutions in many years. What Harvard is to Amherst and other standard colleges, Chicago Institute must be and will be to other training schools. The day is not distant when no one will be admitted to this institution who is not a graduate of some college, normal school, or kindergarten training school.

In the first place, the location is without an equal, on a large, beautiful lot facing Lincoln Park, where the students can walk through the loveliest gardens, among the noblest trees, in the most complete zoölogical museum, or sit beside the noble Michigan in five minutes from the time they leave the school. All of these privileges are utilized by the students. * * * Chicago Institute has a means of illustration by which any picture in book, magazine, or elsewhere can be thrown upon the screen, duly magnified; and animals, plants, or other objects, still or in motion, can be indefinitely magnified upon the screen for the class to enjoy. * * * Chicago Institute also purposes to give courses in library work in its normal and model school departments.

Unless all signs fail, the training of teachers will strike a different pace all over the land because of the phenomenal and wise beneficence of Mrs. Emmons Blaine. For the first time Colonel Parker is in position to show what his ideals stand for, and he has the teaching equipment to make the most of his opportunity.

—*Journal of Education.*

A kindergartner who has been attending some of the sessions of the Executive Committee of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, Worcester, Mass., writes as follows:—

I met missionaries who were home from many different countries, and as I conversed with one and another they almost unanimously expressed a present and instant need for trained kindergartners.

From Japan, India, Peru, Mexico, and China, came similar tales of efforts made to start kindergartens where furnishings and materials were at hand and pupils and native assistants eager to learn; but no competent, thoroughly trained kindergartners able to supervise and train native girls were in the field. When this state of affairs was disclosed to me, I said, "Why don't you make this need of kindergartners known?"

It seemed to me that doubtless others had appreciated as little as I the special adaptability of the kindergarten idea in the training of little ones in foreign lands, and the immense advantage which a kindergartner has, because her methods may be easily applied without waiting to overcome the obstacles of language and custom which cause the teachers of older children to "stumble" most grievously.

Now, the thought that occurred to me, knowing that three of my own class in the training school were already in foreign lands, was this: "Do the girls who are studying in our training schools and emerging year after year, filled with the spirit of the child-lover, intensified by the knowledge gained of ways of child-gardening, know that other countries are pleading for the services which a part of our own country, at least, values so lightly because obtained so easily?"

I have written with this suggestion in mind, and if any competent persons wish to know more of the places where

help is especially needed I shall be glad to introduce them through correspondence to those who are most directly interested in this particular phase of philanthropy and education.

—Florence E. Scott.

International Kindergarten Union.

The next conference of the International Kindergarten Union will be held in Chicago on April 10-12, 1901. The meetings will be held in the Fine Arts building, Michigan avenue, south of Van Buren street. The headquarters will probably be the rooms of the Chicago Woman's Club. There will be one public meeting, various conferences, and a few social occasions. The chairmen of the committees are as follows: Local committee, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam; social committee, Mrs. J. N. Crouse; finance committee, Mrs. C. L. Page; committee on credentials and badges, Miss Mary L. Shelden; committee on transportation, Miss Eva B. Whitmore; hotels and boarding places, Miss M. J. Miller; bureau of information, Miss Bertha Payne. The reports of the Brooklyn meeting are now in circulation. These reports are so full and interesting, that every kindergartner who provides herself with a copy will find it a valuable source of study and inspiration. Extra copies may be obtained from Miss Runyan for twenty-five cents a copy.

Mary D. Runyan, *Cor. Sec. and Treas.*, Teachers College, 120th street, West, New York city.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Japan has fifty-five free kindergartens conducted according to approved European methods under the care of educational associations. These associations exist in almost every important city-state and are composed, as a rule, of both teachers and laymen. Encouraged by the success of the free kindergartens so far established, the government is making some effort toward a general system of free kindergartens for the country.

The seventeen public school kindergartens of Des Moines, Ia., opened this year with a full attendance and are now fully organized and in excellent running order. The training school—in connection with Drake University—also opened auspiciously. Psychology, history of education, science, drawing, and music will be taught by specialists and the regular kindergarten work is in charge of Miss Hattie A. Phillips, supervisor of the public school kindergartens. Of the nine graduates in last year's class, Miss Lowery, Miss Bowen, and Miss Muffly are assistants in the public school kindergartens of Des Moines, Miss Stoner in public school kindergarten at Denison, Miss Park, director of a public kindergarten at Grinnell, while Miss Hunter and Miss Conger have charge of private kindergartens at Boone and Ft. Smith, Ark., respectively.

The school board of Newport, Vt., opened a public kindergarten September 10, with Miss Alice L. Beckwith, a graduate of the Chicago Froebel Association, as kindergartner. The kindergarten numbers thirty and Miss Beckwith has a class of twenty-six older children for primary work in the afternoon. The first Mothers' Meeting was held October 17, and thirty mothers were present.

The approach of the centenary of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen is to be celebrated by the simultaneous issue, in several countries, of a sumptuous edition of his fairy tales. The work has been undertaken under the auspices of the Danish government, Mr. Hans Tegner, the greatest living Danish artist, having devoted eleven years to the illustrations. Mr. Tegner's fellow artists are loud in praise of his work, Edouard Detaille declaring it to be "a veritable national monument." The originals of these illustrations are now at the Paris Exposition, and they will be shown later in London, and perhaps in New York. The Copenhagen museum is to be their ultimate home. All of the large drawings in the book are engraved on wood. Editions will be issued in Norway, Germany, France, England, and America. In this country the Century Co. are to be its publishers. The price is to be $5.00.

The course of free lectures given under the auspices of the board of education of New York city, began early in the fall. During the course lectures on the countries of the far East will form a leading feature. Syllabi will be issued in connection with the different topics, so that the system of reading inaugurated by Dr. Leipziger last year may be continued. A series of eleven talks on matters educational given on Friday evenings at the West Side auditorium, 318 West Fifty-seventh street, is a new feature. Eight talks have already been given. The subjects for December are: December 7, Percival Chubb, The Literary and Linguistic Development of the Child. December 14, Professor Edward F. Buchner, Our Mental Life, a clear explanation of the principles of psychology. December 21, Professor Edward F. Buchner, Curious Things in Psychology.

Miss Valentine Prichard, who has been principal of the Sacramento, Cal., Normal Kindergarten Training School, now has charge of the normal kindergarten training department of St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Ore. Mrs. Mary E. Sly fills the position at Sacramento.

The Mothers' Club of No. 6 school, Rochester, N. Y., was organized and held its first monthly meeting November 8, with most gratifying results. There was a large enrollment of members, including all who were present, a great deal of enthusiasm was manifested, and officers were elected to serve the ensuing year as follows: President, Mrs. John W. Kinne; vice-president, Mrs. Gordon Montgomery; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. G. R. Coates. The newly elected president presided. The first paper of the afternoon was read by Miss A. M. Murphy on the Value and Aim of the Kindergarten. Mrs. W. Crouch spoke from the mother's standpoint, telling by illustration how much the kindergarten has done for her little one. After the first of January it is proposed to hold a large reception in No. 6 school, under the auspices of the Mothers' Club, to which all parents of pupils in attendance at this school, from the kindergarten to the ninth grade, will be invited.

B. C. Gregory, supervising principal in Trenton, N. J., gave an address on The Application of the Kindergarten Idea to Grammar and Primary Schools, at the annual meeting of the New England Association of School Superintendents, held in the Boston Latin school, November 9.

The Richmond, Va., Educational Association, which began its work last spring, held its first meeting November 9, at the Woman's Club, and was presided over by Mrs. George Ramsey. The discussion in regard to matters of general education, was opened by Prof. Hugh Bird, of William and Mary College. The association has secured Miss Harriet Neil of Washington, D. C., to give a series of monthly lectures on educational topics. The first was given November 17, at the Central school and the public school teachers of the city were invited to attend.

Miss Ethel McQuethy of St. Louis, Mich., has been appointed teacher in the kindergarten department of the Deaconess's Home in Detroit.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and, by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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Will all kindergarten teachers in New York and vicinity forward their names and addresses to Miss C. P. Dozier, 29 West 42d street? It is Miss Dozier's aim to make a complete Kindergarten Directory and, to this end, she invites response to the above.

Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

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Ex 575 Song of the Lark.....*Breton.*
Ex 609 Madonna and Child.....*Dagnan Bouveret.*
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Ex 620 Arrival of the Shepherds.....*Lerolle.*
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Tacoma, Wash., is to have two more kindergartens.

The program for the kindergarten department of the Nebraska State Teachers' Association, which is to be held at Lincoln, December 26-28, is as follows: *Wednesday afternoon.* 1. Exposition of New Material for the Kindergarten, Miss Clara A. Danielson, Lincoln. 2. After the Kindergarten, What? Miss M. L. Lewis, Omaha. 3. Round Table, led by Mrs. Harriet Heller, Omaha. *Thursday afternoon.* A Play Festival, including Marching, Songs, and Games.

Miss Mary E. Windsor of Detroit has charge of the kindergarten work in the public schools of Trenton, N. J.

The Dubuque, Ia., Ladies' Literary Association, through its educational department, is doing excellent work for the kindergartens of the city. Recently an appropriation of $20 was made for the use of this department and the amount has been expended in the purchase of three casts of the Bandino by Andrea Della Robbia. Two of the casts have already been placed in the kindergartens of the public schools, the third is on exhibition in the class room of the D. L. L. A. The five kindergartens of the city will all be equipped with these casts.

Under the direction of the New Century Club of West Chester, Pa., a new kindergarten, which shall be free to pupils, was opened in November. The committee in charge rented two rooms over the office of R. Haines Passmore, on East Market street, and fitted them up for the use of two teachers and about forty-five pupils. Miss Grace Coy of Mount Morris, N. Y., a graduate of the Columbia Training School at Washington, D. C., accepted the principalship, and she will choose an assistant who is also a graduate. Miss Coy has taught successfully at Saratoga.

A new kindergarten was opened in the South Eighth street public school, Newark, N. J., November 1, under Miss Blakey, kindergarten director. There were eighty children in charge of Miss Mahon and Miss Kinney, who attended the morning and afternoon sessions of the kindergarten, and the class was considered too large.

The Sisters of LaGrange parish are about to open a kindergarten at Melville Hall, Grossdale, Ill., and report twenty-three children already enrolled.

The faculty of the Kindergarten College, Pittsburg, Pa., have opened a new department in connection with the regular college course which is known as the mothers' department. Six lectures have been given by Miss Susan E. Blow.

Miss Clara Summerlin of Boston has been engaged to conduct the Hyde Park kindergarten of Tampa, Fla., which reopened October 15, in a new and commodious building erected especially for its use.

Under the wise management of President Lewis W. Parker, a kindergarten department has been added to the Victor Mill school, at Greers, S. C., with Miss Clara O'Grady of Charleston in charge.

The regular monthly meeting of the Chicago Kindergarten Club was held on Saturday, November 10. Papers were read by members having the program in charge for the afternoon on Facts of Play as shown in Fighting, Property, and Trading Instincts. The subject was treated in the papers and discussed from the standpoint of the following questions: 1. *Fighting.* Of what value are competitive plays, direct and indirect fighting plays and real fighting, in the education of children? What is the place of fighting in racial history? 2. *Property.* What is the value of children's collections? What is the place of the development of property sense in the history of the race? 3. *Trading.* What is the value of the development of commercial instincts? Its place, extent, and meaning to civilization.

The twenty-ninth meeting of the Connecticut Valley Kindergarten Association, a branch of the International Kindergarten Union, was held at the Art Museum, Springfield, Mass., November 10. At the morning session Mrs. Maria Kraus-Boelte of New York city gave an address on Play, which was followed by discussions. In the afternoon Miss Alice E. Fitts of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., gave Suggestions for the Kindergarten Program. Officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, Miss A. B. Wilson, Hartford; first vice-president, Mrs. M. L. Stock, Springfield; second vice-president, Miss E. M. Munsell, Amherst; secretary, Miss C. E. Meacham, Holyoke; treasurer, Miss Florence Hill, Florence; auditor, Miss Josephine Barry, Northampton. Miss Fanniebelle Curtis, who has been president of the association five years, was made honorary president.

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The cry "More schoolrooms!" is heard from all quarters, even from cities which have been comparatively generous in the erection of school buildings during the past year. Supt. C. B. Gilbert of Newark, N. J., says: "Children seem to grow out of the ground wherever a school building is planted." In Boston the city government has voted $6,000 for transportable schoolhouses, accommodating sixty pupils each, which are to be used in those parts of the city where the need is most urgent. A clever way out of the dilemma, but "dretful shif'less!"

The annual meeting of the Franklin Street Day Nursery and Kindergarten at Detroit, Mich., was held November 5, and while gratifying reports were read from all departments, the ladies hope for further improvement with the ever increasing work. Since the management decided to increase the work along the lines of social settlement about three and a half years ago, the work of the home has grown both in scope and usefulness, and the ladies have decided that the name Day Nursery and Kindergarten does not express all that the home is. Accordingly, at the next session of the legislature an appeal will be made to legally change it to Franklin Street Settlement. The annual election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Gilbert Hart; vice-president, Mrs. W. J. Keep; secretary, Mrs. C. G. Crumrine; treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Gibbs.

Miss Fannie E. Burrage, a returned missionary, says of the kindergarten work in Cesarea, Turkey: The Cesarea kindergarten was very small at first, but it grew rapidly and larger rooms were soon needed. A house was purchased in 1894. Seventy-five children were in the kindergarten last year, with five teachers, two of these being pupil teachers. Four classes were trained for the work, but because of early marriages it is difficult to find suitable girls, and often after taking the course they will teach only one or two years. The mothers often are very ignorant; they are over-indulgent or suppress the child's activities. The kindergarten brings great change to these children. They learn to respect the rights of others and to be generous, and, while enjoying the liberty of the kindergarten, their hearts respond to love for their teachers and each other. Many stupid and indifferent children rouse up and learn to do many pleasant things. Mothers often ask the teachers to take their children from the street, where they play and learn so much that is bad. In the kindergarten the songs take the place of profane words, and in visiting the homes we see that our children are little teachers. The fathers and mothers are rebuked by them for swearing or striking. The children are allowed to come at the age of three, and are very happy there and loath to leave the kindergarten.

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Meyer von Bremen. WHO'LL BUY MY RABBITS?

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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ADULTISM THE ROCK OF OFFENSE.

By Patterson Du Bois.

IF there were a real dividing line between adulthood and childhood, and we could throw all the adult minds into one alembic and all the child minds into another, so as to get a concentrated extract or essence of each, we should find, on analysis, that a principal element of the first was its self-centered, self-sufficient egoism.

In an address before the International Kindergarten Union several years ago I called attention to the fact that mental disorder, or insanity, often—if not oftenest—shows itself in the magnification of the ego, or excessive self-importance: and further, that this is, in a large degree, characteristic of adulthood. No great educator was ever more keenly alive to this moral aberration of the adult mind than Froebel. He saw that it was the arch-enemy of Freedom, the prime obstruction to educational, and therefore moral, progress. The child is the family-maker. The child is not sent to the parent but the parent is sent to the child. The self-sufficiency, the self-satisfied exclusiveness of adulthood, is aberrant.

In the address already referred to, divers illustrations were given of the way in which this adult self-sufficiency—"adultomania," I called it—manifests itself. Those manifestations are often quite unconscious and innocent, and the more 's the pity. It is proposed, however, in this article, to call attention to just one phase of it, which editorship has afforded me special opportunity for observing.

In a paper contributed to the Transactions of the Illinois Society for Child Study, several years ago, Dr. John Dewey, with his usual acute discrimination, discusses "three great

sources, or three great movements, in the development of interest in the child," namely the political, æsthetic, and scientific. The first of these developed in the time of Plato and Aristotle. Under these grew the "conscious reflection upon what the child means, what he stands for, and how that child is to be treated if he is to attain to that for which he stands." The Platonic child "was such a factor in the reorganization of society that he must receive definite attention." But this was the child considered as factor, as instrument, in political organization, and not the child in himself. This ideal of the Platonic age is very much alive yet, but it is not in point here to discuss it. Dr. Dewey's second source, or movement, is the æsthetic. In this the child has "a symbolic, an ideal, and prophetic significance." He was born in the Renaissance. He is *"taken to satisfy the emotions of the adult rather than as a stimulus to action on the part of the adult.* * * * The child is a symbol to an adult, rather than a fact in himself, * * * a symbol of what an adult wanted to be, what he would be if he could, rather than a sign of what the child himself should be, and what all the forces should be directed to make him."

I quote thus at some length from Dr. Dewey because his is such a masterly summation, in very condensed form, of years of my own observation at the editoral desk. I could not guess how many scores, I might better say hundreds, of manuscripts, written either for or about children, it was one of my privileges to pass upon. But it can be said that a large proportion of those which grew out of observations of, or reflections on, child-life, had no other end in view than to draw a moral for the adult's benefit *per se* rather than for the children's. If a mother "wrote up" an incident from her child's life in which the child's unquestioning trust in her was the moving cause for the article's production, almost certainly could I expect to find a "moral" for the adult's sake only. It would be like this: "When my child so trustfully placed his little hand in mine I felt rebuked that I should be so slow to place my hand in my Heavenly Father's and trust him as my child trusted me,—implicitly." This is what Dr. Dewey calls seeing the child as a symbol to the adult. Instead of learning a lesson from the child as to how we should treat *him,* we use him only as an illustration of how we should act in an entirely different relation, a relation from which the child is omitted. This is the ego-centric tendency of the adult mind. The child will do to point an illustration of a truth which leaves him out of the count rather than an illustration of a truth that retains him as one of the principals of future transactions.

One of the most noteworthy instances in literature of this adult self-sufficiency—this diverting a child's capital to investment for adulthood instead of for childhood—is to be found in Coventry Patmore's poem, "The Toys." This poem, if we omit the last lines of moral, is, to my mind,

one of the most pathetic appeals of childhood, for childhood, in English literature. Let me quote the poem here without its diverting, misinterpreting appendage, or "moral."

"My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismissed
With hard words, and unkissed,—
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart."

There is the whole story. Its plain, straightforward message is written on its face. And yet so strong is the tendency of adulthood to appropriate the capital of childhood to itself, taking the child "to satisfy the emotions of the adult rather than as a stimulus to action on the part of the adult," that the immediate and primal message of the poem is supplanted by a remote and secondary one. But this secondary one panders to the adult's sense of self-sufficiency and the self-importance of adulthood.

Patmore's diverting message or moral tag is in strict accord with this almost universal tendency of the adult to employ the child as a symbol rather than to serve him in his struggle to gain possession of his own powers. Here are the concluding lines of the poem—the perverted moral:—

"So, when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said:
Ah! when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,—
Then, fatherly, not less
Than I whom Thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

The parallel is effective and legitimate enough, no doubt. But suppose, instead of spending himself in sorrow for his child's childishness in the hope that God will do the same for him, he should set about to inquire why his unkissed child finds more peace and comfort in his simple "toys" than he does in his own father.

Was the law which the child disobeyed a constitutional law or a father's caprice? Was it, in truth, disobeyed in spirit even if seemingly so in letter? If it was so disobeyed, how far was the father himself responsible for it? Questions like these ought to crowd so rapidly on one another in the father's mind that he would have little time or disposition to give to any vague sentimentality in the interest of his own supposed childishness under the forgiving fatherhood of God.

I say "he," but I do not mean the admirable poet of family life, who has just been quoted, but rather the spirit of traditional adulthood which these last dozen lines—beautiful as they are—stand for. It would have been easy to array typical quotations from other sources to illustrate the main contention of this article. But the uncompromising dominance of the traditional attitude of adultism—its self-sufficiency and self-finality—is the better demonstrated by citing an exponent poet of family sweetness and sanctity than by going to a less accomplished source.

Of course, if Patmore wished to illustrate God's forgiving attitude toward our childish weakness before him, there was no literary or moral impropriety in drawing his parallel in the poem of "The Toys." But it would appear that, to one thoroughly in sympathy with the child, the story would have such an overwhelming significance within its own content that any purely external parallel purpose would seem like sacrilege.

And what of it all? What of this intrusion of the adult upon the child's domain; this habitual subpœna of the child as a witness in the adult defense; this use of the child as a symbol to the adult rather than as a fact in himself; this taking of the child to satisfy the emotions of the adult rather than as a stimulus to action on the part of the adult in the child's interest? Only this: The undue interposition by the adult of his adultism—his point of view—between himself and the child is the main, if not the only real, hindrance to the child's proper development. Until we can see our adultism objectively, as the rock of offense, we are not likely to take steps to remove it. If our child-study does not help us in this direction we might well question its validity. At all events, let us concede to childhood the first right to the significances of child-life. Let us beware of mi-appropriating the spiritual income of the invested capital of childhood. Let us see in the child something more than a symbol for our own emotions. Let us not obstruct his development by a selfish adultism.

THE CARE OF PET RABBITS.

By Clara Dillingham Pierson.

WHAT is "fun for the boys is not always fun for the frogs": and perhaps some such statement would be true concerning even some of our commonest pet animals. Every kindergartner wants at least one pet, and it is often a problem what that pet shall be. We long for a globe of goldfishes; but, if we know anything at all about these dainty creatures, we know that their constant and graceful motions are caused by their never-ending effort to get away from the light which so distresses them. It is common to see the globes placed in south windows,

and that when no tiny grotto or shelter is provided under water. As articles of furniture it would strike the writer that other things are preferable to colonies of suffering fishes.

Caged birds are always interesting, but it is still an open question whether the little songsters are having their rights when captive. It is certain that most kindergartens are unheated for two days of each week, and the birds must be carried to some dwelling and left in the care of janitor or caretaker. Cats cannot live out of doors, and must be cared for in much the same way.

There is certainly need of pets that can live at the kindergarten all the week in perfect comfort. Then the children can see them in their home life, and not just as visitors of a day. Where even a very narrow strip of land can be used as a runway, rabbits may become residents and live prosperous and contented lives. They are exceedingly tidy little creatures, and can be kept near to the building. Hence this article.

Three things most necessary to rabbit happiness are cleanliness, dry quarters, and shelter from draughts. Quarters should be provided in advance. The hutch, or house, for one rabbit need not be more than two feet by six, and eighteen inches high; and the run, or pen, may be as small as two by six feet. The pen need never be more than three feet by sixteen except for a very large number of animals; and it is always desirable to have it long and narrow rather than square.

A dry goods box may be used for the hutch, turning it so that one side forms the floor. Cover the open side with wire netting, allowing part of it to open back as a door. Cut a doorway through another side into the pen. A round opening eight inches in diameter will do, and it is well to have a slide door, by which to close the opening in wet or cold weather. In cold weather, or when young ones are to be provided for, have a nest box at least twelve inches wide and high, and twenty inches long, with an opening at one end, and with the top hinged so that you can look in when you wish. Put a handful of clean, soft, dry straw in one corner of the hutch when you put the box in, and trust the nest-building to the rabbits. They will make their bed when they want it.

Make the sides of your pen at least two feet high of one inch mesh wire netting. Cover the top with the wire netting also. You can use the two inch mesh for the top if you wish. It is well to leave a portion loose, to be used as a door when you wish to clean out the pen. Have a piece of awning-cloth or some such material at hand to throw over the top of the pen in hot weather, or over the open side of the hutch when it is cool. Locate the hutch and pen where the rabbits may be well protected from dogs, cats, storms, draughts, and cold night winds. It is also well to have a canvas curtain hang over the inside of the doorway between hutch and pen. If you can possibly arrange it to have your hutch in a shed, you will find it a snug shelter in cold and windy weather, and you will not

have to take any further precautions during the occasional blizzards that visit the northern states. The hutches and pens should be cleaned twice a week.

Rabbits must be fed regularly, but not too liberally. Give only what will be eaten up clean, and do not think excessive flesh an indication of good condition. Oats are clean and wholesome, and can be prepared in various ways. Feed twice daily and at a certain hour. Morning and evening are the best times. For the morning meal, give a generous handful of oats, and either a small carrot or other vegetable or a little green stuff. Twice a week substitute for the regular morning meal a warm mash of equal parts of oats and bran, mixed to crumble in the hand under slight pressure. A little linseed added to the mash will keep the rabbit fur sleek and lustrous. In the evening, feed a small handful of oat hay and some oats or barley. To keep rabbits in the best condition, the grain for the evening meal should be soaked twice a week in salt water for two or three hours and drained for at least one hour. Use earthen drinking vessels and keep them clean, refilling daily. Rabbits well cared for have little or no disease and no vermin.

The crowning happiness for children is when the little rabbits are born; but it is a happiness often followed by sorrow, for the little rabbits either die or are killed by an older one. If the mother is given a hutch and pen to herself, a nesting box, and an ample supply of carrots, peas, and succulent plants, with clean drinking water and a little clean oat hay before her all the time, she should be able to raise six little ones to a sturdy rabbithood. It would hardly be wise to attempt to have her raise more. The adult males frequently try to kill the young, and sometimes the mother also attempts it; but she will not do so if properly cared for.

Let the little ones stay quietly in the nest, covered with the fur that their mother provides, until their own coat begins to grow. When two or three weeks old, they will show themselves; then a small dish or box of dry bran placed by the entrance to the nest-box will cause them to stay out more and prosper better. If the pen is long enough, put up hurdles eight or ten inches high and four feet apart, and the young ones will soon be leaping over them and getting the exercise they need. When they are three months old, additional hutches or pens must be built or some of the stock disposed of, for the rabbit brothers are quarrelsome fellows and must be taken away from each other and from the rest.

Because some dearly loved rabbits have been given the wrong food and quarters, and, through ignorance, been kept alive to amuse adults and children by their unhappy existence, this very prosy and matter-of-fact little article has been written. The advice which must linger in the rabbit-owner's mind is this: Keep your pets cool in summer, dry in winter, and clean and well-fed always.

TOOLS AND A BOY.

By Phyllis Wardle.

ASIDE from dolls, which give the children some object on which to lavish their love and care, those toys which afford an outlet for the creative instinct have been found to give the most lasting satisfaction to the children of our family.

One thing for which we feel deeply grateful is the fact that our children are capable. They can *do* things. This is their natural right by inheritance, and the tendency has been persistently cultivated; or, rather, we have supplied them with implements, and allowed them the opportunity to develop themselves. I believe that with more supervision better results might have been obtained; but this was not possible, and it may be that the habit of self-dependence has been better cultivated though the visible results are less gratifying.

About as soon as the eldest boy could sit up in his high chair, he was given a bar of hard soap, a tack hammer, and nails. He soon learned to drive the bar full of nails; and when they were all used up, we would help him to loosen them, then let him pull them out and drive them in again. Later, pieces of wood took the place of soap; and as we began building a new house when he was about two and a half, he had an almost unlimited supply of wood and nails. He used to occupy himself for hours nailing these bits of wood together in any heterogeneous fashion, without apparent design.

I wish now that I had some record of his first attempts at expressing a definite idea.

Shortly before he was four years old he was given a small box of anchor blocks, and I think he never had any one thing which gave him more satisfaction. Many of the designs in the little books were simple, yet, there were plenty of others more intricate, which we older people could help him build at first, and which he soon learned to make for himself. For putting them away, there was a symmetrical design on the cover. He soon learned to put them away according to the design without depending upon the copy.

Three or four years later he was given another box of anchor blocks. This time it was a very large box. We now consider this a mistake. A box half the size would have been much better. He was bewildered by too much material. Designs which used up all the blocks were beyond his powers. It took a half hour to put the blocks away according to the design, and if not so put away the box could not be closed. To put them away properly meant an expenditure of so much time and effort that he was made unwilling to share his blocks or lend them to the younger ones who were unable to put them

away. Thus we were obliged to choose between two evils—either he must be allowed to be selfish in spite of the unhappiness of others, or the blocks must be thrown in carelessly. In the end we chose the latter alternative, with the result that the blocks soon became scattered and lost. The same amount of money expended on a medium sized box for the older boy and a small box for each of the others would have resulted in greater happiness for each, and the educative value (which under the circumstances was almost *nil*) would have been preserved. I think that the tears and heartburnings caused by that box were equal to the amount of pleasure it gave.

Pencils and paper, chalk and blackboard, scissors and paper for cutting, the children have always had in abundance. Garden tools and a garden they have also. The older boy had a toy tool chest, but this was not satisfactory, so we gave him a few real tools as he grew older. A corner of our sunny basement is called the workshop. Here stands a carpenter's bench, and a well-stocked tool chest to which for several years Gilbert has had access.

Before he was five Gilbert entered a kindergarten, and attended a little over a year, as long as it was kept open. Here, of course, he had direct training in making orderly, symmetrical designs, and learned to manipulate the materials with more or less skill. Save piano lessons—begun before he was six—it is almost the only training he has had in that line. Now, at fourteen, it may be interesting to know what he finds himself able to do.

He is not a careful worker. He goes at things with a great deal of dash, but is careless of details. Not only is this true of any kind of work, but of his lessons. His papers rarely look tidy. Yet he *can* do careful work and sometimes seems to take great pride in it. It is because he wants to do so *many* things that he cannot take time to be careful.

His hands are large, powerful, and muscular. Had he not been trained and encouraged to use them early, I am positive that they would be so badly muscle-bound that he could now accomplish little that required quickness and dexterity. He is required to do some work about the place and is fond of all kinds of sport. All this tends to make the muscles firm, but not pliant. As it is, people seem to think he plays surprisingly well; and two years ago, when, for a while, he spent all his spare time in a printing office, he soon learned to set type with a fair degree of skill, this in spite of the fact that he had fractured his wrist but a few weeks before and the wrist was still stiff.

He and a school friend set up a private printing office in the garret about this time. They needed desks, and forthwith all the other children needed desks too; so all the boxes that they could find in the house or beg of the grocer were speedily converted into desks. Gilbert fitted up one for himself, with pigeon holes, slanting top, and door. A case which had held some kind of bottled drinks was used to make the pigeon holes.

About this time also he developed a desire for a pool board, and proceeded to make one. He covered it with canton flannel, nailed uprights all around it to keep the balls from rolling off, made pockets out of the cheese cloth bags in which sugar came, found an old rubber tire in the cellar and nailed it all around the edge to make a good rebound, bought several wooden balls, and made cues from old broom handles, tipping them with rubber.

The "immolation" plan advocated by "A Father" in the *Cosmopolitan* had long been in active operation in our home; but we did come near rebelling now when the dining room or parlor table was continually preëmpted and the house was overrun with boys, morning, noon, and night. The maid-of-all-work warned me that I should have no carpets left, and the *pater* was quite disturbed,—not that he objected to the game as played, but the name "pool" had a bad sound. I found it difficult to restrict the game to proper times and seasons, but the spasm finally wore itself out and the table was broken up to make something else.

One day in Spring the melting snow and rain made quite a stream through our lot. Gilbert rigged up a small model of a mill with a water-tight raceway and wheel, and had a fine time. When the small stream gave out he removed the apparatus to the laundry, turning on the water from the faucet to provide the power; and later, he rigged up pulleys, etc., in the dining room and used my machine as motive power for his mill.

Awhile ago, when the set of shelves made by his father to hold his playthings was brought from the garret platform to be a bookcase in his new room, it was Gilbert who stained and varnished it. His sister had a set of dishes, and he fitted shelves into a box and so provided her with a pantry. We have depended upon him for some time to do nearly all the odd bits of "tinkering" about the house. Only yesterday I had out a small drawer to which I was trying to fit a key. One key turned forward easily but I could not turn it back again. Gilbert, coming in just then, inquired eagerly, "Will you let me fix it for you?" In a few moments he had unscrewed the lock and taken it off; then, touching a point of the spring with the tip of his knife blade, he turned the key back. As he deftly screwed the lock into position again he remarked with just a touch of importance in his tone, "Don't ever call on a locksmith when *I 'm* around."

He knows more about birds, insects, trees, and flowers than I do, and is interested in all kinds of machinery. The train men near the depot show him how to manage the engine and have occasionally let him run the freight trains a few yards. He recognizes the whistle of each engine and knows how large the driving wheels are, and a dozen details that I never notice.

He has a clear, thinking brain, and stands well in his examinations, though not considered a model pupil, —being inclined to have a good time during school hours. He has an aver-

sion to study at home and rarely does study more than a half hour,—often less. But he is quick to get ideas and they seem to stick. After reading a thing once he will usually give a clear and concise account of what he has read. It has often pleased me to see how well he will bring out the leading thoughts in an orderly and concise manner, using excellent judgment and discrimination in the choice of words. More than this, there has lately come to my especial notice this fact: That he does not merely reproduce, he assimilates the facts recorded and gives them out in new forms and combinations. Lately I have been reading New York State history with him, so I have had the opportunity to notice this faculty. There is nothing at all remarkable about it, but I was interested to notice that in two or three abstracts which he wrote for me the other evening he made certain statements not made in the book; yet they were logical deductions from other statements given.

Is not this what psychologists call a constructive imagination?

This boy is full of restless energy which might easily have degenerated into mischief or viciousness. We often find him trying, but do not consider him "bad." We think that plenty of employment, a wide range of interests, and a wholesome religious and moral atmosphere have been and will continue to be a great safeguard.

THE ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS IMPORT OF THE KINDERGARTEN.*

By William M. Bryant, LL.D.

VIII. Kindergartners in the Home.

And here we may observe that if every child is indeed a son of God, then divine Madonnahood is seen to be universal. And the task of the individual mother is nothing less than that of taking the initial steps in introducing to the world that individual example of divine Sonship appearing as her child; and this in such way that in due course he will come to behold in each and every fact of the world the eye, the hand, and the heart of the universal Father.

And by as far as this is true, then above all things else the greatest need of the human world is just the need of a reformation that shall at once restore and elevate to its universal, living significance the idea of Madonnahood. For it is through that reformation alone that the subtlest, most beautiful of all divine instincts, the instinct of motherhood, can become deepened and clarified into con-

* Begun in October, 1900.

scious, reverent recognition that the holiest of all possible missions is that of the mother who truly mediates between a dawning soul and the eternal Soul of the World. In performing which task, too, she herself attains to genuine, transfigured existence, consisting in truly worshipful Madonnahood.

It is, in fact, precisely this conception that seems to me to constitute the immediate, inspiring nucleus of the whole of Froebel's "Mother Plays," and which gives to the whole of that splendid chapter of educational revelation known as the Kindergarten its fundamental tone. Only in the hands of women could the kindergarten be conceived as actually blooming into universal living form. And the kindergartner is just the elder sister who has heard the whisperings of the angels, and has learned their subtler import, and has thus become enabled to supplement the work of the mother by leading on the child, in the company of other children, to a larger comprehension of the subtle relations of the social world.

Nor does it seem to me that the full range of the kindergartner's mission is even yet by any means completely comprehended. By as far as the mother is unable wholly to care for her infant child the child may claim by right divine to be intrusted to the care of no other than one who knows the needs of the child-*soul* as well as the needs of the infantile *body,* and who will reverently deal with such soul as having an infinite destiny. And who but the trained kindergartner, and even the rarest among these, is equal to such things? The time will come—and would that it were come already—when mothers, and fathers, too, will recognize the deadliness of the sin of intrusting a child to a probably ignorant, possibly coarse and even vicious personage, every contact with whom must blur the vision, and pervert the sensibilities, and vitiate the will of the child. And all this on the plea of economy! Cheapest possible supervision for an infantile, helpless, immortal soul; costumes for the parents without restriction as to cost! Furnish the child a vicious teacher—and punish the child thereafter for learning the only lessons provided him! And yet, with genuine Madonnahood as its recognized central term, the Home must prove the first circle of the Kingdom of Heaven in its actual realization.

When men and women have grown wiser, and less selfish, the highest salaries paid to trained kindergartners will be for the care of individual children, and incidentally for sisterly companionship with the mother. And also, as may be said in passing, wise men seeking marriage will know where to look for worthiest mates! And, for the matter of that, every young woman in that coming golden age will receive the training of the kindergartner.

But this domestic feature must be supplemented by

IX. The Kindergarten in the Church.

And here we have to notice that universal Madonnahood, with its

divinely prophetic character, and universal divine Sonship, with its priestly, mediatorial implications, unite in demanding an institution in which the subtlest aspects of these complementary phases of human life in its divinest character shall receive their most effective inspiration. All institutions, indeed, are mediatorial. They are the media through which practical reconciliation in its more complex degrees is to be effected as between the mere rudimental child-soul and the eternally perfect World-Soul; between the primal chaos of infantile consciousness and the ultimate cosmos of matured personality. But the institution that seizes the problem most directly and with deepest penetration as to its actual import is the Church.

The Church, in fact, is just the outer, organic form in and through which human consciousness is forever defining itself respecting the absolute end and aim of human existence. If the family has its bond and inspiration in natural affection, the Church is the direct expression of that life whose essence is Love Divine. Hence is it that, in the estimation of the Church, property can be nothing else than a passing means to the unfolding of the abiding life of the soul; while the State is chiefly a restraining medium protecting individual men from mutual destruction. The Church must, therefore, unfold from within itself the special forms through which the individual soul may be awakened to consciousness of its own being and of the ways by which that being may be progressively fulfilled.

Hence it is that the Church has ever spontaneously assumed an educational function. It could not but look upon each and every member of the race of man as being primarily in a state of absolute alienation from God; and this from the very fact of such individual's initial infantile helplessness, and measureless crudeness, and self-contradictory character, as the immediate child of the primarily savage race of man.

Clearly, then, not without absolute self-contradiction on its own part could the Church fail to regard the whole educational process as simply the subtlest aspect of the total mediatorial process by which the individual soul is brought, stage by stage, into the state of positive reconciliation, of actual atonement—*i. e.,* at-one-ment—with the eternal Mind. As a mere self-seeking child of Time man is ever in that self-contradictory state which the Church describes as a "state of nature." Only when the individual comes to know and conduct himself as a self-surrendering child of Eternity has he attained or could he attain to a genuine "state of grace." And it is just the prolonged educational struggle of the individual soul through which transition is made from the negative state of nature to the positive state of grace—it is just this struggle that constitutes that ceaseless and fateful war between the flesh and the spirit of which the Apostle to the Gentiles gives us such vivid glimpses—glimpses prophetic no less than historic in their significance. And it is with perfect consistency, as we may repeat,

that the Church has ever shaped all its educational efforts with a view to assuring the ultimate triumph of the Spirit as against the Flesh.

And yet in its practical workings from age to age the Church is an engine of power conducted by men of limited knowledge and imperfect judgment and with passions but partially kept in control—men who are lifted above themselves, indeed, in more or less conspicuous degree according as they surrender themselves to the ultimate purpose of the institution as serving the most pressing spiritual needs of the time. The more narrowly the ultimate aim of the institution is understood, the less will its immediate guides allow it freely to meet the demands of the time. And by as far as this is the case, the mind of the time must turn to other forms in its instinctive, never-wearying search for mediatorial aid in its struggle to do away with the primal sense of contradiction involved in its very being as earth-born, yet God-born.

It is to satisfy this immediate, ceaselessly pressing demand of the time—a demand forever assuming new forms as the Time-Spirit varies in mood—it is to satisfy this demand that distinctively State Education was long since entered upon and has come to assume proportions so vast, and to put forth such marvelous power, above all in the modern world.

But also, precisely because it expresses the Time-Spirit, because in its essence it is truly *secular,* State Education tends to lose sight altogether of the ultimate end which the Church must ever hold in supreme regard as the one final ground of all institutions as educational, mediatorial forms. In their nature State schools do give and cannot but give their first care to what by comparison must be called materialistic aims. Thus they bear within them a tendency which, left unchecked, must work the dissolution of all genuinely spiritual interests; just as, on the other hand, were education completely under ecclesiastical control, the tendency must be overwhelming toward the mere inculcation of fixed, dogmatic forms, which in the end could not fail to smother all independence of thought, and thus to entomb religion itself.

Yet, in actual fact, these two institutions are but mutually complementary members of the perfect organic unfolding of the total mediatorial aspect of the life of the human race. Hence in the outcome they must be found to be wholly coöperative in their functions—the Church serving to keep alive, as a vital aspect of the universal consciousness, the Godhood of humanity as the ultimate ideal or end to be realized; the State, meanwhile, insisting upon the specific forms and practical methods required to round out the present actual lives of men.

It is thus that secular education will be, and is actually being, transfigured by the spirit of the Church; while the secular spirit, the organic form of which is the State, will keep the Church alive to the fact that the passing forms of the Here and Now are still the indispensable forms

through which the soul makes its way to "eternal habitations" in "that City whose builder and maker is God."

And so, though it might seem on superficial view that the State has relieved the Church from all formal educational responsibility, this is quite the reverse of the truth. The State is only proving itself to be, and that to a degree not hitherto anticipated, an effective auxiliary of the Church in the working out of the infinitely complex mediatorial process which the Church had formerly assumed itself to be working out alone. The Church is still an educational institution. Only, its specific aim may now be kept the more clearly in view, seeing that the State may be relied upon to provide the ways and means for the development of education in its secular aspect.

But besides its theological schools there yet remains to the Church a fairly limitless field of which thus far it seems not to have clearly discerned the significance. It remains for the Church to supplement this specifically intellectual education with what may be called a systematic review of topics emphasizing the ethical and religious import of every fact and principle which secular education has brought the individual intellectually to apprehend. With the head man believeth unto formulas. That is the intellectual aspect of education. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." That is the religious aspect of education. And the Church alone can command the means and develop the methods required to the actual unfolding of this latter aspect.

It is, of course, not to the present purpose to attempt the unfolding of a scheme of the educational work demanded of the Church in this new dispensation. One phase alone of such scheme may here be suggested as pertaining to the immediate theme in hand. The Sunday school has long been feeling after a vital form of infant class work. And this form—surely that is now clearly revealed through the thoroughly consecrated work of Froebel and Froebel's followers. What is to hinder the Church from adding to each of its houses of worship a kindergarten room where all the children of the congregation, from two years old to the age of legal admission to the public kindergarten, shall be brought together for two or three hours, not on Sunday only, but on every day in the week, to be exercised in appropriate games, and in positive religious spirit, and, of course, under competent kindergartners?

That would rest the mothers. It would also begin the social life of the child so early, and under such conditions, as to keep down the growth, alike of caprice and of all forms of infantile egotism. Following such sessions the children would return to their homes with newly awakened interests, and with a freshened spirit of genuine cheerfulness. The mothers themselves would learn, directly from the children as well as from visits to the kindergarten, many a lesson invaluable alike to mother and to child. And, through all, the Church would be proving itself at last to have comprehended in practical fashion those tenderest of all the words of the great Teacher:—

"Let the little ones come unto me."

THE END.

"I ASKED THE NEW YEAR."

I ASKED the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet.
I asked and paused. He answered soft and low:
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried.
But ere the question into silence died
The answer came: "Nay, this remember, too,—
God's will to do."

Once more I asked: "Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yes, this one thing all other things above,—
God's will to love."

—*Christian Work.*

PROGRAM NOTES.

By Mina B. Colburn.

JANUARY.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.—
We should count time in heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

— *Philip Bailey.*

Topics.

THE holiday season and what it has brought to us and others. New Year greetings. What January brings,—snow, ice. Winter pleasures,—skating, sliding, snow-balling. The calendar; seven days in a week. The general home duties of every day,—bed-making, setting table, washing dishes, sweeping, dusting; the child's relation to these activities. Father going to work in the morning; children going to school. The special home duties of each day,—washing, ironing, mending, calling, sweeping, baking, church-going.

Saw off branches of the Christmas tree to use in decorating the kindergarten, unless the tree was given to an Orphanage or Mission. Use trunk for flag pole.

Incidental topics: Objects of wood in kindergarten. Carpenter, sawmill, lumberman (more especially where logs are hauled past the school building). Objects of iron in kindergarten. Miner, blacksmith, grocer, storekeeper. Our dependence upon all these helpers. Emphasize quality of work.

MEANS OF PRESENTATION AND EXPRESSION.

Songs.—I am the Little New Year (Walker and Jenks); Jack Frost (Gaynor); The Woodman (Smith, No. 2); Carpenter Song (Mother Play, Blow); The Blacksmith (Smith, No. 1); Rub, scrub (Hill); Ironing Song (Kindergarten Magazine, May, 1892).

Rhythm.—Clapping in 2-4 time, one loud, one soft. Follow one musical selection by another in contrasting time, relying upon the children for changes in clapping. Children swing an imaginary sledge hammer (anvil chorus), or play woodman chopping tree (music, Smith, No. 2). Emphasize free rotary movement of arms.

Piano.—Anvil chorus by Handel.

Pictures.—Work scenes. Winter scenes. Mother Play, "The Carpenter," "The Charcoal Burner"; Landseer, "Shoeing the Horse."

Stories.—Black Beauty (told as a serial); Goody Two Shoes (Child's World); Maurice and the New Year (Child Garden). For older children: Snow Queen (Andersen).

Games.—Representative: Sleigh riding, skating, snowflakes. Washing, ironing, sweeping. Carpenter, using real hammer and nails. "In my hand a ball I hold" using 7 balls at a time. "One out" (Going to Jerusalem). Game similar to nine pins, with spheres. Sense games with wood, iron, tin, leading to discrimination of sounds.

Skipping.—Second child begin when first child is halfway around the ring.

Marching.—Two by two; divide, passing down opposite sides of room, and come up two by two. Two to the right, two to the left, coming up four abreast. Number the lines and march out in companies.

Free Play.—Reins with tiny sleigh bells attached. Doll's bed. Little dishes. Dust pan and broom. Allow children to get their hats and play visiting. Encourage them to bring their dolls from home. Use the kindergarten wagon (made in October) for playing milkman ; cylinders for bottles. A box filled with objects of wood, iron, etc., for sorting.

Nature.—Conversations about the weather. Note on the calendar sunny, cloudy, and snowy days, also indicate relative depth of snow. Winter birds. Watch for others than English sparrow.

Beads.—Prismatic colors (by dictation) and one white, making group of seven, the number of days in the week. Emphasize 3 and 1.

Gifts.—Third with Fifth Gift forms. Latter part of month, the Fifth as a whole. Building, according to suggestion. Older children, tablets and sticks for laying simple snow crystal forms, also floor patterns.

Sewing.—Borders around cards upon which are pictures (mounted or mimeographed) for the different days of the week: as, church (Sunday), line of clothes (Monday), flat-iron (Tuesday), etc. Children choose color of wool.

Drawing.—Maple trees; direction of branches unlike evergreen. Articles used in the home.

Painting.—Clear and cloudy skies. Tint a cover for little book of mimeographed songs.

Cutting.—Washtubs, brooms, dish pans, carpenter's tools, milk cans, buckets, etc.

Folding.—Snow plow. Folding and cutting snow crystal forms.

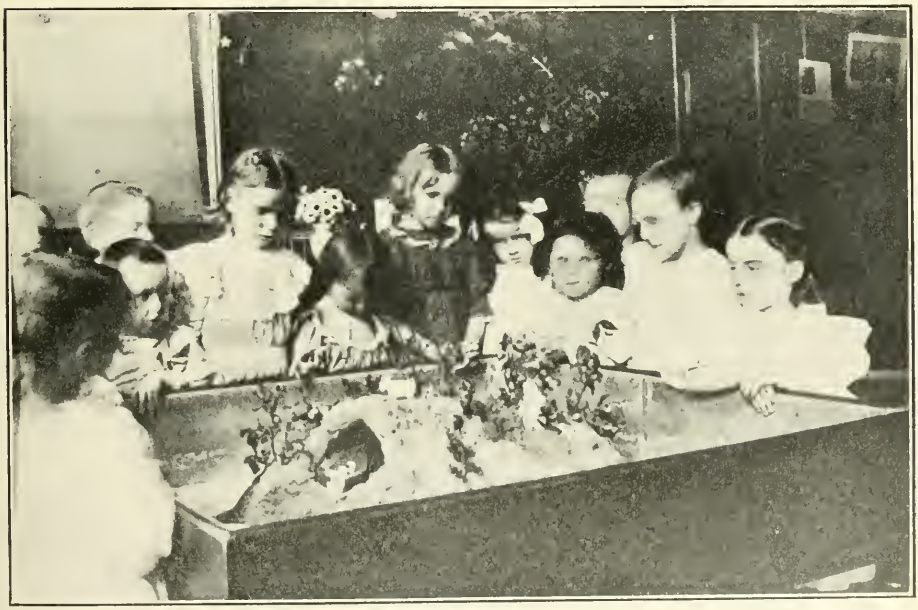
Weaving.—Two up, two down. Pasting scrapbooks of pictures and cuttings illustrating various kinds of work.

Other Handwork.—Have made in kindergarten, by a carpenter, a plain, two-story doll house; or teachers construct one by fastening cracker boxes one above the other. Help children to furnish this during rest of year.

Of braided raffia, weave a small workbasket for mother.

OUR SAND-TABLE WORK.

By Annie L. Preston.



Robinson Crusoe's Cave.

WHAT do the children gain from the sand-table play in the kindergarten?—or, rather, what might they not gain if we who are their guides and teachers would give more attention to this important subject?

There is so much that can be done with this plastic material! I believe

that its full educational use and possibilities are as yet undiscovered. It seems to me that the work with sand demands special study quite as much as any other branch of our kindergarten work; all that story, song, and picture fail in doing may be lived out, as it were, in the miniature world of the sand garden; and yet, one never hears of sand-table work as part of the training in a regular kindergarten course for teachers, although a haphazard lesson may be given now and then.

Anyone who has discerningly watched a group of children enjoying free play at the sand table cannot but be struck with the splendid illustration which it affords of how the self-activity of the child is increased; —the self-activity of the whole child, too; for brain suggests and hands perform. The free hand and arm movements induced are excellent for physical development, and the creative instinct in the child is appealed to strongly. The very delight of doing induces creation. I have watched the children at the sand table, making hills, gardens, caves, bridges, rivers, and many other things entirely without suggestion on my part, to say nothing of the reproduction of story illustrations which they had previously worked out with me.

One of the most delightful times enjoyed by my children during the past winter season was when we gathered about the sand table one snowy morning, only a small number being present, and the children built a hill in the middle, after which, at their request, I made a "snow-man" of sand. The sand being just in right condition, the children each made some very good balls, and at a signal of one, two, three! all fired at the "snow-man." As may be supposed, I had to rebuild the snow-man a great many times to satisfy the eager demands of my little friends.

My sand table stands twenty-four inches from the floor (without casters, I am sorry to say). The box measures forty-eight inches square, and is eight inches deep. I try to keep it about one third full of sand. This sand should be renewed from time to time. There is seldom any spilling of sand on the floor, for I have made it a rule to send a child away from the table as soon as he throws the sand about, or encroaches on his playmates' work in the sand; and I have found this method a good one.

For the benefit of the younger teachers and others who have never taken up this branch of kindergarten training, except in a desultory way, it may be well to give some suggestions relative to the care of the materials used in the sand box and also of the sand itself. Keep the sand not only moist, but as moist as possible without making it too wet; —otherwise the sand gets very dusty and becomes troublesome. Let the children help in this part, too; they love to water the sand, and with a small watering can they can do it easily. After a picture has been removed from the sand garden let the children dig up the sand and pick out the bits of sticks, leaves, and litter of any kind that they may chance to

find there. It has been my custom to remove the picture from the sand when the children are not present, rather than to let them see or take part in the destruction.

When using the Building Gifts in the sand, it is well to put something under them to keep the damp sand from touching the blocks; otherwise the moisture from the sand will warp and spoil them. A tin box cover answers very nicely for this purpose and can be easily hidden.

The sticks, tablets, etc., which are used in the sand should be kept by themselves, since these become discolored and rather dingy for use in the regular Gift work at the tables.

Do I hear some one sigh over the additional work which this means? But surely there is always work connected with anything that is worth accomplishing; and a little system helps greatly in lessening the care and trouble.

At the beginning of the year is the time of all others when free play should be allowed in the sand garden. Especially for the children who have just entered, the sand should be, at this time, as much their own as the mud out of which they have made pies in garden or street. Let them dig and pat and revel in it to their hearts' content. Except in the matter of spilling or throwing the sand, I should make the sand garden as much as possible their own play domain without interference, even by suggestion, on the part of the teacher.

I thoroughly believe also that they should have the privilege of free play all through the year.

The first step in the guided play should be the making of impressions in the sand. The children have already, of their own accord, been making sand cakes; now have them make other things of various shapes. I have an assortment of shells, dishes,

etc. These they press into the sand, being greatly delighted at seeing the imprinted shapes when the objects are lifted up. Let them copy the type forms, using first the Second Gift to take prints from, then making the forms with the sand. Let them draw in the sand,—first with the finger, and then, as the power to design is gained, with a stick. Let them lay out a garden, for instance, outlining the garden beds with button molds. The children are very fond of doing this. Making designs and marking the outline with colored beads is another favorite occupation.

When the children come to the sand table prepared to make a picture, I find that they can do good work with four children standing at each side of the table, making sixteen in all. The subject which we are about to deal with is already familiar to all the children; their minds are filled with the work that is to be done; they are eager to carry

out the plans that have been made, to build the forms that they have already built at the tables, and each anxiously awaits his turn.

Let us suppose that the Miner is to be illustrated. Here is an opportunity for all to take part at once. The mine is to be made at the top of a hill, and each pair of hands is soon busily at work digging the sand and making the hill. Then comes the waiting time, while the big, deep, dark hole is dug out; for as the mine grows deeper, it is quite essential that the teacher should help a bit. The very fact that the hole becomes too deep for the children to see into its depths, lends to the mystery and reality of the pictured scene. Where the track is to be laid up to the mine, the children who are nearest do their part first in laying the sticks; then all move around, allowing the next four to continue the work; and so on, until all have helped. I find that having the children move around, during the time of working, not only keeps up their interest but saves much fatigue. We have "truly" coal in our mine, and the children raise and lower the basket that carries the miner out of sight and brings up the coal from the mine.

It is seldom that we finish a picture in one period, as children of kindergarten age ought not to be occupied for more than thirty minutes with any one exercise. We arrange to have both classes help in making the picture, giving, of course, the simpler parts to the little children. When the picture is completed, in one day or two as the subject requires, then we all gather about the table, the smallest children standing nearest, and the taller children behind them so that all may see. It is time for the miner to go down into the mine, so he is put into the basket and slowly lowered, down, down, until he is lost to view, even to the tallest child present. We sing,—

"Busy Miner, what are you doing
In your deep mine all day long?"

Then some one wants to pull up the basket, and this time it is the coal which must appear, not the miner. To the quick-witted kindergartner there is no need to say how this is managed. The little pulley for raising and lowering the baskets is very easily arranged. I use part of the apparatus which comes for swinging the Second Gift forms. Standing this affair in the sand and winding the string which is attached to the basket around the flat stick, the basket is easily pulled up and down. When the miner has been lowered into the mine and the little basket comes up filled with shiny black coal, the expressive oh's and ah's of the delighted children well repay the kindergartner for all her trouble.

It is not best that the sand picture should remain in the garden more than a week or so. After it has served its purpose, take all the cardboard figures and little et ceteras and inclose them in an envelope, labeling it The Knights, The Farmer, or whatever may be the subject; for if you bring out the "miner" and offer him to the children as the "farmer" or the "woodman," the little ones will

greet you almost reproachfully with the cry: "Why, that is the miner!" So you need to be provided with a variety of these cardboard figures.

One of the illustrations shows the children preparing to represent in

the sand a scene from the story of Robinson Crusoe. They use shells, spoons, and dishes to pile up the sand with, and this is rare fun; but when the island has been made and the time has come for the water to be poured around it, the excitement runs riot.

Robinson Crusoe has a tremendous interest for the children, and the sand-table picture makes the story clear even to the smallest of them.

> "Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
> He made him a coat
> Of the skin of a goat."—

("Not that goat," says one of my little ones, pointing to the goat seen among the trees.)

> "Oh! how could he do so?"

What story is equal to this one for stirring the minds of children to activity? The very spirit of inventiveness is in it.

The first picture shows the cave where Robinson Crusoe lived, with Robinson looking out over the sea in the hope of sighting a ship. His parrot and cat are there, also the furniture and the clay dishes which he made (these the children delight in making), and the raft drawn up on the sandy beach. To prevent the cave from falling in, I have used cardboard that would bend easily.

The making of a soldier's fort always delights the boys, and as Washington's Birthday approaches, the picture of one is produced in our sand garden. The older children build the fort, and they also make the tents during the occupation period. The little children stand the soldiers in the sand, dig out the trenches, and make the pennants that fly over each tent.

The Santa Claus drama, always beloved of childish hearts, arouses a lively interest when represented in the sand garden. The most delightful part is when the children "make it snow" as they express it. Soft cotton wool is pulled apart and dropped from the children's fingers over house and fence and ground, covering the trees and almost burying old St. Nick and his jolly reindeer.

Some of the other sand pictures which I have found particularly interesting to children for reproduction in the sand garden I shall describe later; giving, first, something concerning the preparation necessary to make the pictures a success.

To be continued.

A LITTLE BOY'S WALK IN WINTER.

By L. Katharine Woods.

A little boy went walking
One frosty Winter's day.
He saw some little snow birds
That quickly hopped away;
He saw the ice-bound river
With snow all glist'ning white;
Jack Frost had worked so quickly!
Oh! 't was a wondrous sight!

He watched the merry skaters
All passing to and fro;
And other children coasting
Upon the crusty snow.
He saw the trees now sparkling
With many diamonds bright;
And icicles were hanging
From every roof in sight.

He saw the silv'ry pictures
Jack Frost puts everywhere;
And heard the merry sleigh bells
That jingled through the air.
He saw the gray clouds gath'ring;
And, as the snowflakes fell,
He said: "I must find mother,—
I have so much to tell!"

LUDWIG AND MARLEEN.

By Jane L. Hoxie.

"HELP me out! Help me out, little Ludwig!" cried a great red fox, caught fast in a trap in the woods. "Help me out, and it shall be well with you!" Now Ludwig loved the wild creatures of the forest; he was their friend and playmate, their sorrows were his own; so, stepping to the trap, he pressed the spring and the fox was free. When, however, the poor beast tried to limp away, so great was the pain in his

foot that he was forced to lie down instead. Seeing this, Ludwig ran to a spring near by and, dipping his handkerchief in the clear cool water, tenderly bound up the bruised and swollen foot.

"You have been very kind, my little friend," said the fox. "You have saved my life. If you have a wish, tell me what it is and it shall be granted."

"Oh, as to that," said Ludwig, "I wish my little pail here were full of berries, for my sister and I are very hungry." Hardly had he spoken when his pail, which before had been quite empty, became full to the very brim with great delicious strawberries. Ludwig ran swiftly home to the little brown hut where he and his sister lived quite alone on the edge of the forest.

"See, sister dear," he called, "what a fine breakfast I have brought."

"I am glad, brother," said Marleen, "for I am very hungry; but where did you find so many berries in so short a time, and such delicious ones, too?"

Then Ludwig told his sister all about the fox, and how he had wished for the berries.

"Was I not wise, dear sister, to get such a good breakfast for us with so little trouble?"

But Marleen was not satisfied, and cried: "Foolish boy! It was no ordinary fox whose foot you pulled out of the trap. If he could fill your pail with berries, just for the asking, he could do far greater things. You should have wished for something better. Go back into the forest, find the fox, and tell him that our cupboard must be always full of food whenever we are hungry."

"Be satisfied, dear sister," said Ludwig. "We are quite happy as we are. When we are again hungry I will go and find food in the forest as I have always done before."

"No, no, I will not be satisfied!" said Marleen. "You must do as I tell you;" and she gave her brother no peace until he went again into the forest.

"How now, little brother!" said the fox, when he saw Ludwig coming toward him through the trees; "is it not well with you?"

"Alas, my sister is not satisfied with the pail of berries," said Ludwig.

"What would she, little brother?"

"That our cupboard should be always full whenever we are hungry."

"Go, little brother, it shall be as she wishes," said the fox.

Now, after this, whenever brother or sister were hungry they found plenty of food just to their liking in the cupboard; and, as Ludwig had no longer to seek for nuts and berries in the forest, he could play all day long with his sister, and they were very happy because they were never separated. But after a time Marleen refused to play, and sat moping on the door stone. "Why are you so troubled, sister? Come, let us play in the sunshine," said the boy.

"Why should I be happy?" said Marleen. "Why should I play? We have no fine toys, only ugly sticks and stones for playthings. If you

will go to the fox and get me a beautiful doll, then I will play."

"Be satisfied, dear sister," said Ludwig. "We are quite happy as we are."

"No, no, I will not be satisfied!" said Marleen. "You must do as I tell you;" and she gave her brother no peace until he went again into the forest.

"How now, little brother!" said the fox, when he saw Ludwig coming toward him through the trees; "is it not well with you?"

"Alas, my sister is not satisfied with the food always in the cupboard."

"What would she, little brother?"

"She would have a beautiful doll all dressed in shining silk."

"Go, little brother, it shall be as she wishes," said the fox.

Now Marleen was quite happy for a few days; but soon she grew tired of the doll and again refused to play. "I, too, must have a fine silk dress to wear," said she. "Go to the fox, brother, and get it for me."

"Be satisfied, dear sister," said Ludwig. "We are quite happy as we are. Your dress is warm and fine enough."

"No, no, I will not be satisfied!" said Marleen. "You must do as I tell you;" and she gave her brother no peace until he went again into the forest.

"How now, little brother!" said the fox, when he saw Ludwig coming toward him through the trees; "is it not well with you?"

"Alas, my sister is not satisfied with the doll."

"What would she, little brother?"

"She would have for herself a dress of shining silk."

"Go, little brother, it shall be as she wishes," said the fox.

But only for a time was Marleen content with the beautiful dress. "I will stay no longer in this smoky old hut," said she. "Go, brother, and ask the fox for a fine house to live in. He can give us one if he will."

"Be satisfied, dear sister," said Ludwig. "We are quite happy as we are."

"No, no, I will not be satisfied!" said Marleen. "You must do as I tell you;" and she gave her brother no peace until he went again into the forest.

"How now, little brother!" said the fox, when he saw Ludwig coming toward him through the trees; "is it not well with you?"

"Alas, my sister is not satisfied with the dress," said Ludwig.

"What would she, little brother?"

"A fine house in place of our poor old hut."

"Go, little brother, it shall be as she wishes," said the fox.

Soon Marleen wearied also of the stately house in which they now lived. "I am tired to death of this old doll and this empty house and this poor dress," she said. "I must have something to amuse me. Go, brother, to the fox and tell him I must have one of every kind of toy in the whole world, and quickly, too."

"Be satisfied, dear sister," said Ludwig. "We are quite happy as we are."

"No, no, I will not be satisfied!"

said Marleen. "You must do as I tell you;" and she gave her brother no peace until he went again into the forest.

"How now, little brother!" said the fox, when he saw Ludwig coming toward him through the trees; "is it not well with you?"

"Alas, my sister is not satisfied with the house."

"What would she, little brother?"

"One of every kind of toy in the whole world."

"Go, little brother, it shall be as she wishes," said the fox.

Now there were so many of the toys that they filled the whole house, and it took days and days just to look at them. At last, however, Marleen had seen and touched every one, and she cried: "These things are dull and stupid. I must have something to amuse me. Go, brother, and tell the fox that these toys are all ugly and useless; but that there is one thing I would like above all else, one thing that would make me quite happy. Tell him I must have the great silvery ball that hangs at night above us in the sky."

"Be satisfied, dear sister," said Ludwig, "We are quite happy as we are."

"No, no, I will not be satisfied!" said Marleen. "You must do as I tell you;" and she gave her brother no peace until he went again into the forest.

"How now, little brother!" said the fox, when he saw Ludwig coming toward him through the trees; "is it not well with you?"

"Alas, my sister is not satisfied with the toys."

"What would she, little brother?"

"That the great silvery moon that hangs high in the heavens at night should be her plaything."

Very slowly the fox answered:—

"Go, little brother, it shall NOT be as she wishes."

Now when Ludwig reached home once more, in place of the stately house, there stood their little old hut again. Marleen sat weeping in the doorway, her fine silk dress was gone, her beautiful doll was nowhere to be seen, all the lovely toys had vanished.

"Do not cry, dear sister," said Ludwig, "We are quite happy as we are. Come, let us have some supper, for I am very hungry." But alas, when they went to the cupboard it was quite empty; and ever afterwards, when they were hungry, Ludwig and Marleen were forced to seek for nuts and berries in the forest. The great silvery moon still looked down upon their little hut at night; but though Ludwig sought through the whole forest, far and wide, he never saw his friend the fox again.

THE BAKED SNOWBALL.

By Bertha F. Steward.

DOSSIE had always lived in the South, where the winters were not at all cold and where there was never any snow.

She was a very little girl, and her name was Dorothy; but Papa thought that too large a name for such a small girl, so every one called her Dossie.

One winter Mamma and Dossie and the baby went to visit Grandma and Grandpa, who lived up north. Papa was too busy to go with them, and at first Dossie thought she would be lonesome without him. But there were so many new things to see, that she was n't a bit lonesome.

Dossie had been at Grandpa's almost a week when, one morning, as she opened her eyes and sat up in bed, Mamma told her to look out of the window. Dossie looked, and then clapped her hands and called: "Oh Mamma, the air is all full of tezzers!"

Mamma told her that it was not feathers but snow. Then she told Dossie how the pretty white snowflakes come down from the clouds, and cover the flowers and grass, to keep them warm until Springtime. Dossie was very much interested and asked if she could touch some, and was very happy when Mamma said she might go out doors after breakfast and play in it. She was afraid at first; but when Grandpa came and showed her how to make snowballs, she had great fun.

The next morning while she was out playing, she thought of Papa away off where there was n't any snow. "Poor Papa!" she said to herself. "He has n't any nice snow to play with. I think I will send him some. Mamma can put it in a box, and the train can take it to him."

So she made a big, round ball of snow, and patted it as hard as she could. Then she said, "I wonder if it will spoil while the train is taking it to my Papa."

Just that morning she had heard Grandma say that she was going to cook some fruit to keep it from spoiling; so Dossie thought: "I 'll cook my snowball, to make it keep."

There was no one in the kitchen. On a chair was Grandma's gingham apron, and, using this for a holder, Dossie pulled open the oven door, saying to herself: "I don't believe the oven 's very hot, but p'rhaps it will bake." So she carefully put the white ball in the oven, and sat down on the floor to wait until it got baked.

A few minutes later when Grandma came into the kitchen, she found Dossie on the floor by the stove, the tears rolling down her fat cheeks and a very sorrowful look on her face. "Oh dear, oh dear!" she cried, "Papa's snowball baked and then all runned away and I can't find it."

Grandma could not help laughing when she saw a small pool of bubbling water in the oven. Then she comforted Dossie and took her up in her lap and told her what had become of the snowball. Do you know?

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE DARK.

By C. W. Smedley.

WHY was little Hans so joyful, and why did he prance and skip about as if something very unusual were going to happen? It was his sixth birthday, and one of his long cherished wishes was to be gratified.

His father had promised to take him down through the great opening in the earth where he had so often watched the workmen go. His little face was aglow with excitement and curiosity as he and his father stepped into the great cage or basket and were dropped down, down, into the ground.

Do you wonder that he was a little frightened when it kept growing darker and darker, until the opening above, through which they had come, looked like only a speck of light above his head, and when the basket went down, down, as if it would never stop?

After the basket had finally reached the bottom, there was nothing to be seen but tiny lights moving about in the darkness, and nothing to be heard but pickaxes and hammers.

Little Hans kept tight hold of his father's hand as they walked through the dark rooms or passage ways, the sides of which were of rough stone.

He soon became much interested as his father told him that this great place under ground was called a mine, and that the men or miners spent all day in the dark, picking away the rocks from the walls and breaking them into pieces small enough to be loaded into little cars; and that these little cars were pulled up to the top on a small track, and emptied, and then sent back to the mine to be re-filled. In order that the men might see what they were doing and still have both hands free for work, a burning candle was fastened into the front of each man's hat.

After they had looked all about, and Hans had asked a great many questions which his father gladly answered, they stepped again into the great basket, and were drawn up, up, up into the light. Hans gave a great sigh of relief when he found himself once more in the bright sunshine and the cool air; and he felt like saying "good morning" to everything about him.

His father showed him the reddish streaks of iron in the dirt and rocks which had been sent up from the mine and told him that this mixture was called iron-ore, and that when it was heated very, very hot, the iron would melt and come away from the rocks. In the great iron-furnaces this iron would then be made into cast iron, wrought iron, and steel, to be sold to other factories and made into all the iron things that we use about us.

That night when Hans and his father were sitting by the kitchen stove, they tried to think of all the things for which iron was used. Without it, the blacksmith, the cooper, the carpenter, and the cobbler would have no tools; and the pony would have no shoes to keep his feet from the sharp stones. It was funny, too, to think what a steamboat and locomotive would be without iron; and what the locomotive and cars would move on if it were not for the iron rails which make the track.

A very, very sleepy little boy was Hans when he went to bed that night. The next morning he told his father and mother of a strange dream which he had dreamed in the night. I will tell it to you.

The king of the iron fairies called a great meeting in the palace of the mine, and every one bearing the name of iron was especially invited.

The king thus addressed them: "My friends, for hundreds of years we have been sending some of our number to supply the wants of the people who live on the outside of the earth, and each year these people want more and more, until it seems that they will never be satisfied. I suppose they think that iron may be had for the asking, and they never stop to consider how hard the miners work here, day after day. My plan is to teach them a lesson; and I propose that we all refuse to go with the miners and then we shall see what will happen."

"Agreed!" cried every member of the iron family.

Before long the dwellers on the earth realized that there was no iron to supply the foundries, and then what a crowd came to the mines to see what was the matter! The man from the iron foundry, the stove maker, the blacksmith, the cobbler, the cooper, the carpenter, the watchmaker, the wheelwright, the builder, the cutler, the scissors grinder, the dressmaker, the butcher, the baker,—all these came, and hundreds of other people!

And even some little children from the kindergarten were there, because they had been careless and had broken their steel weaving needles, lost their sewing needles, and allowed the scissors to become rusty. They had thought that there would be plenty more where those came from; and now that they had none, they could not finish their pretty cards and mats.

Just then a very tall man with a kind face said, "Let us go and see the little iron people, and thank them for all the iron that we have had, and perhaps they will allow us to get some more."

At that moment a sunbeam peeped through the window and shone right into the face of little Hans, who awoke to find that the tall man was his father telling him it was time to arise.

Hans never forgot his visit to the mine and his wonderful dream; and often when he uses anything made of iron, he talks of the "iron fairies" and of the miners who spend the long days in the dark.

MAGICAL NEATNESS.

By Alva Deane.

Tommy Tinker's little feet
Had been trained to be so neat
(Strange the story is to tell!)
That they wiped *themselves* off well
When they came in from the street!

Tommy Tinker's big straw hat,
With its brim so broad and flat,
Quickly jumped upon the shelf,—
Yes, it put away itself!
Now, what *do* you think of that?

Next, his overcoat so spry
Off this little boy did fly;
And a glance around it took
Till it found a handy hook,—
Then, it hung itself up high!

Could you teach your coat and hat
To be orderly, like that?
Could you train your little feet,
Like this Tommy's, to be neat,—
Never to forget the mat?

Old past, let go and drop i' the sea,
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living, but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The way to find.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

BED TIME.

SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE O'CLOCK.

Words and Music by HARRIET L. GROVE.

1. "Tick - i - ty tock!" Hark to the clock! Moth - er rocks the ba - by;
2. "Tick - i - ty tock!" Hark to the clock! Now, my lit - tle Ted - die,

Tick - i - ty tock! Rock - i - ty rock! Hush, he's sleeping, may - be!
Off to your nest, "Bed is the best," Come, my lad, get read - y.

"Tick - i - ty tock!" The old fashioned clock Strikes the hour, 'tis *six* o -clock.
"Tick - i - ty tock!" The old fashioned clock Strikes the hour, 'tis *seven* o -clock.

3 "Tickity tock!"
Hark to the clock!
There's my winsome Mary;
Bright eyes to keep,
You must have sleep,
List! my blue-eyed fairy,—
"Tickity tock!"
The old-fashioned clock
Strikes the hour,—'tis *eight* o'clock.

4 "Tickity tock!"
Hark to the clock!
All are softly sleeping;
Fair little heads,
White little beds,
Angels watch are keeping.
"Tickity tock!"
The old fashioned clock
Strikes the hour,—'tis *nine* o'clock.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"HEIGHO! An' are ye here at last,
* * Ye bonnie, braw New Year?
We fain wad gie ye rousin' cheer,
An' in our heirts, without a fear,
A corner grant ye!
For Hope's bright smile, a sunbeam clear,
It fa's aslant ye!"

"Though ye a frosty look may wear,
A sense of joy is in the air."
"My certes! Fowk, wha think the Past
Brocht ne'er a blessin',
On lightsome feet are runnin' fast
Tae your caressin'!"

"Mak a' men brithers, kind New Year!
* * * "As ye increase,
Us of entanglement release
An' on white wingies bring us peace,"
"O guid New Year!"
—*Quotations from* MOSES TEGGART'S *To the New Year.*

THE MASSIVE VOLUME containing 1,300 pages and comprising Parts II. and III. of the Commissioner of Education's report for 1897-98* is an interesting compendium. Much of it is statistical, naturally; but the general reading matter is the reverse of dry, and there is always a sort of satisfaction in looking over what is to pass down to posterity as the record of progress in any special year. For our readers we specify certain topics as of particular interest. Attached to a *résumé* of Child Study in the United States is an important bibliography pertaining to that subject. In University Types and Ideals we have the chance to see how some genial Frenchmen look upon our colleges and universities. The establishment of Bible chairs in some of our State universities is something comparatively new. The desire is to attract students to the study of the Bible by making these courses too interesting to be neglected. Articles on home and foreign methods of instruction in agriculture, the uses of pictures in public libraries, the progress made in introducing domestic reindeer in Alaska, are interesting to glance over, although, to followers of the news of the day and readers of educational journals, many of the details are already familiar.

* These reports are generally to be found in public libraries.

The need of dormitories, dining halls and rooms for social assemblage in the universities is pressed briefly but with force by the presidents of Columbia and Cornell. Mothers who have students' rooms to fit up may be glad to hear what President Low says about the student's needs: "The wants of a student are few and simple. He is well content with a small room if it be clean. Neither does he need costly finish nor luxuriousness of furniture in any building which he is to occupy. What he does want is convenience to the university, a clean and well-kept room, plain but good food, and surroundings that lend themselves to study."

Another quotation is made by KINDERGARTEN REVIEW with abashed spirit, because of the lack of helpfulness and consideration which it discloses on the part of kindergartners. The words come from the commissioner himself,—one of the best and strongest friends of the kindergarten, a man patient in spirit, infinitely painstaking when he can aid others, as well as in the performance of his own duties,—our honored and beloved Dr. Harris. And what is he obliged to say (in spite of some improvement over the year before!) about the returns which he has been able to secure from kindergartners in answer to a few simple, legitimate questions?

"The most difficult statistical work of this Bureau in 1897-98, and the most unsatisfactory in its results, was that of collecting information concerning kindergartens. This applies with special force to private kindergartens. This office obtained from many sources a list of more than 3,500 private kindergartens. When requests for statistics were sent to the individual kindergartens it was learned that at least five hundred of them were no longer in existence. Every year hundreds of these schools are started by young women who have no special training or aptitude for the work. The result is failure for the individual and more or less discredit for the kindergarten movement in the community.

"After repeated requests for information, 1,519 private kindergartens reported statistics to this office. Detailed information from 1,479 other private kindergartens reported as in existence could not be obtained."

"Table 11 is a list of the kindergarten associations reported to this office. A very large number of these associations failed to respond to requests from this office for information.

"Table 12 is a list of training schools for kindergarten teachers and normal schools maintaining kindergarten training departments. Many of the training schools failed to respond to inquiries."

On looking over the statistics we find that after deducting five hundred defunct private kindergartens, only a little over half of those remaining responded to the requests sent from the commissioner's office. Of the kindergarten associations only about one third replied; and of the training classes not quite one half. The information asked for is not over-searching. Will not those who have been hinderers, heretofore, turn over a new leaf with the New Year, and become helpers when the Bureau of Education again needs kindergartners' services?

What are some of the economies which have been recommended as feasible in connection with the kindergarten?

One plan is to mass the children together in large companies in large rooms,—"at least a hundred pupils" in a room "about twice the size of the ordinary schoolroom," says one authority,—placing them in charge of a superior and well-paid director with six or eight small-salaried assistants.

This plan, if the assistants' salaries are low enough, calls for a very slight expenditure of public funds for each kindergarten child. In fact, where it was put into operation, the cost of tuition for a kindergarten child was less than one third of that for a primary pupil.

But spending too little money can be more wasteful than spending too much. If the kindergarten of large numbers is a radical departure from the ideal kindergarten, it is dear at any price. The kindergarten that is really wanted, and that will be cheap even if it costs twice as much as we are accustomed to pay for some other educational commodity, is the one which provides for the child of four to six or thereabouts the most natural and normal conditions for his mental, moral, and spiritual growth. Does the kindergarten of a hundred children in one large room do this?

Ought not the change from the sheltered quiet of the home to the kindergarten and then the school to be made by gradually enlarging numbers, and not, at the first jump, to the largest numbers that are convenient for the average voter—as yet unenlightened and uncaring about school matters—to pay for? Shall we work *with* the present average citizen on the level of his ignorance about these things, or shall we work *for* the average citizen by demanding from him attention to these things, whereby his own and his children's intelligence shall be increased?

Is the very large kindergarten a desirable, healthy place for the very little child, with all his immaturity and susceptibility? Does not the mere being in such a company, the mere seeing of so much movement,

put a strain upon the nervous energies of this tender little creature? Does he not lose too much of the sense of individuality when playing games with so many children? What intelligent mother, if free to choose, would wish to put her child of four or even of six years of age into such a juvenile caravansary, rather than in a kindergarten of moderate size? Low cost of tuition and large numbers in classes are dangerous things to favor in present day education. Do not let us weld for the kindergarten, a new department in our public school system, the shackles which other grades have found grievous and are struggling to shake off.

There is something pathetic in the sight of young children herded, as it were, in great droves. It seems so unnatural; such a breach of trust toward the little creatures who commit themselves to us so wholly, believing us to be superior beings who always do right, however mysterious our ways may appear. A never-to-be-forgotten spectacle was witnessed not long ago in one of the best Board schools of the largest city in the world. In the "kindergarten!" of this well-known school, (a very inexpensive kindergarten it must have been) there were 119 three year-olds banked up on graded benches, under the charge of an admirable young woman of cockney type (she was a "born teacher") and a fourteen year old assistant. The children were winsome little dears, and a sweet friendliness existed between them and the teacher. In fact, so beloved was she that when the children saw her putting on her things one morning at eleven o'clock to go out for a short time on some necessary school errand, their fear that she might never come back was so acute, that the whole 119 cried lustily and refused to be comforted or amused until her return. And yet, notwithstanding all the affection which existed between the young woman and her pupils, how monstrous it was to have 119 three-year-old children cooped together in one room and learning their letters in this so-called kindergarten. The special spectacle referred to, however, came later, when the kindergarten and imitation-kindergarten games were played. These were enjoyed (?) by children in the grade or grades just above the kindergarten of three-year-old "infants." Economy of time, space, and supervision was here subserved by having these children, hundreds of them, play all together in a huge hall, out of which the class rooms opened. Three great circles of children, each containing two smaller circles, were formed, and the games went vigorously forward. One teacher banged upon the piano with all her

might; another, the leader, stood up on a chair on the high platform, beating time furiously with a big cane or stick. There were some teachers on the floor, of course, to help the children through their speedy evolutions. It was a marvelous exhibition of the management of a large number of children in a mass, and of getting through several games in a short space of time; but some of the onlookers felt that they were witnessing a cruel mental, moral, and spiritual mutilation of the innocents!

HOME OCCUPATIONS IN RELATION TO NATURE—IV

By Frederica Beard.

WITH the coming of winter days the children's delight will be in the ice and snow. Jack Frost is an interesting personage in their imagination. How pleased they are at the thought that,—

"Little Jack Frost went up the hill,
Watching the stars so cold and still;
Watching the stars and moon so bright,
And laughing aloud with all his might.

"Little Jack Frost ran down the hill
Late in the night when the winds were still;
Late in the Fall when the leaves fell down
Red and yellow and golden brown."

The good, healthful, cold morning will not be dreaded by the little people when some suggestion of this kind is associated with it.

A group of children used to be delighted with such a story as this:—

It was a cold, still evening. Jack Frost had said to himself, "This is a good time for me to go out; I will see what I can do." Very soon he met a father with his little girl going home to supper. "I will get hold of those fingers and toes," said Jack Frost; but when he came near, he found thick mittens and warm stockings covering them well, and Jack could n't get hold of those fingers and toes. Around he went to the back door of the house. There stood a pail full of water-drops. "These I can play with," he said; and oh! how cold the water-drops were as Jack Frost touched them! After a while Jack went off to the windowpane, and peeped into the kitchen. The mother in that house had boiled a pudding for her little children's supper. The steam from the kettle had gone up, until some of it had reached the windowpane and it stayed there. "This is just what I want," said Jack. "Now I can do some beautiful work!" In the morning when the mother went to the kitchen she found Jack Frost's work. She called the children to see; and there on the windowpane were pictures of mountains, trees, and the prettiest little stars! Then the children open-

ed the back door, and there, instead of a pail of water, was a pail with a lump of ice!

The occupations of last month in relation to the water-drops may now be continued in another form. Let the children watch the change of the ice back to water after the pail is placed in the warm kitchen. An icicle set in a cup is an object of interest and wonder, as it grows smaller and smaller until there is "no icicle at all,—just some water." Do you know that little poem,—

"Oh what beautiful things I found,
Hanging almost down to the ground,
From the roof of the little shed!
They all grew after I went to bed.
Glittering and sparkling in the light,
Just like diamonds pure and bright.
I pulled them down in a shining heap;
I wanted them for my own, to keep.
I carried them into the house to play,
And hid them carefully all away
In the bureau drawer; for, of course, I knew
Mamma would want to see them, too.
I thought I'd give her a nice surprise
And she would smile and open her eyes!
But when she went there, after a while,
She opened her eyes,—but she did n't smile;
For all her ribbons and laces were wet!
I really can't understand it yet!
There was n't a ruffle she could put on,
And all my beautiful things were gone!"

A fresh interest will be given to blackboard work when the doings of Jack Frost are being told of with white chalk. Pictures of what is seen on the window may be drawn; also icicles of different sizes hanging from the sheds, etc. The first snowstorm of the season is a beautiful opportunity often allowed to pass unused. Snow, like many another everyday beauty, is so common to many of us that we ourselves fail to enter into the wonderful mystery of it all. Read Gannett's Treasures of the Snow, in the Year of Miracle, and you will be inspired to inspire your children. "As we sit and work," says this writer, "or sit and dream, a day comes in which a stillness falls. A hush is on the earth; a gray sky is overspread above; an uneasiness is in the air which is not wind. Go to the window and watch. A few heralds clad in white come floating down, turning this way, turning that way, like scouts seeking for paths and camping places. Then, of a sudden, the thick, dull sky is alive with trooping forms! The ways of the air are filled with the army of the snow! Whole states are changed in a few hushed moments; and no stone, no twig, no cranny is forgotten."

Now the great brown earth is sheltered from the sharp touch of Jack Frost. The "leaf-children" have been "waiting till one from far away, white bedclothes heaped upon her arm, should come to keep them safe and warm." There are some beautiful songs about the snow: Merry Little Snowflakes, in Song Stories, and Little White Feathers, in Songs for Little Children, are two of them.

When the snowflakes are falling fast, let the children hold pieces of black cloth or paper out of doors to catch the flakes on, so that they may see how pretty these are. A magnifying glass will, of course, show more clearly the beautiful forms, if the flakes are sufficiently perfect. Re-

sults in observation of the "six pointed stars" will be more successful on one day than on another, as well as in one locality more than another. The story The Journey of a Waterdrop, given last month, may easily be added to now:—

By and by the little vapor travelers stopped near a mountain top; there it grew very cold and the tiny people crowded close together. The men down below said, "See! the mountain has his cloud cap on." Soon these little people were given beautiful white dresses, and they joined together, making many little stars; and, as they looked down on the bare mountain, they said: "Let us go together and cover the mountain with a beautiful white dress." The big people down on the earth looked up; the sun was just setting, and they saw the mountain covered with sparkling snow.

Fill a glass tumbler full of snow, and bring it into the warm room, so that the little ones may see the snow change to water.

Stories of the ice cutter and the ice house may connect this labor with the needs of the home on warm summer days, and also give a subject for representation in building, and plays of various kinds. The small boy in your home will delight in imagining himself the ice cutter, or the iceman with his wagon loaded with blocks of ice.

Turning from the observation of ice and snow crystals we shall have an occupation of interest in observing other crystals, especially on the days when the children cannot go out of doors. Crystals have been called the flowers of the mineral world. Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist, defined the three kingdoms by saying, "Stones grow; plants grow and feel; animals grow, feel, and move." Take a lump of rock salt, as something familiar to children; let them find out what it tastes like. Put the lump in a jar of hot water, making a strong solution of salt. If the solution is brought to the boiling point and then left to cool, crystalization will take place rapidly. Insert a string into the jar, and let it stand for two or three days. Little by little a number of "salt people" will "join hands" and cling to the string. If the children look carefully they will see them; they are called salt crystals. Each crystal has taken a place next to some other, and so the string is covered. Get five cents worth of alum, and of bluestone. Make a strong solution of each in clear glass bottles. Put a string in each bottle, and the crystals will adhere to the strings and to the sides of the bottles. The bluestone crystals are especially attractive because of their color. The forms may be seen well when the crystals are removed from the strings.

Through all of this crystal action, with its beautiful results, wonder is aroused and reverence is awakened in the little hearts for the wonderful works of God.

A DEDICATION SERVICE.*

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek His face;
And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of His grace.

— DODDRIDGE.

THANKS to the smiles of Heaven on our widespread land, the dissocial principles of the political economist of the old world do not apply here, and a large family is the blessing to an American which it was to a patriarchal father. The Barclays had now been married fourteen years, and their seventh child was six weeks old. The manner in which a newborn child is welcomed into the family group shows, in a most touching aspect, the beauty and worth of the affections which spring from the family compact. The Sunday morning had come when the baby (of course, there was always a baby in the family) was to be *carried out* to be christened. If there is a sanctifying influence springing from the simple ordinances of our religion, they should not be omitted or carelessly performed. In the institution of these external rites, a wise reference seems to have been made to the mixed nature of man, partly spiritual and partly corporeal. Those are overbold who would separate what God has joined together.

Mrs. Barclay came from her room with the baby in her arms, in its christening dress, the children gathering around her and exclaiming, "Oh! how sweet she looks!" "O mother, do let me kiss her!" "I won't tumble her cap,—just let me kiss the tips of her fingers!" "See her! See her smile!" "How pretty she breathes!" "What a cunning little fist she makes!" "Is n't she a beauty, mother?"

They assembled in the parlor for a sort of private dedication service. "Now," said Mr. Barclay, looking at the little group about the baby with delight, "all take one kiss, and then go to your seats. But where is grandmamma?" The good old lady, dressed in her Sunday best, and with spectacles and handkerchief in hand, answered the inquiry by entering and taking her seat in the rocking chair.

"Now, father, tell us the secret," said Mary. "What have you decided to name her?"

"Oh! say Emily Norton," cried Wallace.

"Oh! I hope you will not name her Emily Norton, sir," said Alice.

"Why not, Alice?" asked Charles; "I am sure Emily Norton is a sweet name."

Alice well knew the *why not* existing in her mind, but there was no time to explain.

"Please call her Hepsy Anne," said one of the little ones, naming a favorite schoolmate.

"I speak to have it Aunt Betsey," said Aunt Betsey's pet.

Mr. Barclay shook his head.

* From The Home, a little book by Miss Sedgwick, now out of print.

"Mother says she must be named for Grandmamma."

"Gan'mamma!" cried little Willie, "what a funny name!"

"Euphemia is Grandmamma's name, my dear." The children looked grave. Euphemia sounded very strange and old-fashioned to their ears. "Or Effie," added Mr. Barclay, "if you like that better."

Effie, that prettiest of diminutives, gained all suffrages. Grandmamma, who had one of the tenderest as well as kindest hearts in the world, looked but could not speak her pleasure. There is something that addresses itself to the passion for immortality in the transmission of that which is even so extraneous as a name, to one who, in the order of nature, will survive us. But it was not this that brought the tears to old Mrs. Barclay's eyes. The name recalled long silent voices which, in far-gone years had rung it in her ears in tones of happiness and love. She said nothing, but took the baby in her arms and pressed it to her bosom. It was a pretty picture of infancy and age. As she replaced the infant in its mother's arms, "How kind it was," she said, "to give her my name. I thought everybody had forgotten it."

Children are most easily impressed through the medium of their senses, and the presence of their baby sister served to enforce the simple exhortation which followed from their father. He was particularly careful, in talking to his children on religious subjects, to avoid an artificial, solemn tone. He spoke as if the subject were (as it was) cheerful, dear, and familiar to him.

On this occasion he first called the attention of his children to the physical powers which God bestows on man,—the marvelous contrivance of the eye, the construction of the little hand they so fondly kissed, so impotent now, but formed to be so nice and wonderful an instrument. He made their hearts beat quicker as he showed them the benevolence and wisdom manifest in the arrangement of the little frame on which their curious eyes were fixed. He then endeavored to enable them to form some conception of what was meant by man being made in the image of God, of the sublime intellectual and moral faculties; and when their faces beamed with a comprehension of the worth of the spirit, he spoke of the temptations and trials to which it must be exposed, of the happiness or misery which awaited it. And the destiny of this precious little creature, they were told, was in some measure confided to them. They were to lead her by their good example, to feed her affections from their own loving hearts, so that this new member of their family might be one of the family of heaven.

He spoke to them of the tenderness of the Saviour in bidding little children to come to him; and of the certainty that, if they loved him and kept his commandments, they would be loved by him; of all which this beneficent being had done to secure his lambs in the fold and to bring back the wanderers. His simple elo-

quence made them realize that there was a glorious nature embodied in the little form before them, capable, if rightly developed and cherished, of becoming the disciple of Jesus and child of God. Before he had wearied them, and while, as he saw by their moistened eyes and glowing cheeks, their hearts burned within them, he asked them to kneel with their parents and dedicate their sister to their Heavenly Father, and ask of him who is more ready to give than they to ask, grace to perform their duty to her.

When, a few hours later, the rite of baptism was administered in church, the children did not look upon it as an empty or incomprehensible form, but they understood its meaning and felt its value.

How easy it is to interweave the religious with the domestic affections, and how sadly do those sin against the lights of nature who neglect to form this natural union!

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Biography of a Baby. By Milicent W. Shinn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. $1.50.

In this biography Miss Shinn has confined herself to observations of the first year only of the Baby's life. The writer has a rare combination of qualities—a motherly heart, a masterly mind, with unusual ability to state scientific facts in graceful language.

The chapters will be read and re-read by hosts of mothers who will ponder over what Miss Shinn has to say about structure, movement, sensation, consciousness, beginnings of emotion and progress in sense powers, the era of handling things, and developing intelligence. Without doubt every reader will lay the book down wishing that it covered two years of Baby's life.

Some of the important theories which Miss Shinn advances are admirably supported by illustrations from the Baby's actions. Conspicuous among these is her new interpretation of the instinct of carrying all first-grasped objects to the mouth. We are reminded that experiments show that taste sense is not sufficiently developed to account for this universal trait on the basis of satisfaction to the tongue. The lips, even in mature life, are the finest tactual centers; and it is argued that babies exercise their best developed sense—that of touch—by means of that which is for some months their best instrument—the mouth. They are not little pigs simply seeking to fill their stomachs, but little investigators feeling their way until eyes and ears are ready to help in understanding the new world.

Concerning baby fears there is a warning which many mothers do not need; those who do need it will not enjoy the delicious satire of this: "In these days of leaving babies to wail themselves to sleep for the good of their souls and the convenience of mamma's going out evenings," innumerable associations of terror with darkness and solitude must be bred.

What is said of the instinct of climbing is full of important suggestions. Let us hope that the nurseries into which the gospel of this biography goes will be immediately provided with firm, double step-ladders with broad landings at the top. These ladders should not be higher than mamma can easily reach. Imagine the joy of the little climber as he exercises himself in going up on one side and down on the other!

A kindergartner cannot pass unnoticed Miss Shinn's objection to the soft,

colored worsted balls, the objection doubtless being founded on a misapprehension of the kindergarten mother's use of them.

Only last summer I heard of a woman who allowed her baby no other plaything than a kindergarten ball. Perhaps I felt as Miss Shinn would feel if some woman whose brain could grasp but one idea should read this biography of a baby and thereupon lay her newborn infant in a horse collar, never permitting it to rest elsewhere until it had learned to perform that particular feat recorded of the little Ruth. If the woman who gave her baby no plaything but a kindergarten ball were to read Miss Shinn's book, her next baby would be given only hard and shining things to handle, and it would be allowed to see only bearded and spectacled faces with shining bald brows. Such abuse of Miss Shinn's work would not be quoted as argument against its scientific value.

We should like a reversal of Miss Shinn's decision about the colored balls. She questions if a baby of six months sees colors at all. There is much which will remain matter of opinion after the last scrap of evidence is in, but a baby that I was observing at about the same time that Miss Shinn was studying Ruth, gazed with evident pleasure at a gorgeous sunset before he was twenty-nine days old. When three months old he showed unmistakable pleasure in blue and yellow, and when five months old he cried for a photograph of the choir boys which had a gilt frame ornamented with daisies. At six months of age he tried to pull bright colored flowers from his mother's figured wrapper, getting excited and, as my notes say, "apparently angry" at his failure.

Perhaps when we have observations of a thousand babies with reference to their color seeing, we shall be able to draw but one conclusion, viz., that babies differ at the very dawn of life even as men differ at its close.

SARA E. WILTSE.

MUSIC FOR THE CHILD WORLD. Compiled by Mari Ruef Hofer. Vol. I. Characteristic Scenes and Sketches. $1.25.

Kindergartners have long been hearing: "Play to your children selections from the best composers,—such selections as shall awaken or calm their emotions, and arouse their imaginations. Present to them in musical form the sounds and rhythms which abound in nature and daily life. These things are the child's musical a, b, c." And kindergartners have for some time been convinced that their duty lay in this direction. They have looked about, some strolling along the edge of and others penetrating further within the great musical forest where stretch aloft—stately, graceful, and robust—the enduring masterpieces of musical art, trying to find here and there beautiful boughs to carry back to their children. They have sought in the more open fields also for what the children ought to have; but not being musical specialists, they have not been able to find much, plentiful though they knew the existing or possible supply to be.

But now, kindergartners, a joyful day has arrived! Draw near and receive, for here comes a strong, music-loving nymph from the very forests and fields where you have been searching, bearing great armfuls of just what you desire.

Would you like beautiful music with which to impress upon the child's spirit a feeling for beauty, peace, joy, prayer, and praise? Here it is; and the composers are of the best, chiefly the masters. Would you like music representing the songs and sounds of nature,—the brooks, the winds, dragonflies in the sunshine, the croaking frogs, the dancing grasshoppers, the leaping rabbits, and the barnyard chorus? Here it is, capitally descriptive and from excellent sources. Do you seek to ally music with labor? Here are the harmonies of the smithy, the mill, of spinning, of carpentry, of shoemaking, etc., etc.,—and even of housework. Would you like to give the children a bit of musical cheerfulness or fun? That is here, too. Besides what the nature series affords of this character, there is a miscellaneous group which contains a wide variety, from the gay and pretty music of the toys to that of dreams and galloping horsemen.

Miss Hofer's ideas have been widely communicated by means of lectures, and the material which she here offers is no hastily gathered mass. Much could be quoted from her foreword and preface; but we take space only to say that "While for practical reasons some abridgments and simplifications have been made, adaptations and mutilations have been generally avoided. The object has been to present to the ear a musical whole as the composer himself conceived and wrote it." "As often as possible the selections have been taken from such

music as lies within the possibilities of the average player."

Besides the classified index, there is a table of contents with suggestions concerning the interpretation and rendition of each piece. The book is of convenient size, light to handle, stays open well, and is printed in strong open type. Many of the pieces are characterized by a few lines of good verse. With the exception of the opening hymn and chorale the music is entirely instrumental. There are eighty-one pieces in all.

Old Lady and Young Laddie. By Kate Whiting Patch. James H. West Co., Boston. $0.40.

Had this pretty little book with its holly-decked cover been received in time for review in December we should have recommended it for use as a Christmas card for grown-ups as well as a Christmas gift for young folks. The two simple, sweet stories which it contains would surely stir the spirit of gladsomeness and brotherly love.

The Life of Frederick Froebel, Founder of the Kindergarten. By Denton J. Snider. Sigma Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. $1.25.

Popularly (and not altogether groundlessly), written "Lives" are rated as among the dullest, the most unlively wares of the literary market. Mr. Snider's Life of Froebel, whatever other flaws it may have, is not dull. In fact, what strikes one particularly about it is the abundance of life which it expresses. Primarily, of course, the strong stream of Froebel's personal existence flows vigorously through its pages. Interblended with this personal stream, coloring it and freighting it with fertility, is the rich organic substance of Froebel's educational thought; and, also,—giving further "life" to this Life of Froebel,—there is the originality of the author's presentation of his thoughts about Froebel and things educational and general.

The predominating idea in Mr. Snider's preparation of this book was to show the life of Froebel as "a unity through and through," such as Froebel declared it to be. "Inner unity, inner development, and inner connection," says Mr. Snider, "the trinity of Froebel's spirit, reveal themselves in his biography, which thereby becomes the best commentary on what he has done."

Following the clue given by Froebel himself as to the working out of these three principles in his inner and outer life, Mr. Snider gives a dramatic account of the development of Froebel's character and work, with these three principles in view. The result is a book of unique interest; a book to seize upon the imagination and provoke thought; a book to make Froebel, the man, and the growth of Froebel's educational idea stand out clearly before the reader's mind.

It goes without saying that Mr. Snider knows his authorities well; he has scoured the whole field of Froebelian literature closely. With vivid strokes he sketches for us the characters with whom Froebel came in contact, outlines the philosophies of the university men, and pictures the scenes in Froebel's career. He is also gifted with much penetration, although one cannot but feel that he sometimes peers into a dark hole and sees shapes of things which may or may not be there. For instance, the stress laid upon Froebel's very natural expression to Madam Christoph Froebel regarding his brother's children: "I will be a father to them," seems rather forced. To consider these comforting words a distinct promise of marriage, and to hang upon them a dark thread of fate, seems scarcely warranted.

The Life of Frederick Froebel bears marks of having been written for the class room. There are many repetitions of phrases and recallings of events which might be gladly received when heard in lectures given at intervals, but which are tedious when they occur in print.

However, these are cavilings, perhaps. Let us skip one or two other criticisms which we are tempted to make and note in closing Mr. Snider's discriminating characterization of the Mother Play Book.

"From the start it (The Mother Play Book) met with criticism and derision. And at the first glance it still seems a ridiculous production. By no means is it a flawless piece of work; indeed, it is remarkable for the number and peculiar nature of its flaws. But its defects pertain almost wholly to its *form*, not to its idea, which is of the highest and noblest. Its artistic sins are indeed many—in it can be found bad poetry, bad prose, bad pictures; but the spirit is there and the spirit is what makes it immortal. Tried by a formal literary standard it falls far short; but in educative originality it still awaits its peer. Its soul seems careless, almost defiant of its vesture; still,

it becomes at last fascinating in its very audacity. The idea gets itself expressed, not so much by means of as in spite of its form, and so its study turns to a kind of initiation into Froebel's apostolate. Rather pitiful is that educator who can see and exploit only its shortcomings, which nobody has ever denied. Very marvelous is the phenomenon: with enough imperfections hung around its neck to drag it down to the bottom of the sea of oblivion, it still keeps afloat, triumphantly swimming down the stream of Time with an ever-increasing buoyancy. The person who enters truly into its spirit gets not only some flickering educational light about this and that topic, but he is transformed, he undergoes a genuine conversion, for he has heard the sacred Gospel of the Little Child. But it requires patience at the start, yea, some degree of literary self-denial—more faith, less wit; more charity, less criticism; then it will yield up its secret, for it is and will remain the chief canonical book in the Kindergarten Bible."

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes. Translated and illustrated by Isaac Taylor Headland. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

Nursery rhymes abound in China, and some of them, as here seen, possess the veritable Mother Goose flavor. Out of a collection of 600, gathered from two provinces only, Professor Headland, of Peking University, has chosen about 130 for presentation to English speaking people. Students of child life will find these specimens of Chinese mother-play very interesting. As in the mother-play of Western nations, it was a necessary condition that the wheat and tares should flourish together during the formative period of growth in order to insure the development of the wheat. In both East and West, the necessity is no less imperative, when a mother-play crop has become mature enough to be garnered, of casting aside what is worthless in the plays and keeping only the good for use. This was the task which Froebel set himself in his day and which devolves upon those who have learned his wisdom. Professor Headland calls attention to the keen and tender affection manifested in some of the Chinese mother plays. In one, the baby is its mother's "Sweet Pill," an expression analogous to Henry Ward Beecher's designation of children as "troublesome comforts." On the cover of Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes are funny little roly-poly Chinese children playing games with great hilarity. The illustrations have been prepared with care. They are plentiful and various, and give direct glimpses into the loving home life of a nation of which we have at this time a special need of knowledge.

A Christmas Tree Scholar, and Other Stories. By Frances Bent Dillingham. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $0.50.

The eleven short stories appropriate to the different holidays of the year have point and interest. "Dorothy's Captain," the Memorial Day story, conveys very prettily the reminder that we should honor the living "old soldiers" as well as the dead heroes. Some of the stories would be good to use in school celebrations of the holidays.

Aunt Hannah and Seth. By James Otis. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $0.50.

A good story of an innocent minded newsboy, Seth, who flees the city because of an advertisement asking his whereabouts. Seth can think of no reason for his being wanted unless it is that he has passed a counterfeit five cent piece, although unintentionally. His wanderings bring him to a simple country home where a kind "Aunt Hannah" befriends him, and in good time the discovery is made that some lawyers had advertised for Seth and had a legacy for him. So all ends happily.

Divided Skates. By Evelyn Raymond. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $0.50.

Another newsboy story, and even more romantic than Aunt Hannah and Seth. But, after all, why shouldn't the children have a few romantic, improbable stories when they are as sweet and merry and harmless as this?

Playground Toni. By Anna Chapin Ray. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $0.50.

The scene of this story is the summer playground in a city school yard, where throng the children, mostly Jewish, of the foreign quarter. The writer knows the playground intimately and has given some excellent incidental studies of childhood in her narrative of the play-

ground's beneficent influence upon one small urchin.

Half a Dozen Thinking Caps. By Mary F. Leonard. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $0.50.

A bright college girl spends the summer with some thoughtless fun-loving children, and by means of a Thinking Cap Club induces them to consider their prankish impulses before acting upon them. The story is no less suggestive for care-takers of children than it is attractive for boys and girls.

The Play Lady. By Ella Farman Pratt. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $0.50.

One of The Sunshine Library, which includes the five books reviewed above and comprises in all twenty-five prettily bound volumes of bright, wholesome stories. In The Play Lady, a girl of fifteen, a village favorite, finds herself suddenly thrown on her own resources. She has an invalid aunt who shares the home and enters into her plans for making a living. The aunt, by darning the stockings of the Hall family, gets the garden cared for; and the niece sets up an ideal "day nursery" for the little children of the busy mothers who cannot keep a servant but who are glad to have their children taken off their hands and cared for on washing, ironing, and baking days at ten cents apiece for each morning. Sybil has many sensible ideas, and succeeds because she is really what the children call her, a "Play Lady,"—a wise Play Lady.

In Story-land. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.00.

In Story-land, (not Miss Harrison's, by the way,) is a miscellaneous compilation for older and younger children. Out of 144 pages, 60 pages contain matter which the publishers have duplicated in others of their Christmas books.

Magic Moments. By Clarence Bingham. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.00.

The "magic" is in the colored pictures. After looking at the large circular picture which illustrates the first part of its accompanying rhyme, you take hold of the unobtrusive little strip at the picture's edge, and behold! the first picture glides away and a new one comes into view, and corresponds with the remaining part of the rhyme. To watch and then to cause this transformation will give keen pleasure to any child. Pictures and rhymes are of fair quality.

A Trip to Toyland. By Henry Mayer. $3.00. Fun and Frolic. By Louis Wain and Clifton Bingham. $1.50. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

What the Yankee woman said about some high-priced fruits might be applied to many of the high-priced picture and nonsense books brought out for children at Christmas time: "They taste too strong of the money." The books are big and handsome, have a generous supply of dashy, well-drawn pictures, the print is all right, and there is a strong effort made to inject into them a spirit of fun. But, although the pictures are less forced than the generally silly words which accompany them, the books are seldom worth, to the child, the large cost which their production entails. Happily, these two particular volumes are free from the brutality of thought which is sometimes put into the "funny books" for little children.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. The Story of a Little Beech Tree. By Esther Harlan. $0.75. Bruno and Bimba. By Evelyn E. Green. $1.25. Granny's Wonderful Chair. By Frances Browne. $1.50. Lullabies and Baby Songs. Collected by Adelaide L. J. Gosset. $1.50. Sunny Days. $1.25. Field and Farm Friends. $1.50. Merry Folk. $1.50. Happy Times. $1.00. The Animals' Trip to Sea. By Clifton Bingham. $2.00. The Sun Maid. By Evelyn Raymond. $1.50.

R. H. Russell, New York. A New Wonderland. By L. Frank Baum. $1.50.

Dodd, Mead and Co., New York. The Point of Contact in Teaching (Fourth Edition). By Patterson Du Bois. $0.75. Beckonings from Little Hands (Fourth Edition). By Patterson Du Bois. $0.75.

Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston. A Georgian Bungalow. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. $1.00. Ednah and her Brothers. By Eliza Orne White. $1.00. The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts. By Abbie Farwell Brown. $1.25. The Biography of a Baby. By Milicent W. Shinn. $1.50.

GINN AND CO., BOSTON. Bimbi Stories for Children. By Louise de la Ramée. $0.45. Wilderness Ways. By William J. Long. $0.75. Mother Nature's Children. By Allen Walton Gould. $1.25. Bird World. By J. H. Stickney and Ralph Hoffman. $0.75. Seven Little Sisters. By Jane Andrews. $0.75. Starland. By R. S. Ball. $1.25.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL AND CO., NEW YORK. Half a Dozen Thinking Caps. By Mary F. Leonard. $0.50. Playground Toni. By Anna Chapin Ray. $0.50. The Play Lady. By Ella Farman Pratt. $0.50. Aunt Hannah and Seth. By James Otis. $0.50. A Christmas Tree Scholar and Other Stories. By Frances Bent Dillingham. $0.50. Divided Skates. By Evelyn Raymond. $0.50.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK. Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes. By Isaac Taylor Headland. $1.25.

JAMES H. WEST COMPANY, BOSTON. Old Lady and Young Laddie. By Kate Whiting Patch. $0.40.

SILVER, BURDETT AND CO., BOSTON. The Heart of the Ancient Wood. By Charles G. D. Roberts. $1.50.

WERNER SCHOOL BOOK CO. First Reader. By Frances Lillian Taylor. $0.25.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK. More Bunny Stories. By John H. Jewett. $1.50. Goops and How to Be Them. By Gelett Burgess. $1.50. Children of the Revolution. By Maud and Mabel Humphrey. $2.00.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK. St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas. $1.00. Josey and the Chipmunk. By Sydney Reid. $1.50.

L. D. HARKNESS, OBERLIN, O. The Appeal of the Child. By Henry Churchill King. $0.25.

MILTON BRADLEY CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Mother Lore. Selected by Mary L. Gaylord. $0.75.

J. CURWEN AND SONS, LONDON. Kindergarten Gift Plays. By Margaret E. Nuth. 2s. 6d.

B. F. JOHNSON PUBLISHING CO., RICHMOND, VA. Physical Culture. By B. F. Johnson. $0.25.

SIGMA PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO, ILL. The Life of Frederick Froebel, Founder of the Kindergarten. By Denton J. Snider. $1.25.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRIEDRICH FROEBEL. By Rudolf Eucken, Professor of Philosophy, University of Jena. THE ATLANTIC UNION. By Sir Walter Besant. The Forum, October.

EDUCATION AS WORLD BUILDING. By Thomas Davidson. Educational Review, November. SCHOOL REMINISCENCES, I. By J. M. Greenwood. Educational Review, December.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO AT PARIS. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. American Monthly Review of Reviews, November.

PSYCHOLOGY AND SOCIAL PRACTICE. By John Dewey. The Inland Educator, November.

EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND. By W. K. Hill. School, November.

UP FROM SLAVERY. By Booker T. Washington. The Outlook. Begun November 3, 1900.

The attempt to teach children in droves of seventy and eighty at a time is absurd and calculated to do more harm than good.

H. COURTHOPE BOWEN.

HOW THE GLORY KINDERGARTEN, KOBE, JAPAN, SUFFERED FOR SCIENCE.

By Annie L. Howe.

THERE is a beautiful book for children called The Seven Little Sisters. Miss Jane Andrews wrote it, and thousands of children have listened intently to the stories she tells of our sisters in other lands. Advocates of the apperception theory would "triumph gloriously" over any who dared oppose this, could they know how these stories help the school lessons in geography.

The children who have heard these stories in the kindergarten have the unity of the globe and the relation of the Seven Little Sisters to it and to each other fairly in mind, each separate story making, when school days come, an interesting peg to hang more extended knowledge upon.

Our children could give points on Lapland, Arabia, Africa, Germany, Switzerland, and China. This summer they have been touring in South America, especially in Peru, where the quinine grows. They have enjoyed hearing about the clothes which Little Sister in Peru *does n't* wear; —they could so easily appreciate her happy condition! They loved to hear how her mother swings her up in a vine hammock at night,—a lovely place to watch the moon and stars! —how she played with monkeys and parrots in the daytime; how she went up in the mountains sometimes with her father to watch him take the bark from the trees which had such beautiful white blossoms. The children followed the narrator breathlessly as that bark was packed on llamas, brought down to the sea, and at last landed, some of it, in Japan, to be given to children who kicked bedclothes off at night, thereby getting cold and fever, and making it necessary to send for the doctor, who gave them very bad tasting medicine,—the very stuff from those trees in Peru.

"Do you remember how this medicine tastes?" They were rather hazy about it, so each separate youngster was warmly urged to bring a sample the next morning; and some of them did it.

Well, we sat together in the Morning Circle, teachers and children. We each took a dose of quinine. Don't be shocked; it was a very little dose, and it was in the interest of science;—not half so bad to endure as some other things done in the same cause! In fact, it was a great deal of fun.

The teacher went around the circle, dosing one at a time, so that we all had the benefit of each separate grimace or each exhibition of stoicism; and when the teachers themselves,—the foreign, as well as the rest,—puckered their faces and sought refuge in their handkerchiefs, great was the howl of delight!

That 's the way we suffered; but there was much else that was *not* suffering. Most charming pictures were made of the vine hammocks with the moon and stars shining down; of the

mountains and the trees; of the laden llamas; the ships; yes, even the sick children at home, and the messenger running for the doctor; the doctor coming in his jinrikisha to bring quinine *and* relief;—all these works of art were the children's own, as well as the clay modeling representing the story.

You see, don't you, why we did the drawing and modeling? Simply to strengthen the impressions by affording expressions. The teachers put the story in, and gave the children a chance to put it out. Those children knew the story, and the pictures and modeling were interesting.

But more than the geographical knowledge was the broader thought which was given of international life, of dependence upon other countries than our own;—something which we adults are learning in startling object lessons nowadays. It is good to sow a seed, even in tender years, of the thought which, when germinated and grown, will flower into a sense of international *obligations* as well as privileges.

The Glory Kindergarten began its eleventh year September 10, 1900. Our places are filled and seventy applicants are waiting for next April.

—*Mission News.*

NOTES FROM A TEACHER.

By S. A. Warner.

I HAVE had the importance of an apparently small matter impressed upon my mind afresh. If you are teaching in a boarding school, impress upon your pupils the necessity of abstaining from the use of each others' toilet articles. If teaching in a day school where there are any provisions for toilet, urge each pupil to bring his own towel; or, if the common towel is used, let it be only for the hands. I have known of several cases of granulated lids, contracted by using a school towel about the eyes; and three cases resulted in total blindness. One of these was contracted at a public school, two at boarding schools. * * * Don't think that you can economize on the poor plebeian, your stomach, and spend the proceeds thereof on that fine aristocrat, your brain. For you will find that in the fullness of time there will be a genuine French Revolution, in which the noble brain will be beheaded or suffer other disabling indignities at the hands of that *canaille*, the digestive organs.

Teaching is a nervous business at best and the nerves react on the digestive organs. Then come headaches, indigestion and all the attendant ills, sometimes even with the best of diets. You cannot do a good morning's work on black coffee and fine wheaten biscuits; or, if you do, it will be at the expense of succeeding mornings.

It is the first duty of teachers, to their school and to society as well as to themselves, to keep sweet-tempered, young, pretty, and healthy, just as long as possible; and the only way to do this is to live healthfully and comfortably.

—*The Southwestern School Journal.*

AFTER THE PARTY.

By Caro A. Dugan.

"Children, come into Mamma's room,
You will see a lovely sight!
For Mamma was at a party
In the night."

"Oh, we know it; Papa told us."
Yet their eyes begin to shine,
As they follow Ruth, the eldest,
Aged nine.

"Only think! While we were sleeping,
Our Mamma such late hours kept,
It was not until the morning
That she slept!

"Truly, not till early morning,
Elinor;—I asked Papa."
"Oh!" in tones of tender pity,
"Poor Mamma!"

"There! just see this dress, my dearies,
Lying here across the bed;
Is it not as lovely, truly,
As I said?

"All white silk, and lace like frostwork
In the softest folds that fall;—
And she wore these darling slippers,
White and small.

"See her gloves, such long ones, Laura;
And her fan, so light and thin,
With chrysanthemums all golden
Painted in."

"Here 's the bunch of English violets,
Faded now," said Elinor,
"But last night all white and fragrant
That she wore."

"Oh! I wish we could have seen her
At the party," Ruthie sighed.
"Why! she must have looked a princess,
Or a bride!"

" 'Course she did!" said little Laura,
"For I heard Papa declare
That she was the very loveliest
Lady there."

"I am sure she wore the grandest
Dress of all," said eager Ruth.
"But Mamma is *always* lovely,
That 's the truth."

Fair the gleam of silks and laces,
Dainty slipper, perfumed glove;
Fairer far the little faces
Full of love.

In his rounds, the sun, this morning,
Sweeter sight has hardly seen
Than these loyal little subjects
Of a queen.

FROEBEL MEMORIAL HOUSE.

THE contributions to the Friedrich Froebel House, (Blankenburg-Schwarzathal, Thüringen, Germany,) amount thus far to 5,000 marks. The committee having the project in charge speaks very gratefully of these initial contributions in a circular recently sent forth, the contributions from England and the United States being especially mentioned. The estimated cost of the house, however, is 50,000 marks, and therefore much remains to be done. Although accounts of the undertaking have been given heretofore in KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, we state a few particulars for the benefit of new readers.

The building is to contain:—

1. Accommodations for the Blankenburg kindergarten, and also living rooms for the kindergartner (after the foreign fashion).
2. Froebel Museum.
3. Library of kindergarten literature.

4. Residential rooms for kindergartners seeking rest and recreation in the beautiful Thüringian region. (Thüringen is called "the pearl of Germany.")

5. Depository for books and Froebel's Gifts and Occupations, in accordance with Froebel's original plan in 1843.

Fräulein Heerwart, the president of the German Kindergarten Association and chairman of the committee in charge of the Memorial House, has engaged temporary quarters for the Museum, Library, and Depository in a large house where she also resides. The Blankenburg kindergarten has been removed from its old inadequate quarters to this place, but its expenses are provided for from entirely separate funds, of course. The sums contributed to the Memorial House are husbanded very carefully and are only drawn upon for slight "current expenses," which Fräulein Heerwart explains in a private letter to mean postage and printing chiefly. Personal friends of Fräulein Heerwart's have already donated the furnishings of the Museum, which are thus ready to be installed in the Froebel House proper, whenever it is completed.

It would be a very gracious act, and one sure to be appreciated, if kindergarten alumnæ associations or others would enroll themselves as donors to this beautiful Memorial House, which is to be representive of the gratitude, not of Germans alone, but of kindergartners the world over.

A donation of 500 marks constitutes one a patron. A donation of 100 marks makes one an honorary member. A pledge of 3-5 marks annually entitles one to be called a friend.

Persons becoming members of the German Kindergarten Association and adding one mark annually to their subscription, will have the privilege of reductions for board and lodging in the future Froebel House. (There is a bit of German thriftiness for you!)

In addition to these four classes, there is a fifth into which enter donors of various sorts. No one need to refrain from giving for fear that the sum should appear too small. A few American "mickles" make a German "muckle," and we hope that collections will be made in many localities and forwarded by money order to Fräulein Eleonore Heerwart, Blankenburg-Schwarzathal, Thüringen, Germany.

MUSIC IN THE KINDERGARTEN AND CONNECTING CLASS.

By D. Gertrude Spaulding.

As a general understanding of the whole body is necessary to a true comprehension of each part, so certain general truths related to our subject are necessary as a foundation to the particular point we would here dwell upon; viz.: Ways of giving music to children of the kindergarten and connecting class.

The value of music as a means of character building has been recognized only of late years by educators generally. Its value in comparison with that of other arts and sciences has been greatly underestimated; but as its true relation to the human being becomes more and more understood, music is found to be a very potent element in the development of humanity.

To begin at the beginning. Our foundation is God, a trinity of love and wisdom and the outflowing life or spirit. All other attributes come under one of those three heads. Man, being in God's image, contains the germs of a similar trinity. He is of an emotional nature, which is a receptacle of God's love; he has an understanding, which is the recipient of God's wisdom; and he has the power or spirit to do what he sees to be true and loves because of God.

All good and true things contribute to the development of either the affections or the understanding of man. Music, in its essence, speaks to the affections. Moreover, a oneness is evidenced between music and the emotional nature. We find that, as a class, the hospitable, affectionate Southerners are characterized by soft, musical voices. The common characteristics of the African race are strong emotional natures, a love of music, and rich, mellow voices. A certain teacher of music, upon being questioned as to the individuality of those pupils who showed natural talent for this art, said: "They are very affectionate and often impulsive." Infants are wholly in a state of love; therefore they are soothed by the mother's lullaby merely from the affection which is communicated to them through the tones of the voice. If a mother feels impatient, hurried, nervous, and tired, she had better not sing; since by so doing, she brings the child to feel her state, and the child becomes like herself. All the great composers of music were men of much feeling. Some were weak otherwise, because, being led by their loves, and these loves not being guided by wisdom, they were led astray. For the same reason, the Africans, or any individuals in whom the affectional nature overbalances the intellect, are violent when angry, and easily grow very despondent.

On the other hand, knowledge

without love makes what we term cold people. Of the two extremes there is no choice. A true marriage of love and wisdom in the soul cannot fail in moulding a character of beauty and nobility, fruitful of good to eternity, excelled by no character save that of God.

From the above it is seen to what music must minister. The first work of the teacher is to produce conditions favorable to the life of music. We all know that the first essential to good work in any line is spontaneity, pure freedom. If a pupil is afraid of his teacher, fears her criticism, feels oppressed by her presence, best results are impossible. Self-consciousness from various causes is the thief which robs one of spontaneity. Some one said of a certain kindergarten where the kindergartner had too many children in her care, that there was a great lack of this freedom and that the singing was poor. Certainly; the latter was an inevitable effect of the former. How shall we get spontaneity? By presenting to our children an interesting subject and pursuing it with such inviting cordiality and zeal, that personalities and self are forgotten. Spontaneity grows as the interest in, and knowledge and love of, the subject grows.

The second and third essentials of music are pure tone and true spirit, and they are each of equal importance with the first. Given healthy vocal organs, the basis of pure tone in vocal music is founded on love, happiness, and gentleness. A voice is always the sweetest when the soul which gives it expression is brimming with these tender emotions. It is anger, fear, pain, excitement, or sorrow that makes the harsh, sharp, piercing, or broken voice. We all know contagious laughter. Why "contagious"? Because people who laugh in that manner are so feelingly touched that we cannot but feel as they do. Then to get pure tone we must call forth the best emotions. This we can do only by having these emotions in ourselves; then, as sure as like seeks like, they will come forth in others.

The true spirit of music is based on understanding and sympathy. To appeal to one's sympathy we must find something which touches the affections. If we would give a song wholly to another, the word-story as well as the music must touch the affections. This implies an understanding of the story, for we do not love what we do not know.

In a certain kindergarten, music was introduced in this way: When all were on the circle, the kindergartner said, "I am glad to see so many bright eyes saying good morning to me." She then talked with the children a little about the pretty light that shines from the eyes; and as the sun sent his golden beams into the room, an assistant said she thought that the sunshine was saying good morning, too. The children were then asked if they would like to have the piano say good morning,—which made one little fellow laugh. The music of the simple good morning song in Miss Hill's collection was played. This ended, the words were given as a personal greeting to the children. "Let us listen to the piano

again," said the kindergartner; "perhaps we shall hear just what it is saying." The music was repeated; and next, with great pleasure, the children combined words and music in song. The following day "Good morning to you, glorious sun!" was introduced. For the first instrumental music we chose pieces which gave strong contrasts in style or rhythm. For example, a hymn was followed by a skip or a march, and then a movement for flying birds. The children were led to tell what the music was saying. Sometimes it asked the hands and feet to have a merry play; as you know, children love to mark the time of marches and skipping movements. Gradually they perceived the loud and soft, the crescendo and diminuendo; and they especially enjoyed music which showed these variations. Many of these children, when new music of a marked character is given, will describe it as saying "Thank you," "Everybody march," "We can go skipping," or as being "happy."

A song may bear upon some late experience of the children; or a story may be made from the song, and followed by pictures, made by the children, to illustrate the song. The words of the song, given as a poetic and rhythmic expression of the story, will be understood. Next is the music, and the children will hear the words spoken by it.

The spirit of giving music as here suggested is in keeping with that in which the stories and morning talks of the kindergarten are given; that is, the child's experiences and interests are made the basis. Now, although the stories are expressions of child life, or life which reflects the child's self, still, they are told by the kindergartner; so, to develop more of self-expression, the children are encouraged to tell stories of their own making. Thus it is in most of the songs. Although the words be a poetic expression of child thought, and the spirit of the music be felt by the child, yet, the form has been given him by the adult, it is not purely a self-expression of the individual child. Very young children make their own songs; and even before they can talk they will say over and over one or two syllables in a singing voice and with rhythm. From the second to the seventh year and later, when talking in their play to imaginary people or to their dolls, children will seem to float, as it were, into singing over and over a little story, words and music all their own, the only rhythm being that of the music, and unimportant words often being accented to make them fit the music. It is this self-expression that should be encouraged, and these songs that should be used as keys to open to the child the meaning of music. For example, the kindergartner takes some thought expressed by one of the children and sings it. Supposing it is "Baby dear has gone to sleep." Two pulse rhythm is suitable to the sentence and is the simplest. She places the important words on the strong pulse of the music and sings the sentence to the following tones: ||*do, mi,*|*re, do,*|*la, ti,*|*do*||. Then a picture of the rhythm is made on the black-

board by a succession of large and small running loops, the small ones representing the weak pulse of the music and less important words, while the larger ovals represent the strong points in each.

Let the rhythm of many of the songs from kindergarten collections be marked in a similar manner while the children are singing them. Let the children picture the rhythm with you while singing, or give the melody for their little poems while you picture the rhythm. Finally they can give words, melody, and proper rhythm of themselves. Thus, instead of just knowing *about* music, they *know* music; for words, tones, and rhythm based on affection and thought is song expressed.

Comparing the kindergarten and the connecting class, it is seen that the special difference lies in the ability to enter more into detail, and the greater power of self-expression, on the part of the older children. Therefore, when studying a song—for instance, "The Sleigh Bells"—if the children sing too slowly, one may criticise thus: "Oh, those horses were tired! We want horses that have been resting so long that they are pawing the snow to start. Now, we 'll 'See the sleighs dash by!' " Or, perhaps, if the song is "Tender Little Violet," and the children sing too boisterously, we say: "We must not hurt the delicate blossoms."

The children continue to make songs and study rhythm. Songs given by the individual will serve the whole class as practice exercises, by changing them from one key to another. The children sing in this or that pitch, but without thinking of the tones as high or low, for if they do this, when what are termed high tones are sung, the throat is so contracted in the effort to make the tones in a high place in it, that the tones made are thin and screeching. Quite as much trouble, though of an opposite nature, is experienced in giving low tones.

If a clear concept of the pure tone to be expressed vocally is present in the mind, there will be little trouble in gaining pure expression. Descriptions of the tone quality wanted will help gain the end. You want a certain tone and one an octave above, and you say: "I am going to throw you a ball; will you catch it?" Then illustrate, singing the tones. "Now, you throw some to me. Oh, they did not come far enough!" etc. The vibration of sound is well represented by circles ever widening. The steps of the scale when given a personification add to the understanding of tone quality; *e. g.*:—

Do—The father tone, strong; a general, calling troops to order, commanding.

Mi—A young lady, polite, sweet, courteous.

Sol—A young knight, aspiring to nobility.

Upper Do—The mother tone, tender, true.

These tones are not designated as *do, re, me,* etc.; but when the child has given a little song, he is led to find the father tone,—the tone on which he can rest, the prominent one. The names seem properly given, as a

matter of convenience, after he has found the family of tones.

Music by note is often given as early as reading by words, and in much the same way; but as it is being realized that the *science* of music has no proper place in the connecting class, it will not be discussed here. The science of music should be left to the grades above. Previous to that time, there should be the work of making strong and true the foundation upon which future development rests. The science of music should not be classed with music itself, although there is certain valuable mental training gained by study of the former, aside from its use as a conveyance to us of the music expressed by others. The aim is not that we shall have musicians; nor that, before school is done, pupils shall read music signs fluently, although these things may follow in the course of time; but that the *affectional* side of man's nature may receive its proper food. Good songs give pure thought to the understanding, and at the same time touch the affections and strengthen them in love of pure thought.

It has been said by some one, "If you wish to impress on the hearts of people some beautiful and vital thought enshrine it in a poem. The charm of the poetry will win a place for it in a thousand hearts. If you wish every heart of that thousand to repeat the poem often, to linger upon its thoughts with quiet but unceasing delight, then fill that shrine with song." According to Carlyle, "All deep things are song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us—song; as if all the rest were but wrappages and hulls. The primal element of us: of us and of all things. See deep enough and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it." Music, because it expresses the affections, is the one art which finds response in early infancy. The birth of the Babe at Bethlehem brought down to earth the angels' joyous song so full of love. Can we imagine its heavenly sweetness?

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Menomonie, Wisconsin.

Liberal Support of Kindergartens. It would take a long and diligent search on the part of one interested, to find a city of equal size endowed with the educational advantages to be found in Menomonie, a little city in the northwestern part of Wisconsin, whose population is estimated at 7,000.

Pioneer work in the kindergartens of this city was commenced during the summer of 1894 under the direction of Miss Mary McCulloch, supervisor of the St. Louis kindergartens. A comfortable building was erected on the school grounds in the central part of the city, and work was begun on two buildings in outlying districts.

Since then the kindergartens have passed from the hands of their patron, Senator J. H. Stout, who erected, equipped and supported them, into the control of the school board, and are now a part of the public school system.

After several changes in teachers and supervisors, in 1897 Mrs. Martha Logsdon-Coull, a thorough and efficient training teacher from the faculty of the Indiana Kindergarten and Primary Normal Training School, was appointed. A year ago the primary schools were brought under her supervision, thus insuring a helpful, intelligent coöperation of primary and kindergarten teachers.

A training school for kindergartners and primary teachers has also been established. At the present time the kindergarten teaching force is as follows:—

Principal of Codington Kindergarten, Louise Atchison, of Wichita, Kansas, and a graduate of the Indianapolis Training School; principal of the North Menomonie Kindergarten, Katharine Shepherd, from the Chicago Kindergarten Institute; principal of Central Kindergarten, Emilie Robinson, from the St. Louis Training School. The assistants in the several kindergartens are the young women of the training classes.

The work of the training class is confined not to theory and practice only, but embraces a special course in manual training, given by the special teacher of this department. Drawing, sloyd, painting, clay-modeling, basket weaving, are a few of the occupations pursued. The all-sided development so dear to the heart of a Froebelian has not been lost sight of. Recently a basket ball team has been organized, the members of which are undergoing rigorous practice.

To fully understand and appreciate the different conditions existing in the three kindergartens of the city, one must be familiar with the home life of the children in each district. There is an average enrollment in each kindergarten of seventy-five, ranging between the ages of four and six years. These are divided into three classes—oldest, middle, and youngest,—and the work adapted to each class. It is impossible to carry out the same program for the three kindergartens. The children are so different, their home life so unlike, that the work must be adapted to meet their different needs. The people living in the North Menomonie and Codington districts are mostly of a foreign element, yet wholly different as regards tractability, imagination, and expression. North Menomonie is composed principally of lumbering men who work in the mills in the summer and in the pineries in the winter. The women are hard working, practical housewives, who do their own spinning, weaving, and knitting. The children have inherited to a certain extent, this manual dexterity, and excel in work of this sort. In the two other kindergartens there is found more activity, animation, more expression, and more general knowledge of common things. Much nature work is done during the year. Ample opportunities are afforded in this particular line as the woods, fields, gardens, etc., are within easy walking distance of the schools. The nature work results in painting, both with colors and with ink, sand table work especially valuable during the winter months. Clay-modeling holds a prominent place in the program; free-hand cutting and drawing; also basket weaving with raffia and rattan, the constructive element predominating.

During the past three years, the teachers have visited in the homes of the children, and have thus become acquainted with the parents and familiar with the children's home environment. Mothers' meetings are held in the different buildings each month, and at least two evening meetings are held during the year to which the fathers are invited. There is great interest on the part of the parents and these meetings are well attended. In some instances the mothers have contributed to the program, which consists, usually, of several musical selections, an appropriate story, a talk relating to, and explanatory of, the work being done in the kindergarten, and games by the children, mothers, and teachers.

In many respects, this little city of Menomonie is particularly fortunate. It is chiefly a lumbering center, but its citizens are progressive, wide-awake men who gladly welcome any feature of improvement, and who are especially interested in the promotion of education. From the first, they have heartily indorsed the kindergartens, and it is their encouragement and liberal provision, which has done much to raise the kindergartens to the position they now occupy.

EMILIE ROBINSON.

Newark, New Jersey.

Growth of the Kindertens in five years. In 1895, the Kindergarten Club, composed of active kindergartners and others interested in the work, started a free kindergarten and endeavored, through open meetings and the newspapers, to arouse public interest in the matter. They succeeded so well that when Superintendent Gilbert came to

Newark in November, 1896, he received hearty coöperation and was able to secure, by the first of January, an appropriation to open kindergartens in the public schools. Before the end of June, fourteen kindergartens were equipped and started. The number has rapidly increased until now there is a kindergarten established in every one of the fifty-two schools of the city. Each kindergarten has a director and from one to five assistants.

Morton Street School is the largest, with an enrollment of 262 children, divided into morning and afternoon classes under the care of a director and five assistants. They occupy four large class rooms, with one reserved as a general play room. An observer has but to spend a morning among these little children, coming, as they do, from one of the poorest and most crowded districts of the city, to realize what a power the kindergarten has already become in the neighborhood.

In September, 1897, Miss Harris was appointed supervisor of the kindergartens and primary schools. Up to that time the work in each kindergarten had been carried on independently of the others and apart from that of the rest of the school. Through the influence of Miss Harris all this has been changed. Not only are the kindergartners more united in their work and interests, but the kindergarten itself has become a part of the great school system of the city. The spirit of Froebel prevails quite generally throughout the schools, but especially in the first grade, which has become the transition class. In this grade chairs and tables are used, the games are played and advanced work is given in the Gifts and Occupations.

Connected with the "Normal and Training School," is a department for kindergartners. Last year thirteen were graduated. This number by no means supplied the demand and many were accepted from other cities, so that the teaching body of kindergartners represent the best training schools throughout the country.

While a general outline is followed by all the kindergartners, such details are planned by each director as seem best fitted to the needs of her particular class of children. This, together with the diversity of training, gives a strong individuality to the work.

In no place in the country has the growth of the kindergarten been more rapid than in Newark. In no place has the needs of the child been more carefully studied, or Froebel's principles more conscientiously carried out to the end that the child may become conscious of the power within and be able to use that power for his own good.

E. E. L.

Dallas, Texas.

Sketch of the Free Kindergarten. The McKinney Avenue Free Kindergarten, which opened in September, has thirty-two children enrolled and has been forced to refuse a number of applicants. An association for the support of this kindergarten was formed in October, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Hubert Adams; vice-president, Mrs. Perry Claiborne; treasurer, Mrs. Royal A. Ferris; secretary, Mrs. H. P. Seymour. A board of directors was appointed, composed of the kindergartners of Dallas and representatives of the various denominations in the city. The association proposes to maintain a thoroughly modern, broad, and scientific work among the poor and has engaged workers of training and experience.

On the 8th of November an Indian tea was given in the kindergarten room, at which a number of people were present, and much interest was shown. The autumn work of the children was on exhibition, and also a collection of Indian curios. The decorations were autumn leaves and flowers and gay colored Indian draperies.

A piano which was presented to the association gives the children much delight. The plants which were donated were also much appreciated. Beauty of form and coloring are already recognized by the children and plants which will grow and blossom through the winter will be a constant source of pleasure. The kindergarten is grateful for a recent gift of blackboards and for a visit to the dog and pony show.

The Church of the Incarnation, recognizing the need of preventive work, gives the use of its parish house to the association.

New York City.

New Home of the Brightside Day Nursery and Kindergarten. The corner stone of the Brightside Day Nursery and Kindergarten at 89 Cannon street was recently laid with appropriate ceremonies.

Mrs. S. R. Guggenheimer, president of the society, rehearsed the history of the organization and bespoke the interest

of those present in its future and enlarged work. It was six years ago, she said, that Miss Ida Clemons suggested the idea of establishing what is now known as the Brightside Day Nursery and Kindergarten. Four rooms were first rented at No. 90 Sheriff street, but in three months these were inadequate. Since then the organization has occupied successively, No. 155 Norfolk street, No. 141 Suffolk street, and No. 37 Attorney street, the latter the present home. In closing she introduced Randolph Guggenheimer, and, handing a silver trowel to him, asked him, on behalf of Brightside, to set the corner stone.

A band of little children from the kindergarten, each holding the Stars and Stripes, sang from the first floor of the unfinished building, and Dr. Kohler brought the exercises to a close with a benediction.

The new home is to be a five story structure, with two large rooms on each floor.

It is expected that the building will be ready for occupancy in May.

New York City.

The Connecting Class. The regular monthly meeting of the Kraus Alumni Kindergarten Association was held November 24, at the Hotel San Remo. The subject for the day was The Connecting Class, which was presented in a practical and interesting way by Mrs. Walton and discussed by Miss Wiggins, Miss Tompkins, Miss Roethgen, and Miss Waterman. Miss Walton's experience of twenty-five years, not only in kindergarten practice but in training class and connecting class work, made her suggestions very helpful, in showing the kindergartners just where their work might best be made to prepare for what was to follow, and where the kindergarten work might, in its further development, be carried over into the connecting class. As an illustration, she spoke of the connected-slats ofter used for measuring in the kindergarten, when playing at cobbler, carpenter, etc., becoming the real foot measure in the next class, and used to take the dimensions of the room, which might be committed to paper as a plan in proportion of one inch to the foot, the play of the kindergarten thus leading to more intellectual results in the school. Mrs. Walton also spoke of the value of those ball games of the kindergarten which train the children to recall impressions of number or color; of the tossing and throwing games, as establishing correct correspondences between thought and act. One striking and even alarming suggestion she made was, that the child who invariably in tossing his ball in the air waited until it had dropped below his hands before putting them out to grasp it, might act in a similar way in the presence of danger—for instance, seeing a car come towards him at full speed, stand still on the track, to his injury, instead of acting promptly to escape it.

Mrs. Walton made a plea that teachers and kindergartners should better understand each other's work, if the development was to be unbroken, and that the method for both in regard to training should be inducement to *self-control*, rather than administration of discipline—self-control being the great foundation stone of character, and, later on, of good citizenship.

After the discussions that followed Mrs. Walton's address, Miss Anna Harvey gave a talk on The Use of Finger Plays in the Kindergarten (postponed at a previous meeting). She illustrated charmingly with some of Miss Poulsson's recent little plays.

Association Work. The Jenny Hunter Alumni Association, now numbering 225 members, was formed three years ago, for the purpose of giving the graduates of the Jenny Hunter Kindergarten Training School an opportunity to meet for mutual pleasure and profit.

The association has established a kindergarten at 219 East 123d street, New York city, where, every morning, the bright faces of the children speak eloquently as to the value of the work.

The Thanksgiving party given to the mothers and children of the kindergarten was a source of pleasure to old and young. The children enjoyed a happy hour of games, and then listened to a Thanksgiving story told by the kindergartner.

When the tables laden with fruit, cakes, and candy were brought in, each child found his place and waited patiently until all were served. The mothers looked on admiringly while they talked over the teacups.

The Christmas celebration may be described as another "Thanksgiving Party," plus a Santa Claus and a Christmas tree.

Two reunions of the members of the association have been held during the

autumn and winter seasons of 1900. One meeting was devoted principally to business. At the other, kindergarten games were played by Miss Hunter and her graduates. During the games, Miss Hunter gave valuable suggestions as to the proper method of play.

The association aims to show its members, and the mothers and children of its kindergarten, the true art of living: "To take up life as it is, and do the best we can to make it great and good;—our best to make it fit to give back one day to the God who gave it,—that is to live."

Dayton, Ohio.

Union Meeting of Mothers' Clubs. The Dayton Mothers' Kindergarten Union now has a membership of twenty mothers' clubs. Sixteen of these are connected with the public school kindergartens of the city, and hold monthly meetings at the kindergartens. Four of the clubs are connected with Bethel Mission and the kindergartens of the Young Women's League and the National Cash Register Company. Three times a year all these mothers' clubs unite in a general meeting.

At the first union meeting of this school year, held November 16, there was a large gathering of earnest mothers and kindergartners. The reports of the secretaries of the clubs showed that efficient work is being done in child study in the home and kindergarten.

Several clubs reported the establishment of small libraries of books, especially helpful to mothers; and several others are planning to start libraries this year.

The special subject for the afternoon was Helpful Books. An earnest and inspiring talk was given by one of the kindergarten mothers, on Mrs. Proudfoot's book, A Mother's Ideals. She testified to how much the book had meant to her, and made those who had not read it, hungry to read it. Brief reviews of Miss Elizabeth Harrison's Study of Child Nature and Two Children of the Foothills were also given. One of the very enjoyable features of the afternoon was the informal discussion of books, by the many who gathered about the reading tables to look over the books and magazines placed there for this purpose.

ANNA H. LITTELL, *Secretary.*

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Work of Frau Schrader. At a meeting of the Philadelphia Society of Froebel Kindergartners, December 8, an address upon Frau Henriette Schrader was given by Miss Cabeen, who was a personal friend of Frau Schrader.

She said in part: "How much it means that God cast Froebel's lot in Thuringen, that there he was born and lived and died. Deep draughts of beauty Nature gave him, taking him to her very heart of hearts. * * * Only once, before this winter, has the snow fallen upon the grave of a woman who in her beautiful, earnest girlhood, walked with Froebel. Into her ear, into her quick receptive soul, he breathed his message; what he had learned from Pestalozzi, what life and the spirit had made clear to him. On her true heart he laid his burden, his life-work to be completed. Out of his failing grasp, into her young, strong hands, he gave his banner, on whose white folds the message ran: 'Come, let us live with our children.' And all through her beautiful life she bore that burden, and held that banner high. * * * When it was first my privilege to know Frau Schrader she seemed in her beautiful prime,—physically, mentally, and spiritually, an ideal woman. * * * She was full of magnetism, of inspiration, of deep, strong sympathy. * * * I have never known a manner more winning, more gracious, more confidence-compelling, than was hers; for with her, all came from the heart. * * * She seemed to have everything that a woman's life could ask: but the sorrows of the world rested heavily upon Frau Schrader. She was sure of the truth of her mission,—the work that she had received from Pestalozzi and from Froebel,—that through womanhood and childhood the world should be lifted up."

EDITH M. CUSTIS, *Secretary.*

INTERESTING NOTES CONCERNING KINDERGARTENS IN JAPAN.

"Yoshien" is the Japanese word for kindergarten, writes Anna Northend Benjamin in the *St. Nicholas.* No large Japanese city is without one, and the small pupils who attend them are taught exactly what American children are taught in the kindergartens in the United States. But though the instruc-

tion, the music, and the games are the same, there are many other ways in which the Japanese kindergarten differs from those in other countries. The school building is almost always of Japanese architecture, of one story, the walls of board and plaster, and the roof made with slate-colored tiles. Inside, the rooms are much larger than in ordinary Japanese houses, and the floors are covered with straw mats. In winter it is very cold, and the kindergartens are not heated as are ours. Sometimes, in the bitter cold weather, there will be nothing but a brazier—called a hibachi—containing two or three small sticks of charcoal to warm a large room. But the Japanese are used to cold during the winter, and do not understand how we can be comfortable with so much heat in our houses.

The children are brought to the school in the morning by their mothers, or by an older sister, or a nurse-maid named an amah. Before entering the front door they slip off their high wooden shoes, called geta, and put their feet into straw sandals. There are shelves for the geta at both sides of the entrance, and when they are full the little wooden shoes are laid in a neat row in front of the steps. This looks very strange to the American visitor.

When the children go inside to the large room where the circle is marked on the floor, they make a deep bow to each one of the teachers, bending their bodies forward from their waists, head and all, in the most grave and courteous manner. This is the Japanese way of bowing, and a child is taught to do it as soon as he can walk.

When noon comes, the children march into a long room where their lunch or beto boxes are laid out at each one's place, and beside each of these is a pair of chopsticks. Each little lunch box contains several compartments, one on top of the other, and these have been carefully filled by the mother at home, one with snow white rice, one with some little pieces of meat or pickles to eat with it, and the third with some tiny bits of sponge cake. Tea is made at the school, very weak, and served in small blue bowls at each place. This is without either sugar or milk, for that is the custom in Japan. No meal is complete without this tea. When the signal is given the boxes are opened, and the chopsticks make very rapid excursions to all the eager little mouths.

THE INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION.

Plans are being rapidly matured for the meeting to be held in Chicago, April 10-12, 1901. Among the speakers will be several prominent Chicago thinkers along educational lines. Miss Laura Fisher will be one of the speakers at the public evening meeting. It is also hoped that Dr. Hailman will be present. There will be one session given, as usual, to a training teachers' conference. The subject of this conference will be Simplification in Kindergarten Materials, Games, Songs, etc., and it will be open to all interested. A very interesting feature of the meeting will be the devoting of one afternoon to Round Table discussions, which will be held simultaneously, in the same building, and on various subjects of vital importance. These discussions will be led by prominent kindergartners, and will be very informal. A full program of the proceedings will appear in next month's issue.

MARY D. RUNYAN,
Sec. and Treas., I. K. U.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

A most commendable philanthropic work has been undertaken by a number of Boston women, looking to the establishment of a nursery for blind babies, for whom, unfortunately, no provision is made in the day nursery or kindergarten. Money to carry on the work is urgently needed and it is believed that lovers of children, especially unfortunate children, will respond generously. Miss Isabel Greely of 175 Winthrop road, Brookline, who was for thirteen years principal of the kindergarten for the blind in Jamaica Plain, has kindly consented to act as treasurer, and contributions may be sent to her.

Miss Alice O'Grady of New Britain, Ct., State Normal School is to give a course of eight lectures in Worcester in January and February, under the auspices of the kindergarten club. The lectures will be on the clinical subjects dealing with kindergartens and promise to be of educational value to those interested in kindergarten work.

The members of St. Anthony's parish at Manchester, N. H., have organized a kindergarten, presided over by Mrs. Cyrille Bussier. The kindergarten opened with about forty pupils and seems destined to meet with success.

With a view to giving to those in need of such instruction the benefit of their training the members of the recently organized State Normal Kindergarten Alumni Association and the kindergarten students at the State Normal School, Los Angeles, Cal., have established a kindergarten in the Orphans' Home at South Pasadena. The managers of the home are more than glad and the project has met with encouragement and approval from all sides. Teachers are furnished from the senior kindergarten training class of the State Normal School and the members of this class therefore secure practical work which better fits them for their chosen profession. Particular attention is given to nature work in the orchards and gardens near the school. Twenty-five children are now enrolled. The teachers at present are Misses Kirk and Gage. The officers of the Alumni Association are: President, Miss Agnes Knight; treasurer, Miss Bessie Whitcomb; corresponding secretary, Miss Elizabeth Maynard; recording secretary, Miss Edith Furrey.

At London, Ont., the inspector of public schools has a weekly psychology class, which is attended by many of the kindergartners and public school teachers. The Froebel Society of London has been planning to spend one evening in the auditorium of the new normal school to teach games to the normal students, about ninety in number. An exhibition of Perry pictures has netted this society about fifty-five dollars.

Miss Mary C. Livermore, formerly a kindergartner at New Haven, Ct., has gone to Green Cove Springs, Fla., to open a kindergarten and training school, under the auspices of the educational association of that place.

A kindergarten was opened in the old town hall, Stockton, N. J., December 3, with Miss Anderson in charge.

An interesting and helpful program has been planned for the season by the mothers' club of No. 6 school, Rochester, N. Y. Although but newly organized, there is a large membership, and all mothers in the school district who have children in the primary and kindergarten department, and all others who are interested, are cordially invited to unite themselves with the club. The meetings will be open to mothers who are not members of the club. The program for the following months will be: January, Early School Life of the Child, Mr. Townsend; February, Child's Diet, A. M. Murphy, and articles from Miss Harrison's book; March, Lecture on Cleanliness, Dr. Ricker; May, Suggestions for Summer Outings During Vacation, Miss Jones. The mothers' club of No. 24 kindergarten was organized for the year and the following were elected officers: President, Mrs. Ollis; vice-president, Mrs. Devendorf; secretary and treasurer, Miss De Voe; executive committee, Mrs. Waddell, Mrs. Trost, Mrs. King, Miss Flack.

The Kindergarten Program is the subject of an important course of lectures

to be given by Miss Susan E. Blow at Boston, Mass., on five successive Thursday afternoons, from January 3 to January 31 inclusive. The lectures begin at 3 P. M. this year and are held at the usual place, Chipman Hall, Tremont Temple. Course tickets are two dollars, single tickets fifty cents. Miss Blow will also give a course of lectures on Faust at 68 Marlboro street, on Mondays at 3 P. M. Course tickets for these lectures are three dollars; single tickets, seventy-five cents.

The work of the Froebel Club, Indianapolis, Ind., for this year is to be on games used in the kindergarten. These are discussed and illustrated by Miss C. B. Armstrong, Mrs. M. C. Brown, Miss J. Goodwin, and Miss Alice Dresser. The remaining meetings are held at the Training School building, 1003 Coe street, on the following dates: January 21, March 4, April 15, May 27, open meeting.

The many friends of KINDERGARTEN REVIEW will be interested to hear of the wide extent of its circulation in our new possessions and in foreign countries. Copies are mailed each month to subscribers in Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaiian Islands, Jamaica, Argentine Republic, Brazil, London, and other parts of England, France, Spain, Germany, India, Japan, China, South Africa, Monrovia, Egypt, and Australia. Canada and Mexico are also well represented.

At Mineville, N. Y., about fifty children are enrolled in the kindergarten at Memorial Hall, which is supported by Mrs. W. C. Witherbee. The work is in charge of Miss Elizabeth Kittredge, assisted by Miss Rose Sandecock. The interest of mothers and their coöperation in the development of their children along the higher lines is stimulated by mothers' meetings held each month. Entertainments of various sorts are also enjoyed frequently by both parents and children.

The Chicago Kindergarten Club met on Saturday, December 8. The subject for the day was Religion, Animism, and the following questions formed the basis for the treatment of the subject in the papers and discussion: (1) What place has Animism in Childhood? (2) What is its Relation to Religion? (3) What is the Significance of Religion in Social Evolution? The papers were full and interesting and many illustrations were given with reference to the childhood of individuals and the childhood of races.

A Christmas meeting of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Kindergarten Union, of which Miss Fanniebelle Curtis is president, was held in Assembly Hall, Pratt Institute, Friday, December 14. The following program was given: Songs, The First Christmas, It Came Upon the Midnight Clear, Silent Night. The Messiah, Mr. William L. Tomlins. Songs, Christmas Star, Shine Out, O Blessed Star.

Miss Nina Edwards opened a kindergarten at the Industrial Institute, Topeka, Kansas, December 3.

In the kindergarten of Miss Jean Laidlaw, London, Ont., the children are interested in a pair of homing pigeons (Adam and Eve), that live in a large packing case. Eve is sitting on one egg, the other having been broken. A student with Miss Laidlaw is fortunate enough to own a spinning wheel which is coming to kindergarten and all hope to learn to spin.

The birthday of Eugene Field, the poet of childhood, was fittingly celebrated by the St. Louis Froebel Society by a song recital held at the new school named in honor of the poet. Mrs. Josephine Hiltz Kimmel of Chicago rendered a program of the poet's verses. Dr. Soldan made a short but eloquent address containing many personal reminiscences of the poet, and many passages from his works. At the close of the exercises, visitors were invited to make a tour of inspection of the building, one of the finest in the country.

GROW flowers, that thou mayst perfume have and give;
Grow cabbages, that thou mayst eat and live.
For life is complex, and its needs demand
That flowers and cabbages go hand in hand.

—CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

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RHYTHM IN KINDERGARTEN WORK.

As one reviews the kindergarten work of to-day, he can but note the constantly increasing use of instrumental music, not only for the accompaniment of songs, but also for the special gratification and training of the sense of rhythm.

A few years ago, the subject of music was but lightly considered as a qualification for a kindergartner; but to-day she must be able to tell what music is good and helpful for her charges, and why it is so, and also to play with creditable skill upon the piano.

Thoughtful men and women who have long made music a study have of late years been turning their attention to the study and training of children's voices and to the adaptation of music to children's needs. These people have learned that children may as truly and readily interpret a melody as a story, if only the theme be sufficiently simple.

We know how children like to step in time whenever stirring music with a marked rhythm is played, and we know also the power of music to inspire order and precision in concerted action. The physical and spiritual benefit gained by little children through the interpretation of music by physical movements has been demonstrated in some of the more progressive kindergartens. Perhaps in few of these has rhythmic movement had more attention given to it than in the kindergarten of the Cook County and, later, the Chicago Normal school, while this kindergarten was under the direction of Miss Annie E. Allen, assisted by Miss Clara Louise Anderson. Children could enter the kindergarten belonging to this school at the age of three years, and it was beautiful to watch their growth in the appreciation of rhythm during the three years which they spent in that environment. The clumsy and nervous child gradually acquired steadiness of movement, the self-conscious one was helped to forget self in the thing he was doing; and many a shy child, too timid at first to venture into the circle alone, grew courageous and independent through the clapping and skipping called for by the various rhythms of the music played.

In the kindergarten mentioned the rhythmic movements were of several kinds. Besides the simple skip and march, there was the representation of gliding sunbeams and falling raindrops; the imitation of tramping horses, and swinging scythes and the swift glide of the skater.

Special music for inspiring these rhythmical movements on the part of the children has been provided by Miss Clara Louise Anderson in her Instrumental Characteristic Rhythms, Parts I. and II., the latter being just now fresh from the press. Judging from the large sale of the first book, the second will be eagerly welcomed. T.

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KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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CONCERNING CROWDED KINDERGARTENS.

By W. N. Hailmann.

THE most precious thing that comes to a community—to any social group—is a strong, healthy, self-reliant individuality, generously sympathetic and aggressively helpful in its life. To lead childhood and youth towards such a life is the privilege and duty of education.

Now, such individuality does not grow in solitude. It needs for its unfolding, association with others in common enjoyment and common work. Nor does it grow in crowds. The crowd has a tendency to repress individuality rather than to stimulate it. Solitude may dwarf individuality, but the crowd kills it or absorbs it. At least, this is the case in childhood and youth. Individuality, once established, may sway a crowd and may feed and grow fat upon its successes, but it cannot possibly be "born and raised" in a crowd.

All beginnings of life call for gradual and continuous increase of stimulus. In order to serve growth, the stimulus must keep pace with the gradually increasing power of response on the part of the growing organism. Excess of stimulus disorganizes.

The natural history of childhood indicates the way. At first, there comes to the child the almost exclusive companionship of the mother. Even where the family is large, others yield precedence to the mother. They seem to have an instinctive dread of becoming a crowd and of marring thereby the mother's work, of disturbing the child's initiation into sympathetic relationship with others.

Later on, these others join more or less cautiously,—the older sister, the aunt, the father, the older brother. Yet, even then, in a well regulated family, the mother retains her

position of supreme leadership, of mediator between the child and his environment.

Still later, he begins his excursions into wider fields. He finds the neighbor's child of similar age with himself. For the first time, he enjoys the satisfaction of measuring himself in his interests and achievements with an equal. For the first time, he experiences the incentive of genuine emulation. For the first time, he comes to enterprises in which his help is honestly indispensable. The fundamental conditions for genuinely sympathetic and helpful activity on his part have at last been reached.

Yet there is danger that his emulation, his desire to do his best, may go astray and degenerate into rivalry; that, instead of contributing himself to the common enterprise, he may fall into the snares and pitfalls of competition; that, instead of helping his playmate in the achievement of a common interest, he may study simply to outdo him, or, what is worse, to use him for his personal ends.

At this point, therefore, vigilance and a certain degree of guidance become desirable. At this point, education should secure for such playmates an environment, which, by its very nature, will direct emulation in right channels. This is the specific purpose and task of the kindergarten. Here is to be laid the foundation for a correct social attitude on the part of the child. Yet this is to be done without loss to his individuality. His individuality is to be constantly respected, and he must feel that it is respected. He must feel that it plays an important part in the life of the kindergarten, so that he, himself, may come to respect it. He must be brought to feel, in however vague a way, that his presence is of value to his associates; and his emulation must be directed by a desire to render himself more and more valuable.

The ideal kindergarten would give to the child the attitudes and habits of social efficiency in an ideal society, in which the individuality of the members can expand and assert itself freely. It would, by its environment, enable and induce the children to form common and social aims, but it would at the same time enable and induce each member of the group to share in the common play-work in the measure of his own peculiar individuality. In everything that is done, each child should be a full factor of the success attained. He should never feel himself as a cipher or as a mere spectator. He should know with a certain degree of clearness what each one of the others can do and what relation his work may have to that of each of these others. He should feel that the work of the group as a whole, as well as the work of each individual composing the group, depends for its success upon him; that, unless he puts forth his best effort and contributes his whole self, failure will come to all.

Only where these conditions exist can the kindergarten accomplish its legitimate, specific purpose, which is the developing of strong, healthy, self-respecting individualities, ready and eager to enter aggressively into

sympathetic helpful relations with others in the attainment of social ends.

It is evident from these requirements that, in the ideal kindergarten, the number of children must be limited. When the child enters the kindergarten, he should have the feeling that each little friendly face greets him with special pleasure; that each one sees in him the John or Mary for whom they have waited. The face of the kindergartner must beam a welcome to him, as warm and exclusive as that with which his mother meets him in the home.

All this is impossible in a large kindergarten. Here he enters almost unnoticed. No one cares for the John or Mary of him. He is merely another one, and, to the overtaxed kindergartner, this other one brings but another burden. Her smile of recognition, if she has time for any, is short and perfunctory. There is little of motherliness in it.

As a consequence, the little newcomer is more or less cowed. Everything about him seems so strange and cold. He retires within himself. In due time, under the suggestion of the crowd, he does as the others do. He sings and plays and works as the others sing and play and work. He goes through the conventional drill motions when he is called upon to act a part, and settles down into a sweet little marionette like all the rest. Whatever individuality he may have brought to the kindergarten is smoothed down or touched up to a proper average of passive gentleness. All leadership is, of necessity, usurped by the kindergartner and her assistants for the sake of discipline; and little distinctions in marches and games and "morning talks" are distributed among the children more or less impartially, so that each of the little things may have its turn.

The large "kindergarten" is a compromise with the infant school of gallery memory. It is an expedient of philanthropy in straitened circumstances. It is a concession in public educational work to the taxpayer, or a device in private enterprise to make it pay. In no case can it lay claim to fellowship with the ideal kindergarten, in which the interests of the children and the sanctity of childhood are paramount, and yield to no other consideration.

In the large "kindergarten" spontaneity is at a discount. Individuality is in the way. Mutual sympathy and helpfulness on the part of the children is a disturbance as much as it is in a large school. Children must do as nearly as possible the same thing at the same time as a safeguard against pandemonium. The director becomes of necessity an absolute monarch, who does all the thinking and planning for her subjects in games, songs, marches, occupations, and all else. She and her helpers rarely rise above the attitude of the drill officer. Everything must be done just in this way and in no other. In whatever they do, the children reproduce an external instead of giving expression to an internal.

Fortunately, the large "kindergarten" has had its day. The imperishable common sense of the people has

learned to see through the deceptive brilliancies of its plausible performances; and undying common goodness is finding ways and means to extract the ideal kindergarten from its meshes. As a consequence, the conviction is gaining ground that for children between the ages of four and six, under average circumstances, twenty is the maximum number to be placed under one kindergartner, and that the placing of two or three such kindergartens in one room is as precarious as the installing of two or three families in one room. There is reason to hope, therefore, that ere long the term kindergarten will apply only to institutions in which children will be afforded time and opportunity for natural growth, instead of being hurried through an arbitrary curriculum of artificial drill work, devised by makers of books. There is reason to hope that, ere long, these kindergartens will break through the walls in which the children are now confined, and will seek and find the food for soul development, which only God's open garden of forest and field, of brook and pond, can afford.

THE DEATHLESS DEED.

By Edith H. Kinney.

He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of human life can possibly give again.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Though naught avails our pity for the past,
With records closed and filed,
One deed there is, all others shall outlast,—
To help a little child!

To reach out lengthening arms, whose molding might
No barrier can abate;—
For they who guard the bud from touch of blight,
Shall save the harvest's fate.

What hath been, and what is, must baffle still,
With stern finality.
But whoso helps a child doth shape at will
The wonderful To-Be!

A LITTLE MATHEMATICIAN.

By Phyllis Wardle.

FRANKLIN shows a decided aptitude for mathematics. He has never had any regular instruction save what he has received in kindergarten, but he is a precise little fellow who likes to think out things for himself. He has, too, quite a poetic strain in his nature, and great tenderness. He loves his little brothers and sisters,—especially the baby; loves his dolly, too, and declares that it is a real baby. He loves music, flowers, birds, and all young animals; and finds great enjoyment in gazing at the clouds and the stars. The lightning, too, he finds very interesting.

Of all the children, he, as a baby, seemed the dullest; yet there are none of those now old enough to talk, who have shown as much of thoughtfulness as he, or of that indescribable something which I can only call a poetic quality. As a little child he never tired me, as the other children sometimes do, for he never chattered. He conversed; and his childish thoughts always interested and entertained me.

The first record that I can find of Franklin as a little mathematician was written when he was a little over three and a half years of age. He had a boat with two sails; and he remarked that some day he would put Gilbert's sails (of which there were two) on his boat, and that then he would have four sails.

An entry in the notebook a few days later shows that he asked if he might have "those *five* pennies"; and later, noticing the Indian heads upon them, he remarked that there were "1, 2, 3 and 1, 2, 3 Innans on 'em," —counting one head twice, by mistake, evidently.

He was about five years old when we first noticed his interest in numbers. At this time he was constantly copying the numbers from the calendar. He would bring us a book and, pointing to the number of the page, ask, "What number is that?" He would count while dressing in the morning, frequently stopping to inquire: "Now what comes next?" and at night I would often hear him counting aloud, before he fell asleep.

In this way he soon learned to form all the numbers, and to count up into the hundreds. He could read correctly almost any number less than one thousand, although such numbers as 604 and 640 puzzled him.

One day when he was about five and a half years old, it occurred to me that perhaps I ought to teach him to count backwards, too; but thinking that it might puzzle him, I concluded not to attempt it. A day or two later, while dressing for breakfast, Franklin said:—

"I can count vom tweb [from twelve] down to one. Want to hear me?" So he began, "Tweb, leben, ten, nine, eight, seben, zixk, vibe, vour, vee, two, one. Do you know how I learned?" he added.

"From the clock."

"I can count from 100 down to 1, too."

He had to count very slowly, but he succeeded.

"Mamma," said he one day, when a little over six years old, "may I play with these hairpins?" Receiving permission, he took one of them up and announced that it was "a weighber" (a weigher).

On his "weigher" he suspended another hairpin and said, "That weibs [weighs] a korter ob a korter" (a quarter of a quarter). He then hung another hairpin on his weigher as he called it, and said, "That weibs another korter ob a korter, an' zat makes hass [half] ob a korter altogezzer." Putting on another hairpin he said, "Now zat weibs altogezzer a hass ob a korter an' a korter ob a korter."

When the fourth hairpin was put on he said, "Now zat weibs altogezzer your korters ob a korter"; then he suddenly exclaimed, "And *zat* is a whole korter ob an apple!"

I paid no further attention to him until he had hung all of the hairpins on the one upright one. Then he handed it to me remarking, "Zat weibs altogezzer vee whole korters, an' a hass ob a korter an' a korter ob a korter." I counted the hairpins. There were fifteen.

"Yes, that is right," I said as I handed it back. He put out his hand to receive it and suddenly pointing to the upright hairpin which he had called the weigher, exclaimed, "Zat makes your whole korters, and zat is *a whole apple!*"

"It would be the whole of anything," I told him; and then asked him to bring me his slate and pencil. I drew a square and divided it into four parts. Then I bisected each part in a different way to show that the shape made no difference. I called his attention to the fact that there were 2 halves, 4 fourths, 8 eighths, etc., in anything we might choose to divide. "You see," said I, "when I divided these quarters into 2 parts, each part was an eighth."

He quickly took the pencil from me and, bisecting the eighths, said, "*Now* each one is a sixteenth!"

Two other incidents, which occurred when Franklin was about seven years and three months old, will serve to show how he thinks out his problems and also how he has been encouraged to think them out by a little assistance. (I drop his "baby-talk," for the present.)

"Mamma!" he called, "27 and 27 makes 54, does n't it?"

"Yes, dear; but tell me how you found out."

"I know 2 twenty-fives made 50, and I just added the 4. That was *awful* easy."

"Now I wonder how much 2 times 54 makes—oh! one hundred and eight. That is 4 times 27, is n't it?" Then he added, "Now if I could only get *6* times 27!"

"You have 108 as 4 times 27, and 54 is 2 times 27. How much is 108 and 54?"

He paused. "Suppose you leave off the 8 and add 54 to 100," said I. "That would be 154. Now add your 8."

"One hundred and sixty-two," he announced immediately. "Now if I could only get two more 27's, I would have 8 times 27."

I reminded him that 108 was 4 times 27, and he soon saw that 2 times 108 would be equal to 4 times 27, and that two 108's made 216.

"Now, mamma, if I only *could* find out how much 10 times 27 is!"

I tried to tell him that one could always find 10 times any number by writing a 0 after it. He thought at first that it would be 2,700. So I called him to me and illustrated "10 times 1 are 10, 10 times 6 are 60, etc."

"Would n't 27 more be 297?" he asked.

When I had answered, "Yes," he said, "Now I have 11 times 27"; and a moment later asked, "Would n't 13 times 27 be 351?"

"How did you know?" I asked him.

"Because 297 is 3 less than 300, and so it would be 351 if I added 54. Then, mamma, on this side of the wall are 351 squares, for there are 27 across and 13 rows." So that was the problem which he had been trying to solve!

A few days after this, I was about to give Franklin some number work to do when Gilbert asked to be allowed to give him some examples. Among the examples was this in addition:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 14 \\ 19 \\ 29 \\ \hline 62 \end{array}$$

"You should n't have given him anything that required carrying," I said to Gilbert, "for he does n't know anything about that yet." Then finding that the answer was correct, I inquired of Franklin how he had obtained it.

"I just left off the 4 from 29 and added 15, and that made 40. Then 14 more made 54. Then I added the 4 left from 29 and that made 58, and 4 more made 62."

It was at just about this same time that the following incident was recorded in my notebook:—

Yesterday Franklin found on the floor a ten dollar "greenback" which he had made by painting paper green. "Mamma," he cried, indignantly, "Winifred does n't take any *care* of her money! I find it all *over!* I 'm not going to give her any more,—*not a cent,* not even a *quarter* of a cent, not even a *sixty-second* of a cent! Is a sixty-second less than a quarter, mamma?"

"One eighth is less than a quarter, is n't it?"

"Yes."

"One sixteenth is less than an eighth?"

"Yes."

"The more parts into which you divide a thing, the smaller each part is, is n't it?"

"Yes."

"Then one sixty-second would be less than one fourth, would n't it?"

"Yes. Oh how *little* that would be! So little you could *hardly see it;* —unless," he suddenly added, "you had something very big at first";—thus showing that he recognized the fact that fractional values have a size and value in relative proportion to the size of the whole.

It may be interesting to note that

as he said "so little you could hardly see it," there flashed through my mind the question; "Does he think only of the penny as being divided? He is losing sight of the principle involved." I was just about to tell him that if we divided the *world* into sixty-two parts, each one would be pretty large, when he made his supplementary remark; "unless you had something very big at first."

Question: Did the thought in my own mind transfer itself to his mind? May not children almost intuitively absorb ideas from contact with older and more intelligent minds? May not this, in part, account for the fact that children in families of intelligence show greater power of thought and wider comprehension?

About three weeks ago, Franklin was speaking of the size of some article. "I sink [think] it was 'bout hass a ints" (inch), he said. "No, I guess 'bout hass of vee korters [three quarters] ob a ints."

"How much is that?" I inquired.

He thought a moment. "Oh, I know! A quarter and an eighth."

"How many eighths does that make, altogether?"

There was an instant's pause only before he replied: "Three eighths."

Franklin is now seven and a half years old. He has had only kindergarten, not primary school, training; and, save for the above conversation, numbers have scarcely been mentioned for at least two months. A few days ago I questioned him to find out how much he knew thoroughly.

"Let me see how far you can count by 3's," I said.

He counted correctly and quite rapidly until he came to 39. There he hesitated, finally giving 43 as the next number. He afterwards gave me the correct number, and then proceeded more slowly until he reached 60, when he declared that he was tired.

"Count by 4's now."

He counted by 4's even better than by 3's until he reached 68, when I interrupted and asked him to count by 6's.

He did this to 102, slowly but correctly. When he had said 66 he put his head down upon his arms a moment; then, looking up, said: "72."

"How did you know that 72 was the next number?" I questioned.

"I knew that there were four more in sixty, and two more made seventy-two."

Counting by 7's and 8's he pronounced to be "hard"; and he did not count correctly further than two places. Tens he knew, of course, but elevens not further than two places. To my surprise he counted by 12's rapidly up to 72.

When asked how he had learned to count by 12's he did n't know; but he is fond of measuring things with the yardstick and tape measure, and this fact, I think, will account for his familiarity with the smaller multiples of twelve.

I found that he could tell me readily all the combinations up to twenty. Beyond that, his knowledge was fragmentary; but if given time he would find the result in some way.

I had to tell him that 4 times seven was 28; and then I asked if he could

tell me how much 5 times 7 was. He replied so quickly that I asked him how he found out.

"I knew that 8 more would be 36, so 7 more would be one less," said he.

"Do you know how many fives are in forty?"

"Eight."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, 'cause 6 times 5 is 30, and 40 would have two more 5's in it."

Franklin comes by his mathematical ability naturally, for I do not know of any of his immediate ancestors or relatives who could be called poor at mathematics. One grandfather took the first prize in mathematics at Yale, upon his graduation. But I do not think heredity is the only factor to be considered. Franklin has had *things* to deal with. He has seen the cube divided, and in his music lessons has had the relative values of whole, half, quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes explained by means of the cutting and folding of paper. His elder brother never had any difficulty in understanding fractional values, nor does his little sister of five and a half. She attends kindergarten, and has, besides, a short music lesson every day, of about fifteen or twenty minutes. Note values have been explained to her by means of circles cut into halves, quarters, eighths, etc., and she has the clearest ideas in regard to them, I find. There is no doubt in her mind that an eighth is half a quarter, or a quarter of the half, of anything.

Yet she cannot be depended upon to count correctly to twenty. She likes to count, but when she reaches sixteen, she is quite likely to say seventy-one next. I rarely correct her, for she will learn soon enough.

I know of other young children of six or seven (even those who have not been to kindergarten) who have had no difficulty in understanding fractional values when they have actually seen something divided.

Franklin is not being pushed. He loves to attend kindergarten: so we are keeping him there, though he is the oldest child who attends. He enjoys the games, the songs, and the companionship, and besides is sure of getting considerable exercise in the open air, since the kindergarten is over half a mile away. After dinner he has a half hour's music lesson, and then is practically free to play out of doors as much as he likes. At about five o'clock he comes in and practices for twenty minutes or so. Then he reads a few sentences in his "Little Nature Studies," writes a few words, and that is all. If I am very busy, even this is omitted.

BABY'S CALENDAR.

By Anne C. Steele.

SPRING.

When I see my biddy hen with her downy chicks,
When through fences I can watch lambkins at their tricks,
When I find some dandelions, hear the robins sing,
When I love the sunlight warm, then I know it 's Spring.

SUMMER.

When I see our moolley cow standing in the pool,
When my brother stays with me and does not go to school,
When the frogs and crickets give their ev'ning concert queer,
When I love the shady wood, I know that Summer 's here.

AUTUMN.

When we watch the children roll in the fragrant hay,
When the trees paint all their leaves in colors rich and gay,
When the purple grapes are ripe and mother gives me some,
When I take my ride at noon, I know that Autumn 's come.

WINTER.

When I 'm bundled to the eyes for a tiny walk,
When I watch their frosty breath, while the teamsters talk,
When the children 'round the fire hear story, song, and rhyme,
When I see the white snow fall, I know it 's Winter time.

THE CHILD'S SPECIAL GIFT.

By Anna Hamlin Wikel.

IN every little bundle of humanity that comes into the world, Nature has stowed one of her special gifts. Some one looks askance at this statement, mournfully thinking of himself as one who has not even a single talent to wrap up in a napkin. But are we quite frank with ourselves when we profess so much humility? Or why blame Nature? Why not society, which is not satisfied until it has fashioned all in one mold? Good, prodigal Nature, with her infinite creativeness, duplicates gifts in a measure, but never personalities. It is this dissimilarity of personality, not, necessarily, of the gift, which gives value to the individual talent. Even a glove is shaped by the physical hand—how much more a gift by the

whole make-up of a man or woman. A talent which may not be unprecedented in greatness or rarity, may, by the touch of the personality of its possessor, exert a wide influence.

In children we find many gifts. Not only should these be recognized and cultivated, but the child's whole nature tuned to be in accord with them. Of what use is Mary's musical ability if she has a nervous system so weak that she cannot practice? What is a great imagination to her brother if he is trained in the most prosaic lines—all books of fancy replaced by those of facts? I do not speak of genius. "Mute inglorious Miltons" are few. Genius, like fire, will burn its way out. But of talent the world is full. By sincere and conscientious effort in watching the child's gifts we may ascertain *the* gift of Nature of which Emerson speaks: "Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him."

On the other hand, a special gift in a child is too often treated as we treat a pearl—the oyster is nothing after we have secured its rich deposit. Everything, even the child's symmetrical development, is slighted in order to make the most of the gift. This does not include genius, for genius makes its own rules for good or evil; it refers only to the girl or boy gifted with talent. The primary importance is to discover the talent, then to develop it in its relation to the child's mental, moral, and physical nature.

When we find a child deficient or slow of development in some particular, we storm away at the weak point, as if his life depended on his becoming, for instance, a good mathematician; and neglect, because he uses it *so well,* his gift for language. At best he will be only mediocre in mathematics, while in literature he might be a blessing to hundreds. Often, too, the gift will, if properly utilized, so influence the whole child that the weak points will grow strong. It is best to use the thing which the child can do and consequently loves, in making a strategic move for the capture of his other faculties.

A talent for drawing is common to children. There is no reason why it should receive such scant encouragement from parents. Oh, of course, when the girl has lost all special aptitude she is allowed to cultivate it as an accomplishment. But in early life, the little training given is too formal. There even the kindergarten is weak. The child uses his pencil and paper at home and derives great satisfaction from his grotesque figures, but receives little serious attention from his parents. At school, the spirit is lost in the dead letter. Then years elapse before he has any special training. To the parents the vital thing, during this period, is that the lad learns his multiplication table, later his geometry. Often he is rebuked for "fiddling his time away," if he covers his books with original illustrations. After he leaves college he takes up a profession, and, very probably, one possessing an artistic element. But in the interim, between his days of dog-eared books and his taking up of his life work,

many precious years have been lost. He has grown conventional. He sees with the eyes of those who have been in authority over him. He knows a little Greek, to be sure, but the old spontaneous way of working, of seeing even, has been irretrievably destroyed. But his good parents have the satisfaction of believing that he is "educated." It was, perhaps, only a slight capability that he had, compared with the power of the great ones of the earth, but it was *his own:* and that which we ourselves create and love to create, is more to us than what we receive from the genius of any other man. But to let a talent drop as if of no account, to leave undeveloped a power for creating, in order to substitute readiness in acquisition, is folly. That boy's whole life would have been enriched if his gift had been cultivated. It would have meant far more to him than the camera, the deep interest in which shows the preservation in most of us of that childish longing to represent that which we see. Besides, as Ruskin puts it: "A person who can draw well will find something to interest him in the humblest thing. I do not know anything connected with drawing that has not something interesting about it."

The "rolling stones," the "Jacks of all trades," are often the products of our carelessness, our failure to guard Nature's gift to the child. It is true that it is often difficult to distinguish this special endowment; among other reasons, there is the predominant one of the child's imitativeness. Again, Nature is constantly leading him from fancy to fancy, until she "has tasked every faculty, and has secured the symmetrical growth of the bodily frame." The parents, however, by interesting themselves in what may be simply fads, may gain not only insight into the child's nature and establish a spirit of fellowship, but also may discern his real and lasting interest. The mere fact that children, of themselves, take up so many different enterprises is a warning not to tie them down too early to a strict and formal regimen.

A young girl who was not equal mentally to the average school girl, was so placed, after her school days, that she became acquainted with rare china and its marks. She showed great intelligence in the matter and developed in every respect under the awakening influence. History and geography, which had been sealed books to her dull comprehension, were opened through her tracing the history of her beloved ceramics. Her knowledge of one thing gave her a certain distinction and authority which redeemed her from the lowest depths of commonplaceness. It is the *special* gift that must be found in all children, not only that their undertakings may be successful, but, what is more vital, that their whole nature may be properly developed. It is the beacon light leading us into that cryptic citadel, the child's *real self.*

This is the age of the young. Consequently if they are to accomplish much there is little time to be lost in looking around for a vocation. Take, for example, a young boy whose par-

ents believe his absorption in music unfortunate because they have decided upon the medical profession for him, and so frustrate him in his efforts towards a greater knowledge of music. If he follows his parents' program, we shall see either a man of middle age, discontented and unfortunate, or a man who through the good fortune of a diversity of gifts has made a success of his profession but who finds his real interest and recreation in music. Yet this man will always regret his lack of proficiency in his beloved art. He will, if conscientious, plod along in the profession chosen for him, and hard work alone works wonders; but his enthusiasm will be aroused only by that towards which his heart yearns.

It is not easy to find a girl's or boy's special gift; but, in child rearing, what *is* easy, in the sense of not needing thought and constant oversight? By watching the class of books the child selects, the pictures he enjoys, the lessons he remembers and talks about—in short, his enthusiasms and the one that survives the longest, —parents have indicated to them the thing for which he is specially fitted. If in later years, as he leaves college, the opportunity is not offered for the vocation earlier selected, then, at least, if the love has not been crushed, he will have another outlet, a recreation from the work which he has taken up. And after all, a man who has, aside from his regular occupation, some fad, is the man whose life is not all grind.

This gift, if it only affords ennobling recreation, is as well worth cultivation as the one which gives him bread. "Man shall not live by bread alone."

THE "COMIC" VALENTINE.

ON reaching the schoolroom one morning, the first week of February, Miss Lilly was not at all surprised at the greeting she received from her children. "Oh, Miss Lilly, Eddie's got a valentine! It 's an awful funny one!"

"Have you, Eddie?" said Miss Lilly.

"Yes 'm, I bring it to show you," and Eddie walked proudly to the front of the room.

Miss Lilly's heart sank as she looked. A partially intoxicated man was leaning against a bar, with a pig standing near him. However, according to her custom of exhibiting to the school any treasures brought from the children's homes, she held up the picture. Of course, it was greeted with a laugh.

"Do you like it?" she asked in a non-committal tone.

"Yes, Miss Lilly," came from all parts of the room.

"Why do you like it?"

"Because it 's so funny."

"What is there funny about it?"

asked she, still striving to conceal her own feeling on the subject. There were a few voices for the pig, but the majority agreed that the man was the amusing part.

"Would you like that man for your father, Dannie?"

"No," said Dannie with a decidedly falling inflection.

"How many would like this man for their father?"

No hands were raised, and the children looked as if they were doubtful as to what Miss Lilly meant. With a note of surprise in her voice she went on: "Why wouldn't you like him for your father? You say he is funny, and I know that you like funny people."

Still more dubious looks, then after a short pause, five year old Leola announced solemnly, "He 's drunk."

"And you don't like men who are drunk?" queried Miss Lilly.

Then the tongues were loosened. One little girl said: "Miss Lilly, I want to tell you something. Kitty Reilly's papa gets drunk and drives Kitty out of the house, and my mamma calls her into my house and gives her bread and molasses." As Kitty was not in this room it was safe to pursue the subject further.

"Children, which would you rather have, a picture of Mr. Reilly driving Kitty out, or a picture of Dannie's mamma giving her some bread?"

Of course, Dannie's mamma had a unanimous vote. It was Miss Lilly's custom to pin up for a short time the pictures brought by the children; so now she said slowly: "Let me see. Where shall I put this? Where would you like it? Shall I fasten it up here between the White Cow and the Aurora?"

A breathless pause, and then came in a decided tone: "No, don't put it there. Don't put it up anywhere."

The teacher drew a long breath and took courage. "But you said you liked it," she said.

"I thought I did, but I don't any more," announced Della; and this seemed to be the prevailing sentiment.

"What shall I do with it? I wouldn't put it on my desk for anything."

"Tear it up and put it into the waste-basket," said Mikey; and again the teacher's heart rejoiced.

"I can't, it is not mine," said she.

"You can have it. You can do anything you want to with it," said the owner, heroically. It was heroic. He did not have many pennies to spend.

"The pig is all right. You might cut him off," suggested Russell; so the pig was saved, but the man went to the waste-basket.

"Was that the prettiest penny valentine they had at the store?"

"Oh, my, no! They have real lovely ones at Smith's," said Leola.

Her taste being of recognized value, Miss Lilly said: "I am going to send Leola over to Smith's to get the valentine she thinks the prettiest. Get your hat, Leola, and here is your penny."

To be sure it was in school hours, but Miss Lilly believed with Artemus Ward that "*Now* is the present time." Calisthenics filled the three minutes

till Leola returned. She brought a simple card with a fancy edge, a bird picture, and a verse.

"I thought I 'd get a bird, 'cause everybody likes them;" said the little messenger.

Comments were in order, and then the teacher said: "When you are buying your valentines, if any of you should find one as pretty as this, will you bring it and show it to me? I shall pin mine up on the wall, and leave it there till Valentine's day. When you bring yours, we will put them side by side."

The children were on their mettle at once. Of course they could find one as pretty as Leola's!

Every day till the fourteenth found the time before nine o'clock taken up with discussion and comparison of pleasing, not "comic" valentines.

At the close of her first day's talk, Miss Lilly looked at the clock. The time for the first and second number classes had passed. "Three threes are nine" would have to wait till another day.

"Perhaps the children have got something better than three threes," she said to herself.

—*Selected.*

PROGRAM NOTES.

By Mina B. Colburn.

FEBRUARY.

No life
Can be pure in its motive and strong in its strife
And all life not be better and purer thereby.
—*Meredith.*

Topics.

OUR relation to public servants,—postmen, policemen, firemen, street cleaners, street-car officials. Our relation to public buildings,—Post Office, City Hall, churches, school buildings; to the school property,—lawns, furniture, material; to the janitor and all connected with the schools.

Relation of the children to other children going to and from kindergarten, to citizens on the street, to neighbors or acquaintances, to their own playmates.

The flag, what it says to us. Our relation to it. The first flag.

Our president, his home. Washington, the first president. Lincoln.

Incidentally, the knights of olden time,—their bravery, courtesy, helpfulness. The "knights" of our kindergarten.

Means of Presentation and Expression.

Songs.—Good morning, brave children (Hill); The Postman (Wiggin.

Words in *Kindergarten Magazine,* February, '95); Valentine Song (Tomlins); Three Little Sisters (Tomlins); Our Flag (Neidlinger).

Piano.—Trot de Cavalerie (Rubinstein); The Star Spangled Banner.

Rhythm.—Imitate the various instruments of a band,—big drum, little drum, trombone, flute, fife, (whistling). Allow individual children to act as drum major, beating time in circles (moving hand from right to left);—large circle, accented pulse; small, unaccented. Accompany with appropriate music.

Represent with the feet, while sitting, soldiers coming from a distance and again passing out of hearing.

Pictures.—Washington on his Horse. Lincoln. Mother Play, The Knights. Blue print of district school building.

Stories.—One or two simple incidents in the lives of Washington and Lincoln, especially their boyhood. A story of animal heroism. "The Search for a Good Child," (KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, February, 1900). Older children—"How Cedric became a Knight" (Elizabeth Harrison).

Games.—Fireman, Postman, Soldier Boy. The Knights (three songs, Blow). Three Deep (a kind of Fox and Geese). Greeting game. Take special care to emphasize in all games, knightly qualities, as unselfishness, courtesy, preferment of others, gentleness.

Skipping.—One by one, in opposite directions. Every other child in circle skip in and out until all are back in their places again; then these stand and others skip.

Marching.—Use military terms,—attention, right face, halt, at ease, dismissed. Greater attention to step. March with flags. Have a real drum. Different children act as leaders.

Free Play.—Some social games, as: "Pussy wants a corner," "I spy," "Tug o' war." Bean bags, organized into a simple game. Boys will doubtless enjoy forming small companies of soldiers.. Playing school may possibly be introduced by the children.

Nature.—Continue to note the weather on the calendar. More attention to house plants.

Beads and Peg Boards.—Separately and in combination. Red, white, and blue in threes. Companies of soldiers (soldier,—a stick through cube, cylinder, and sphere).

Gifts.—First and Second, especially in sense games. Fifth and Sixth, public buildings. Considerable coöperative work.

Sewing.—Frame blue print of school building, mounted on dark board, with border of simple snow-crystal pattern, sewed in white wool.

Drawing.—Emphasize straight lines. Companies of tall soldiers (use flat side of crayon). Flags, tables, chairs, and other things about the school.

Painting.—Tinting water color paper for valentines.

Cutting.—Flags. Simple objects suggested by topics. Measure and cut chain paper.

Folding.—Frame, coöperatively, a picture of Washington or Lincoln for

the kindergarten or primary class. Caps for knights. Envelopes for valentines.

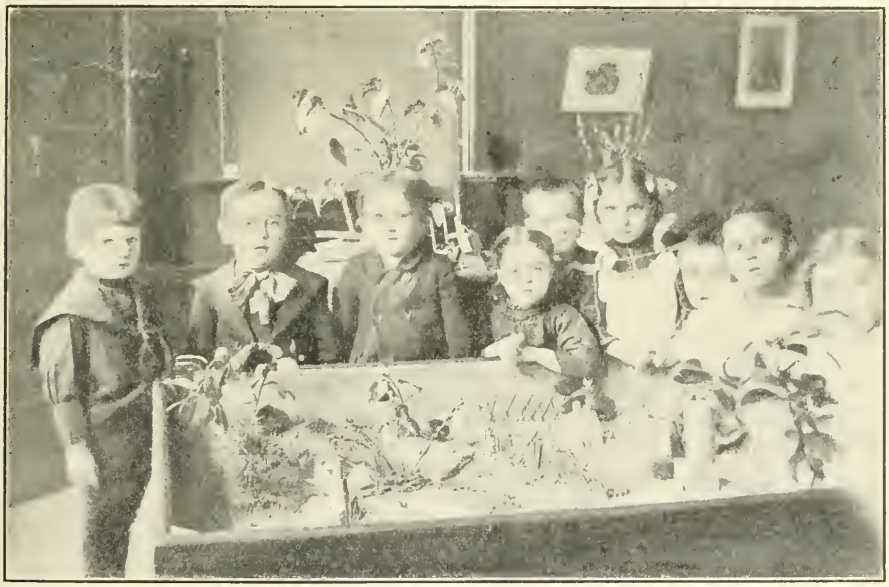
Weaving.—Mat 5x7 made up into cover for valentine booklet. Square linen mat made into court plaster or stamp case. (Line with paraffine paper.)

Pasting.—Red, white, and blue chains. Pictures illustrating the thought of the month in books made of red, white, and blue paper.

Other Handwork.—Of wooden plates make a wall pocket for letters. Drum match scratchers. To make these, paste sandpaper over ends of ribbon-bolt centers, cover the cylindrical surface with gilt or silver paper, and ornament with pins and cord to represent a drum.

OUR SAND-TABLE WORK. II.

By Annie L. Preston.



The Wind.

BEFORE undertaking to make a picture in the sand table with the children there should be, it seems to me, careful preparation on the part of the kindergartner. In order that a clear and definite idea of what is to be done may exist in her own mind, I would suggest that the picture be made by the kindergartner beforehand, in all its particulars. For instance, let us suppose that the subject of the Woodman had been chosen

THE WOODMAN.

for illustration. It would be necessary to plan the location of the old sawmill on the bank of the stream so that the water wheel would be in position for the water to turn it; to put the forest at such a distance from the water that the logs could be conveniently rolled to the river's edge, and thence floated down to the mill; and so on, with other features necessary to the completion of the picture.

But here it may be said: Where, then, do you allow for the exercise of the children's originality, if all must be prepared beforehand? Surely, as in the other work and play of the kindergarten, we must be prepared to lead and guide while at the same time we must be ready to follow the children.

That the materials needed for the sand picture should be within easy reach is, of course, quite necessary.

Having the main points, then, thoroughly in our own minds, paying regard to distance and proportion (as much as is possible with the materials) and always carefully studying the picturesque and realistic, we are ready with our part.

Next, since we know exactly what we wish to do on the morrow and how to do it, let us remove every trace of the work from the sand-garden, so that the children may have the joy of making all of the picture themselves and of seeing it in its successive stages. To suggest is easy, and the little ones are more than ready to follow. "Do you think that this would be a nice place for the carpenter to have his house?" "Then perhaps some one can remember how we built a house, one day, at our tables." Or, "Well, some one may be my carpenter"; and the building may be dictated. If a hill is suggested, how busily the little hands go to work and pile the sand up; it is such fun! "Now there must be some water, you know, to turn the wheel." And so the sand is dug out, and the zinc which lines the table shines through, and serves for the blue water.

As to the little figures—the woodman, carpenter, etc.,—I have found that the figures drawn on quite stiff cardboard and colored with pencil or water-colors are by far the most satisfactory; but pictures cut from old magazines and pasted on cardboard will serve very well. Small dolls will do for many purposes; but there is an objection to them, because it is hard to dress them appropriately, and their clothes get very much soiled in the sand. The little cardboard figures are easily moved about, they stand nicely in the sand, and can be made to suit the occasion. Animals made

in the same way out of cardboard, I find to be more desirable than the toy animals which are bought. One can get better proportions with them.

And here I would put in a plea for using the Building Gifts and other kindergarten material as much as possible, rather than substituting toys. An engine and cars which the child makes with the Gifts is infinitely more interesting to him than is a perfected toy train.

The child, already familiar with the ordinary use of the Gifts and Occupations, finds, with ever increasing delight, new forms within the old, and creates as the new need requires. The sand-table picturing is but another means whereby the wonderful possibilities of these Gifts are more clearly shown.

I have referred to the illustration of the Woodman. Let me add that the matter of keeping water in the sand-garden has been, so far, an unsolved problem with me. It is easy to have a small pond, by sinking a tin or glass dish; but a winding river, or any large, irregular stretch of water, I have not found possible. I may say that we always use water for our ponds, rivers, etc., even though it lasts so short a time. We sail our boats, and let the water run down the river-path already laid out, until it turns the wheel on the mill, carries the logs down the stream, or fulfills its particular mission, whatever that may be.

I remember a particularly successful exercise at the sand-garden. In connection with the Carpenter, we had taken up "The Building of the Ship"; and a most enthusiastic time we had when our boat was launched. The children cheered, and watched with delight the little craft go sailing around the curved banks, under a bridge, and finally out upon a supposed ocean. The water lasted as long as was necessary for the play, and so there was no disappointment felt; and the next morning it was just as delightful to do it all over again.

The prettiest and altogether most successsful water bit that ever delighted our children was a winding stream with its banks lined with houstonia. The solid roots and turf prevented the water from running so quickly back into the sand and undermining the banks, as it usually does, and the effect of fresh green grass and tiny flowers was really lovely.

The subject of our picture at this time was the Farmer, and a pond for the ducks was, of course, indispensable. By the way, some of my readers may like to know how these ducks were fashioned so that they could float upon the water. They were cut from stiff paper, and two forms glued together with the exception of the feet, these being separated and fastened on a button mould. In our picture of the Farmer we had, besides the house and barn, the orchard in Spring attire (branches from the fruit trees covered with real buds and blossoms); also the vegetable garden behind the barn. Not even the pigs were omitted; they were there under the barn in a pen made of "bricks." There was a hencoop just outside of the barnyard, with many little chickens running about. The

bird house, made of tiny half inch cubes, and finished with a roof made from two quarters of a cube (Fifth Gift), stood in the garden in front of the farm house.

All the figures are made from cardboard, and are played with by the children, who delight in moving them about,—now taking the farmer's boy and girl to the orchard, and then across the bridge to the barnyard. The horse must be taken to the well to drink, etc.

This subject is one most commonly used for illustration in the sand by kindergartners. The same picture is used again in the Fall, with the orchard in another dress. There is something fascinating about this autumnal scene to the children. The different colored beads, suggesting the red and green apples, the little wooden barrels standing under the trees, and a ladder, made of the sticks used in kindergarten, leaning against one of the trees, make it very real indeed. Then, too, the vegetable garden offers opportunities for color and memory exercises. Using the beads and one inch green sticks to represent vegetables, —the red beads for the beets, the yellow beads for turnips, the white for potatoes,—we place these in the sand in rows, leaving only the sticks above the ground;—but the pumpkins, the orange beads, must lie on top of the ground. When the time comes for the vegetables to be gathered, the interest displayed by the small folks is very keen.

In the illustration entitled The Wind, some of the details can-

The Knights.

not be seen clearly. The clothes drying on the line behind the house, and the little schoolhouse with its flag pole and flag, are hidden. The weather vanes are very prominent in this picture, the children having suggested our representing the various kinds which they had seen on their way to and from kindergarten; so we have an arrow on the church, a horse on the barn (which the big windmill hides, in the picture), and a weather-cock on the house. These weather vanes were chosen from the children's free cutting.

The picture of the Knights riding to see the good child, is one that gives great pleasure to the children.

They delight to take the little knights on horseback, and gallop them furiously around the wall and through the arched entrance to the courtyard, until they stand under the balcony, where the mother and baby are waiting to receive them.

These are some of the subjects that we have enjoyed picturing. To all kindergartners who would share with their children a like enjoyment, let me say: Try it. It is worth while.

A LITTLE SCHOOLBOY TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By Mary E. Plummer.

O Washington, George Washington,
When you were a boy like me,
I wonder if your teacher knew
What sort of a man you 'd be!
My teacher says, *boys* she can trust
Can be trusted when they 're men,
But boys who cheat and do mean things
Will prob'bly do so then.

You said you could n't tell a lie
When you cut that cherry tree;—
Why, then I 'm sure that when in school
You 'd always truthful be.
I don't believe you watched your chance,
When the teacher turned her eye,
And did the things you would n't do
If she were standing by.

I guess you tried 'most every day
To do your very best;
And, all the while that you were good,
You were helping all the rest.
I don't believe the little ones
Ever said, "George made me cry!"
My teacher thinks the bravest boys
Are kindest; and so do I.

I 'd like to see those copy-books
They said you used to write,
With letters made so carefully,
And all so clean and white.
I wish I 'd been a soldier-boy,
With those you used to drill;
I 'd have obeyed your orders quick,
To march or to stand still.

'T was you who made "Our Country" ours,
And ruled it, too, so well;
And always when your birthday comes
And folks the story tell,
I think I 'll be like you, and make
Our world more full of joy;
But if I 'd be your kind of man,
I must be your kind of boy.

A DOG THAT THE KNIGHTS COULD LOVE.

By Cora E. Harris.

RUDOLPH had been looking at a picture of The Knights in the Mother-Play book, and his mamma had been telling him of the good things knights used to do to help people. She also told him that a little child was like a knight when he ran swiftly upon errands or did other things to help, and that the good knights would surely love such a child.

One afternoon, as it began to grow dark, Rudolph's mamma said that if Rudolph would bring his little chair near to hers, they would sit in the firelight until it was time to light the lamp, and she would tell him about a pet dog who was like a knight

(as far as a dog could be), because he loved his master and did so many things to help in caring for his master's sheep. This dog that was like a knight was clad in yellow fur; his plume was a fluffy tail that curled over his back; his sword, the sharp white teeth in his mouth; and his name was Brave.

His master kept as many as a hundred large sheep, and in the summer time had more than a hundred lambs of different sizes. The large pasture which they had to roam about in reached down into a valley where a sparkling brook gave them cool water to drink, then up the sides of a high hill where sweet grasses gave them food to eat, and over into the wood where large trees made shady places for them to lie down in during warm summer afternoons.

Now Brave would not let anything hurt the sheep if he could help it. Sometimes, when a loud barking was heard in the woods, Brave would prick up his ears, as much as to say: "I know what that means! Some strange dogs must be scaring the sheep." Then off he would dart, through fences, over logs and brooks, up the hill, and into the woods, until he found the sheep. They were generally scampering about, much frightened. If only one dog were chasing them, Brave could easily drive that away; but if there were two or three dogs, he would circle about the sheep to get them all together, and then drive them down into the barnyard. After the sheep had all been driven safely into the barnyard, which had a high fence, Brave would place himself in the gateway, ready to use his sharp teeth if any dog should venture near. This the dogs did not dare to do. They would soon skulk off to their homes again and then Brave would let the sheep out of the barnyard into the pasture.

One day Brave found a wee lamb out among some bushes, where it had been left all alone because it was too weak to follow the sheep around the pasture. Brave stayed near the lamb, barking loudly, until at last a man came and lifted the little thing in his arms and carried it to the house. There it had some milk, which made it feel strong and well again.

Whenever Brave's master went out to look at the sheep,— to count them, or to see how fast the lambs were growing,—Brave would drive them all up closely about him, so that he might see every one. "Ma-a!" would say the large sheep; and "Ma-a!" would say the little sheep all together, as though they were saying: "What a nice large ring we are forming! Is it not time to pass the salt-dish?"

One afternoon the pig broke out of his pen. He ran out wildly among the sheep, and frightened them very much; for they supposed that he was some dreadful kind of dog. The sheep were scampering about not knowing where to go, when Brave, who knew that something must be the matter, came rushing down from the orchard. How glad they were to see him go straight for Piggy and chase him back into the pen again! Brave stayed and guarded the pen patiently until his master came to mend the broken board of the pigpen.

The master was so pleased by what Brave had done, that he patted his head and said: "Good doggie! I must buy you a pretty brass collar and have your name engraved upon it, because you are brave and always ready to help. I am sure you are just such a dog as the knights could love."

THE TWO FLAGS.

By Florence E. Gleed.

HIGH up in the air, waving from the barracks (that is a building in which soldiers live), was an old flag. Yes, it was certainly very old, although it had been new when first placed there, and its stripes and stars had been so clean!—the red so red, the white so white, and the blue so blue! Yes, it had once been very young, and bright, and beautiful; but listen! best of all, it had (without knowing anything about the matter,) *grown old beautifully,* too, for it had grown old in *service!* Not once had it failed to wave to the soldiers a kindly welcome when they were returning from a long and tiring march.

This old flag had many friends besides the soldiers, for the little birds, in Spring, came fluttering and hovering over it, saying: "Tweet, tweet, tweet!" which meant: "Yes, we 're here again, and building our nests." Then a little later they came again and again to tell of the eggs which they were keeping snug and warm in the nest; and still later, they brought, oh, so very happily! their baby birds, that the flag might know them, too. All summer long, the birds and butterflies told it their little joys or secrets, and the kind old flag never tired of listening. Then when the raindrops and snowflakes came, they had wonderful stories to tell of the lands up in the clouds, whence they came.

And the smoke curling up from the chimneys looked upon the flag as an old comrade, for it always waved courteously in the direction in which the smoke was to follow.

Little children, when out walking with their mammas, often looked up and asked: "What makes the flag wave?" and the answer was ever the same—"It is the powerful wind, my child." Then gayly the children would run, playing that their hands were flags; and the old flag looked down upon them cheerfully as they played.

Now, upon this one day of which I wish to tell you, a most astonishing thing happened.

The old flag was thinking, "Yes! I am very old and faded," when suddenly it heard a faint sound. Nearer and nearer the sound came—drums! Ah! that was the sound the flag loved! *"Tirum, tirum, tirum."* Now it could plainly see the soldiers.

"Well," thought the old flag, "they have been gone many days, and I must give them a courteous welcome." It did so, and the soldiers came up in a body and stationed themselves in wonderfully straight lines, right in front of the barracks. In the very front row one soldier carried a new flag, oh! so bright and fresh to look at. "Ah, I see," said the old flag; "they are going to place a new flag upon the barracks."

And that was just what they were going to do, for in a few minutes the old flag was down, lying upon the grass, and the new flag was up in its place.

"Now," thought the new flag, "how fine I feel! how beautiful I am!" But, do you know, the soldiers were not even looking at it. Instead, they were standing with heads uncovered, while one of their number gently and tenderly folded up the old flag, saying as he did so: "Old comrade, you have worked nobly; you have done your duty!" Then said the new flag: "Oh, how beautiful to have such words said to one! How gladly would I change places with the old flag!"

Just then a little bird came flying hurriedly along, but finding the old flag gone, and only a new flag in its place, said: "Oh, my dear old friend has gone!"

The new flag at once felt sorry for the bird; and, waving very kindly, said: "Dear little bird, may I be your friend?" And from that time on, the friends of the old flag grew slowly but surely to be the friends of the new flag.

Many years passed. The new flag was old;—so old, in fact, that one day, after the wind had been playing with it, it found itself to be all in ribbons.

"I am a queer looking flag," it thought; when, hark! yes, surely there was the sound of the drum.

"I must do my best to welcome them," said the old torn flag; and it did. Why! strips of flag seemed to be flying in every direction; and, to its great joy, it saw that the soldiers after a long march had brought with them a new flag. Almost before the old flag knew what was happening, it was down and the new flag was up.

And now, as the soldiers tenderly and kindly folded the torn old flag, these were the words of praise with which they bade it good-bye:—

"Old friend, your red has helped us to be brave; your white has helped us to love peace; your blue has helped us to be true. You have worked nobly and well. You, too, have done your duty."

EMERALD-GOLD.

By Martha Young.

"Emerald-Gold! Emerald-Gold!
How much wealth does the orange tree hold?"

That was the song that Elise made up about the orange tree in the front yard. Amy said it was a beautiful song. Doc said he thought so, too,—"as far as it went."

"Well," said Elise, skipping about very happily under the tree, "that just grew in my head just as it is; and if any more grows, why I 'll tell you."

"There might be something about pearls," said Amy, "for the white buds and blossoms are something like clusters of pearls."

"Yes, they are," said Elise.

"Well, but," said Doc, "it is Elise's song, and so it is fair to let it alone, as she says, until it just grows more."

"Oh," said Elise, "I don't care how it grows if only it does grow; but anyhow now I am going to pick the ripest orange that I see, and I am going to make something pretty that Josephine showed me just the other day."

"Oh," said Amy, "I know something, too; but it 's something we know already, all of us."

"Let 's all make something," suggested Doc; "and then all show what we have made."

"And give a prize?" asked Em.

"Yes, a prize!" said Amy; "a cluster of blooms."

So they all set to work making things. Elise took her orange, the very nicest she could find on the tree, to the Honeysuckle-Arbor to make the Pretty Thing that Josephine had told her how to make. But first she had to go to borrow Mother's little penknife.

Doc went to his favorite workshop-place, the shaded side of the coal house, where the Palma-Christi leaves threw black shadow stars. There he sat awhile to think and remember what he had ever seen or heard of being made out of oranges. He said afterwards that what he made was easy enough, only he lost time thinking and remembering; but then he did not have to go after a knife,—he had one in his pocket. That was the good of being a boy; if you were a boy, a big enough boy to have two pockets, why, then you always had a knife about you.

Amy sat down right under the orange tree to think what she could make that would be new to all; and while she thought she ate three oranges.

Willy-boy, too, went to thinking, with his chin in his hand and his elbows on his knees; but he said he just could n't think of anything, and he asked Amy if she could divide her thinking with him.

But Amy said: "Willy-boy, I have n't thought at all, or I would divide. But suppose you go and ask Mother to help you; you know little

boys always have a right to have Mother's help, even when there are prizes." So Willy-boy went to ask Mother.

He came back directly, laughing and clapping his hands.

And Amy said: "Mother helped you, did n't she?"

Willy-boy said: "Yes, she did."

Then Willy-boy asked Amy to pick him five even-big and all-nice oranges. And then with the five oranges in his apron held up tight and fast, he ran back to Mother.

Elise was ready first to make her Try-for-the-Prize, as she called it to Amy; but then she said that she knew beforehand what she would make, so she waited very patiently until the others were ready.

And when the four children were ready, they came again to the orange tree.

Willy-boy came, too, but he said that Mother wanted him to come back for his Try-for-the-Prize. So he stood up under the tree with his arms folded and looked at the others' Pretty-Things-Made-of-Oranges.

First Elise showed hers. It was an orange, half-peeled from the stem-end, the peel divided into many small even sections, and each small even section of peel turned back and slipped under where the peel still held to the orange; that made the many little loops of yellow peel lined with white look like the curled petals of a flower, and the orange itself was the rich center to the flower.

"Now," said Elise, "it is as if the orange had gotten to be a flower again; only this time it is like gold, and not like pearl; and it looks to me something like a yellow lily."

"Yes, it does," said Amy.

Then Doc turned his back to them all for a minute, and when he turned back—he looked for all the world like an Ogre!

He had cut two rows of teeth out of orange-peel, and had put them in his mouth until he looked fit to frighten anybody! The children all laughed and laughed!

Then Amy said that she had eaten three oranges—very slowly—and yet she had only been able to think of the way she and Elise made hats for dolls out of half of an orange-peel, turning it up all around the edge, a rim of white to a hat of gold, and trimming it with a bunch of orange flowers. Elise said that she always did like those hats!

Then Em said that she had thought of something a little new, and had made some white chickens with green legs. The chickens were orange-seeds, with tiny pieces of thorn for legs. She had cut two winglets by slicing half-way a bit of each side of a seed, and in the point of the seed she had put two ink eyes.

Doc said he thought they were very nice chickens, indeed, and he stood one in a slice of orange-peel that looked like a little kitchen-tray; and he said it reminded him then of the song black old aunt Drusilla used to sing to them when they were all very little children:—

"Chicken in the bread-tray!
Scratching up the dough!
Granny, will the dog bite?
No, child, no!"

Willy-boy had gotten so much interested in all the Try-for-Prizes that he forgot his own till Mother came to the edge of the front gallery and called him.

And Mother had the small silver-waiter in her hand, and a napkin was over it, and nobody, not even Willy-boy, knew what was in it, until he carried it to the orange tree and lifted the napkin from the waiter.

And there on the waiter were five little golden baskets. The half of each orange peel made the baskets and a thin strip of peel left from half to half made the handle to the basket. And a tiny bow of orange-ribbon was on the tip-top of every basket handle. The children all cried out, and Willy-boy, too, that that was the prettiest Try-for-the-Prize of all!

And in the baskets, in all four of them, was—Ambrosia. And Ambrosia is so good!

Ambrosia is made out of small bits of orange, and of grated cocoanut stirred together with sugar, (lots of sugar!) and lemon-juice squeezed over.

So the children all sat under the orange tree and ate the Ambrosia out of the gold-colored baskets with the orange bows on the handles, and voted, one and all, that Willy-boy should have the Prize.

So Doc climbed the tree and plucked the most beautiful cluster of orange blossoms that he could find. They were rare then, because the oranges were ripening fast. And Amy reached up, because she was tallest of all, and took the cluster from Doc's hand as he handed it out of the tree, and then she gave it to Willy-boy.

And Willy-boy ran with it to the house and gave it to Mother; for he said he thought Mother's thought was best of all the thinking.

And Mother put the cluster in fresh water in the little vase on her sewing table and said that she would look at it off and on all day as she sewed.

Why wilt thou take a castle on thy back,
When God gave but a pack?
With gown of honest wear, why wilt thou tease
For braid and fripperies?
Learn thou with flowers to dress, with birds to feed,
And pinch thy large want to thy little need.

—Frederick Langbridge, in *The Spectator*.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

By Grace P. Nash.

Look far across the waves with me,—(1)
What is that tiny speck I see?

Our telescopes we 'll need to try:—(2)
Why! 't is an island that I spy.

An island! but that is not all:—
I see a lighthouse, strong and tall. (3)

And high on top a gleaming light (4)
Shines far across the waves at night.

It bids the sailor brave, Beware!
For many a ragged rock is there. (5)

And o'er their tops the billows sweep, (6)
And up their sides the white waves creep. (7)

But when the fog hangs thick and low, (8)
The great fog-bell swings to and fro. (9)

The sailor hears its voice so strong:
Ding-*dong!* ding-*dong!* ding-*dong!* ding-*dong!*

And through the fog so thick and gray,
He safely steers his boat away, (10)

And thanks the keeper, who so well
Takes care of warning light and bell.

1. Hand shielding eyes.
2. Both hands forming tube to look through.
3. Arm from hand to elbow representing lighthouse.
4. Thumb and forefinger together, making circle to represent window of light — other fingers curved, and about half closed. Hand turned with revolving motion, to represent flash-light.
5. Left hand palm down, fingers bent and somewhat spread apart, to represent ragged rocks.
6. Right hand sweeping back and forth with undulating motion.
7. Fingers of right hand creeping up over rock with sideways motion.
8. Both hands — one above the other — palms toward face — curtain of fog.
9. Finger tips pressed together — arms tipped right and left. The *dong* greatly accented.
10. Right hand palm down, thumb bent beneath for rudder. Left hand resting at wrist on back of right hand — fingers curved to represent wind-filled sail.

HOLIDAYS IN THE HOME.

By Adelaide Lare.

"PLEASE let me take my birthday cake to kindergarten," pleaded one little mite of five. "We can have such a nice party there."

And that is just the point. Are we going to allow the kindergarten ever to excel the home, as a place which the child holds dear? If such were the case, then all the arguments used against men's and women's clubs would be pertinent to kindergartens.

The fault surely lies, not in the "child-garden"; for there the home and the family are dwelt upon in every phase, by the use of the finger songs, stories, and games. Indeed, children think so much of such relationship that they sometimes plan a family where none exists. One little fellow, in showing a guest the school's collection of tadpoles, pointed out, in perfect faith, the father and mother, the brother and sister and baby belonging to that "happy family, all complete."

In one beautiful game, the children personate birds; two are chosen as the parent birds and several small ones as the young brood. How tenderly the nest is guarded, and how faithfully the father seeks for food for his family! Then a dialogue goes on between the parents, and the mother bird is finally persuaded to fly away, for a short time, to stretch her wings. Back she comes, refreshed and happy, and gladly tells her little brood of all the wonderful things they will see, when they are strong enough to fly. One fine day father and mother give the birdlings a lesson in hopping and flying, while all the other birds keep singing a merry little song. Finally, as the last of the play, when the cold winds blow and the leaves dance off the trees, the birds fly away south, and are not seen again till balmy spring bids them welcome home.

The children repeatedly choose this game; for a delight in love, care, and harmony is natural to childhood. Yes, assuredly, the oft-recurring motive of a kindergarten symphony is the home. But it is an ideal home; and we makers of these dearest spots on earth had better look to our laurels lest the young judges, with clear eyes and true perception, vote in favor of the school.

Why should we allow the best and most enjoyable things to be taught there only, especially in regard to holidays? Froebel should be a guide in home-building, just as his principles are the sure foundations on which the kindergarten is reared. Could we not think of each year, as the teachers do, as a perfect circle, with the all-important center named "sympathy," and the radii terminating in the six chief holidays; namely, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Easter, Fourth of July,—and birthday radii coming in where they will?

Sympathy is a pretty good thing to revolve on. It teaches little ones the pleasure of giving as well as receiving; and ten or twelve days, at most, out of the three hundred and sixty-five, are not so many for which to plan special amusements.

The actual holidays are never spent in the kindergartens. But as each one approaches emphasis is laid upon it; the reason and underlying spirit for its observance is made clear to the children, especially by stories and appropriate games. Both these means are applicable in the home.

All holidays will be to children exactly what older people make them. If the dinner side of Thanksgiving is alone accentuated, or the exchange of gifts at Christmas is made paramount, they assuredly will not be able to see the ennobling, spiritual side of either day. There ought to be a kind of righteous rivalry among the three safeguards of childhood,—the home, the Sunday school, and the day school; and the home should usually come in the winner, because it has the best start, not having to gain either the child's love or confidence. These it has already without reserve.

Holidays are really road-houses along the year, in which we have time to rest, to cheer ourselves in the companionship of each other, to throw aside worn-out shackles, and to form new plans for the betterment of ourselves and mankind.

Now the kindergarten fully realizes the splendid lessons which these special days can teach, and, therefore, it gradually works up through the several months to a climax at the end of each cycle. For weeks before Thanksgiving, the children learn about the different nuts, the ripening grains, the gathered fruit, the busy mills, and the well-stocked barns; they hear about the Pilgrim Fathers, who, after their rough voyage and hard labors in a new land, set apart a day on which to give thanks for their preservation and for "all the blessings of this life." Yes, and they are told how scattered families are united; how even the great New York trains have to put on extra cars to carry the people back to the New England farmhouses, where grandfather and grandmother await them with royal welcome. The child's affections are stirred by such recitals, and unconsciously he begins to realize the beauty of the spiritual.

After learning these things, what if he comes home, all enthusiasm, and asks if his family is going to grandfather's or if there is to be a family party at his own home, and then is told that the one is too far away and the other too much trouble? Children hold to their faith tenaciously; so this child in whom the Thanksgiving spirit has been aroused, settles down to thinking that it will be nice, anyway, to go to church with father and mother and then come home to revel in turkey and other good things. But when the to-morrow comes, his father remarks, at breakfast, that he will try to close that "deal" with Jones, at the club during the day; and his mother, after giving some orders to the cook, takes herself off to her own room to read and write letters. The young heir is not capable of ana-

lyzing his disappointment, but he feels forlorn, and thinks that Thanksgiving is not even as good fun as Saturday, because lots of his friends have gone away. There is nothing to look forward to but the dinner, and after he has worried through the long, lonely hours which precede it, even that does not seem any better than dozens of other meals. Night finds him cross and fractious; and after having a lively set-to with his nurse, he is finally put to bed in a very disillusionized state of mind.

Have n't you ever heard big folks say: "Holidays are great bores! They are the longest days in the year." I think that if we could look back to the childhood of these people we should see that they never spent any ideal holidays then, and so have grown up without the capability of enjoying a holiday, of making themselves and others happy. We must feel and know pleasure, before we can plan to give it to others.

No one has described the vital part of such days with truer pen than Louisa M. Alcott. One simply longs to be related to such families as the Marches and Campbells; for, come weal or woe, they were sure to be drawn into the close bonds of fellowship on one or other day of each year. It is not what money bought, but what they gave of themselves to each other that made these descriptions fascinating.

It mattered not that "Marmee" asked her girls to give up their good Christmas breakfast to a poor washwoman; for could they not talk and linger as long over bread and coffee? And that was the delightful part of the breakfast, after the weeks of rushing off in the mornings to work or schools. Or, if it is the return of Rose Campbell and her friend Phebe after their study abroad, it is the commingling of old and young in the two old-fashioned parlors on that first night at home, which is the beautiful and beneficial picture.

If children are only going to see the struggle and strain of the older ones after happiness, without any times of repose and realization of the thing sought, how are they to get true values? The Germans and the English realize the pleasure to be derived from these rest days much better than do we rushing Americans. There is greater need, therefore, for us to make the child's holiday, at least, all it should be, so that when his time comes to guide others, his judgment will not be distorted and pessimistic. The schools can prepare the way, but the experience must be in the homes.

Christmas is probably the best understood and the most appropriately observed of all our special days; yet, even with this day we must guard against sordid weighing of money values, and against losing sight of the wonderful cause of the observance of the day.

Too much time is usually spent indoors on these winter holidays. Nature holds in her firm hands as many delights for her children now, as in summer; but somehow we do not trust her so implicitly. If there is no snow for skating and sleighing, there is at least the life-giving ozone; and a swinging walk through park or

country roads will make the head clear and send the blood dancing through one's veins. Try this, and then come back to the quiet games in the nursery, and mark the magical effect upon the child.

There is little use in telling young people that New Year's day is the time to think of one's own heart and life so as to plan a better course for the coming year, if they do not see that the older ones are doing this. Childhood is essentially the imitative period, and truths presented through example are grasped more quickly than when presented through other mediums. Parents are heroes and heroines to their little ones, and their very expressions and tones of voice are copied by the children.

Washington's Birthday is a fine time to arouse patriotism in the heart. Tell the children, in simple language, many revolutionary stories. The women worked so nobly at that time that you can inspire your little girls quite as profoundly as your boys. Then, too, why not suggest to the older children to make up and act a historical play? It is better than always having minstrels and clog dances. Children of ten and twelve are capable of writing quite connectedly; and if the big folks will only be interested, and take the time to see the production, the joy of the actors is complete. The little tots can be supers, or sit on the front row in the audience and watch the play, with shining, round eyes. Surely, the delight which the play gives pays for the time spent in fixing up both room and actors. Besides, the creative faculty is being nurtured, and ingenuity and self-reliance unconsciously taught. Taking part in and perhaps originating little plays at home is better for children than going to overheated theaters, where they have to sit still too long, and hear much that they are incapable of understanding.

In personifying a character a child loses his identity so completely, that, unless he is over-praised, there is no danger of it making him forward. Indeed, if an older spirit directs the kind of plays to be chosen or written by the young Thespians, I know of no more fertile means of lasting benefit.

Another charming entertainment for a holiday is to give an historical dance. Children are always happy where there is bright music; and to be a great personage, even for an afternoon, arouses ambition.

Easter should be a day of quiet pleasure, and of endeavoring to give others pleasure. Sorrowful sights do not depress children harmfully if they are allowed to help alleviate the burdens. To let them take flowers and fruit to the child's ward, in one of our great hospitals, for instance, really strengthens the sweet, tender side of their natures. Many children look forward to some such work as this on Easter; and it is a pity that there is not more of it done.

Perhaps no country the world over gives more loyal tribute in memory of any event than do we in memory of our Declaration of Independence. But sometimes in the observance, there is more noise than real feeling. On this as on the other holidays, the

child needs help from those near and dear to him, as to the right and most enjoyable way of employing his time. My own Fourth of July holidays were probably happier than those of many children; for one little girl in my neighborhood was fortunate enough to have been born on that day, and she always gave an outdoor party. Her father was quite austere, and I held him in a kind of holy awe the rest of the year. But on that exciting day, when night came, I followed him around like the proverbial little ghost; for did he not send up in the air the most delightful fat elephants, and whizzy, terrifying rockets, and make alluring pin-wheels to dance round? Why! he was a regular Summer Santa Claus, and nothing on earth could have kept me far from him.

Congenial older people certainly do not mar, but add tenfold to children's enjoyment of pleasure.

And the birthdays,—ah! do not let them pass unnoticed. This making much of a child's nativity may be the means of holding him fast to life if great disasters should afflict his older years.

It is a blessed privilege to have had a golden childhood; and the proper observance of holidays in the home will do much toward making childhood golden and toward storing happy memories in the chamber of thought.

First Graduates of the Tsukiji Kindergarten, Japan.
Courtesy of "The Helping Hand," Woman's Baptist Missionary Societies.

WHAT MAY BE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, IN EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

By William T. Harris.

We may judge from educational enterprises that are now begun in this country that the new century will see a great increase in the average amount of schooling received by the people. The average now amounts to five years. It is likely to amount to twelve years before the close of the twentieth century. The average length of the school session is one hundred and forty-three days. It will approach, if not equal, two hundred days when the present villages have grown to cities and when all the rural populations have villages near them. Only eight thousand in the million of population at present attend high schools or other schools of equal rank with high schools. If the present rate of increase continues for some fifty years there will be twenty thousand in the million of population enrolled in high schools.

* * * *

All these things depend largely upon the increase of the country in the production of wealth. While the production of wealth by the United States in 1800 could not have been more than ten cents a day, it had increased, thanks to the application of steam, to thirty cents in 1850, to forty-four cents in 1880, and fifty-two cents in 1890. It is likely that with electricity as a means of distributing force, water power and steam power may come into such general use that with improved machinery the annual production at the end of the twentieth century will be $2.50 a day. This means wealth for the average of the people. The greatest need for improvement in education is occasioned by the existence of the slum. The slum grows with the increase of city growth, and in 1800 three per cent. of the population, in 1890 thirty-three per cent. of the population was in cities. Ninety per cent. of the population will become urban by the end of the next century, especially through the instrumentality of rapid transportation. The great improvements in education will be applied to the slum, and not only letters but industry will be taught to the children of the weaklings of society—the weaklings in thrift, the weaklings in morals, and the weaklings in intellect.

Somewhat similar to the slum problem is the problem of managing new populations that have never developed local self-government, for instance, like our recently acquired possessions. It is my firm conviction that we shall make limitations in our suffrage requirements either in literary or property qualifications or both. A great deal more stress will be laid upon the school, and the school will enlarge its curriculum so as to train in industries as well as letters. These indicate, in my mind, the important lines along which educational progress will move in the next century.

—*The Congregationalist.*

MORNING SONG.

Words and Music by HARRIET L. GROVE.

Brightly.

Good morning, little { play-mates / school-mates } dear, With cheerful bows we greet you here, When

sunshine smiles or gray clouds frown, When blithe birds sing or snow floats down, To

hap-py hours we trip a-long, And greet you with our morn-ing song; Good

morn-ing! Good morn-ing! A hap-py day to you.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

WHO IS PLANNING to go to Chicago? to the best meeting yet of the I. K. U., April 10-12? It is none too soon to begin to plan for the trip. Perhaps your school board will need to be prevailed upon to give the kindergartners a holiday that they may have the benefit of the meeting, and prevailing upon school boards takes time. If you cannot be excused altogether from your kindergarten for the few days of the meeting you may need to plan early about your substitute. If your salary is small, the sooner you begin to draw the purse strings tight and save your money, the less formidable will the expense of the trip be. Brush up your knowledge of the different kindergarten associations and of the leading kindergartners in Chicago, for there are many. Probably there is no city in which there is greater diversity among the kindergartners; and we can each find in going there, if we will, the corrective needed for our own bias, by seeking its opposite and yielding ourselves, with "minds washed clean" from prejudice, to the investigation of other methods than our own.

IF A CITY only realizes keenly enough its educational needs, or has a faithful school board which will not be gainsaid as to those needs, money in plenty can be turned into its educational channels. In a certain small city of Dakota, a persevering school board accomplished what might have been considered the impossible. The record is that, owing to prolific immigration, the little city had outgrown its meager school apartment of two rooms, and the erection of an adequate school building was agitated. To raise the money, the board called meetings of the citizens. At the first meeting, bonds to the amount of $3,000 only could be raised. But the school board, realizing the future which was before the little city, continued to call meetings, until, at the last meeting, *"held on a hot night in August, on the sidewalk of Dr. Lacey's store,"* the required $10,000 was obtained. Perseverance

and pluck overcame the public lethargy, and aroused public generosity where such generosity entailed real sacrifice. When a school board unswervingly holds a city to its duty and thus helps it to realize the "better part" in its civic life, the city is sure to be grateful in the end.

Some cities are still saying: "We can't afford kindergartens." Others have undergone long struggles before getting them adopted as part of the public school system. In a few cities, the kindergartens seem to have gained only an uncertain tenure after their establishment has been achieved, although in these cases, when the question of their discontinuance is fairly put before the public, a strong and decided desire to retain them is developed and generally wins the day. This desire becomes, sometimes, most strongly expressed in those very places where the hold of the kindergarten on public protection was apparently most insecure. This last point seems to indicate that the most important thing is for the people to get the right idea of kindergartens. An excellent aid exists for the spread of this right idea in A Plain Talk about the Kindergarten, which presents in clear, succinct, interesting form just what the general public needs and wants to know. The pamphlets may be obtained of Milton Bradley Company, merely for the price of the postage, one cent each. Some kindergartners have sent for fifty copies and done good work by distributing them among the mothers of their neighborhood. They give pleasure as well as profit.

Strange things are still done in training classes, notwithstanding the efforts of the I. K. U. to raise the standard of training. An instance has recently come to notice of an ambitious young woman who wished to join a training class in December and graduate the next June. She was refused by the conscientious training teacher to whom she first applied, but, going to another city, succeeded in finding a training teacher there who would accept her on her own foolish conditions. Alack-a-day!

Surveys of foreign educational fields and of different lines of educational progress in our own country constitute the bulk of the last volume of the report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education (Vol. I., 1898-9). What especially concerns kindergartens will follow in the next volume; but this one contains much interesting reading so clearly condensed as to help anyone to what all teachers ought to try to have, *i. e.*, an intelligent conception of the state of the world's educational advance.

"WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY again!" says the kindergartner; and she recalls the celebration of the holiday with her children last year, their delight in the special features of the day, and the reports from the parents of what the children had told at home about Washington,—mere bits and fragments, oh! yes; but often very worth-while bits. Drum beats, and strains of "My Country, 't is of thee," seem to float to her ears; and flags and a general red, white, and blueness to wave before her eyes; and she says: "I must begin to make my preparations."

Our wise kindergartner begins by meditating on the meaning of the day to herself, and then endeavors to deepen that meaning by a fresh perusal of appropriate history, biography and poetry. Loving her country and venerating her country's heroes all the year, her patriotism and her hero-worship will glow, as she reads, to an ardent flame which will shine through all the details of her "celebration," and be a surer influence toward patriotism than anything done or said.

As a poem for the kindergartner's own pondering at this season, we call attention to Walt Whitman's Song of the Banner at Daybreak, in the collection entitled Drum Taps. The poet's noble interpretation of the flag is too long to give entire, and its rush of ideas is so continuous that extracts are all too inadequate. We have caught, as with a tiny cup, a few phrases from the rushing stream of song, and offer them as only a slight indication of what the poet really says. In fact, all of the extracts are presented chiefly for the sake of recalling to our readers the appropriateness of the poem for study at this season.

SELECTIONS FROM WALT WHITMAN'S

SONG OF THE BANNER AT DAYBREAK.

Poet:

Oh! a new song, a free song,—
Low on the ground and high in the air;
On the ground where father and child stand,
In the upward air where their eyes turn,
Where the banner at daybreak is flapping!

Pennant:

Come up here, dear little child,
To fly in the clouds and winds with me and play with the measureless light.

Child:

Father, what is that in the sky, beckoning to me with long finger,
And what does it say to me all the while?

Father:

Nothing, my babe, you see in the sky;
And nothing at all to you it says; — but look you, my babe!
Look at these dazzling things in the houses, and see you the money-shops opening,
And see you the vehicles preparing to crawl along the streets with goods;
These, ah, these! how valued and toiled for, these!

Child:

O father, it is alive! It is full of people, it has children!
Oh! now it seems to me it is talking to its children.
I hear it; it talks to me. Oh! it is wonderful!
Oh! it stretches, it spreads and runs so fast! O, my father,
It is so broad, it covers the whole sky!

Banner and Pennant:

Speak to the child, O bard out of Manhattan,
To our children all, or north or south of Manhattan.
Point this day (leaving all the rest) to us over all. And yet, we know not why;
For what are we,— mere strips of cloth, profiting nothing,
Only flapping in the wind?

Poet:

I hear and see not strips of cloth alone,
I hear the tramp of armies, I hear the challenging sentry,
I hear the jubilant shouts of millions of men. I hear Liberty!
O banner,
Not houses of peace, indeed, are you, nor any nor all their prosperity,
(If need be you shall again have every one of those houses to destroy them;
You thought not to destroy those valuable houses, standing fast, full of comfort,
built with money; —
May they stand fast, then? Not an hour, except you above them and all stand fast.)
O banner, not money so precious are you,
O pennant, out of reach, an idea only, furiously fought for,
O you banner, leading the day with stars brought from the night,
Valueless, object of eyes, over all and demanding all (absolute owner of all),
O banner so broad, with stripes, I sing you only,
Flapping up there in the wind!

THE Spartan youth who complained that his sword was too short was told to add a step to it.

HOME OCCUPATIONS IN RELATION TO NATURE—V.

By Frederica Beard.

WORK with stones will follow very naturally that with crystals suggested last month. Quartz crystal—which the children will call a stone—seen through a magnifying glass, will show to them the cluster of little parts making the whole, and the regular shape of these. They will now look with interest at beautiful stones of various kinds.

It will be well to lead children to appreciate jewels apart from admiring them simply as ornaments of dress. At first thought, we should not, perhaps, connect this subject with that of water, considered two months ago; but it may be related in two ways: first, in the effect of water on wood, changing it after many years to stone, (this, of course, can be appreciated only in the results as seen in specimens still resembling wood, yet with certain characteristics of stone,) or in the running water making smooth the surface of a stone; second, in connection with the dew and precious stones. One writer speaks thus: "The clear dew, clearest thing in nature, trembled alternately silver and crystal on the clover; but as one looked, vivid flames of blue fire, red and gold, shot out of its depths. Here burned a spark of ruby, there one of emerald; and where the pure drop caught the full rays of the sun it flashed them back in a blaze of white light—the gleam of a sovereign diamond, all colors in one. * * * When I have seen the light fall in a broad beam on a fine solitaire diamond, I have said to myself: 'Here is the embodied dew.' If I love superb stones it is for their likeness to the heaven-lighted drops of the morning; and I own to a deep admiration for jewels of all kinds—to look at, not to wear."

Children of the country, at least, may see the beauties of the dewdrops. If you have some precious stone of which the little ones are fond, a story will naturally follow of a family of jewels each of which has one beautiful color like one of those seen in the sunbeam, or the rainbow, or the dewdrop, (according to that which the children know best in relation to color). The story may tell of a family of five hidden away in the rocks: ruby, with its rich, deep red; sapphire, as blue as the sky; topaz, as yellow as the sunshine we see every day; emerald, with its soft green color, and amethyst, which has the color of the violets. The pleasure and interest in the story would, of course, be the greater if these jewels could be seen by the children.

Simple stories of the "home" of the stones, sometimes on the side of the great mountain, sometimes down deep in the earth, will be listened to with eagerness. The details of mining had better not be illustrated, except where

the children live in close contact with mining life. But all children find the "ground," as they call it, very wonderful when their attention is called to what is obtained from it;—the precious jewels and other treasures of the mines, and stone, so common and so universally useful. And for children as well as others, there are "sermons in stones" far better than many that are preached to them.

To make collections of stones is quite worth while in some districts. For very little children a box of pebbles offers occupation in the representation of many things in their play; *e. g.*, the inclosure of yards, of garden beds, or of the places where animals drink. Large stones are very helpful in representation with sand, and supply the place of many toys not as good for the children's use.

Let the children find out what stone is used for, and at once the building interest will come to the front. Let them decide why stone is chosen for foundations of houses, for very large buildings, for piers of bridges, etc. These they will now of their own accord often represent in their plays, even while the material of the blocks they use is wood. The work of the stone mason may then be observed and represented. His tools can be pictured on paper or blackboard, or cut out of paper after examination of the real tools. The hauling of stone has a fascination, especially to boys, if there is a quarry in the neighborhood. Play-wagons full of stone will suggest themselves for out of doors; and some day when the child must stay in doors, a little wagon made by himself out of stiff paper will be a source of delight. The main part of this may be made just as a box is made, directions for which were given in the first article of this series (KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, September, 1900). Add to this box four wheels made from circular pieces of paper one inch in diameter. These may be pasted on the sides of the wagon, or each pair may be connected by a toothpick, and the toothpicks pasted underneath the bottom of the wagon. With a strip of paper fastened across the top for a seat, and two strips of paper for shafts at one end, the wagon is complete.

Coal, which by its burning warms our homes so comfortably, and which is so common in the everyday experience of the child, may well be noted as coming from the ground with all other "stones." The colors sometimes seen in burning coal may be shown to be the same as in beautiful jewels. Coal wagons, as well as stone wagons, freight cars full of coal, shovels, pickaxes, etc., may sometimes be made in miniature, sometimes represented in play. The many workers through whom we get our coal—the miners, the freight car men, the man who keeps the coal yard, the coal carrier, and the horse who draws the coal wagon—all these are our helpers, often unrecognized as such.

Through all of this Nature work we may well bring to the children the essence of the truth so well expressed by Ruskin: "A pure or holy state of anything is that in which all its parts are helpful or consistent.

The highest and first law of the universe, and the other name for life, is therefore help." He goes on to show us in "Ethics of the Dust" (Crystal Rest, Lecture X.) how the best example of the nature and power of consistence is found in "the possible changes in the dust we tread on." In an ounce or two of the blackest slime, "the elements are at helpless war with each other"; but, if this ounce of mud is left in perfect rest, so that its elements (clay, sand, soot, and water) gather like to like and become purified, a change may begin; and, in later days, we may have a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond, with a dewdrop or a star of snow.

KINDERGARTEN AND MOTHER.

By Anne Burr Wilson.

THE education of the human race began on the day when the first mother beheld her newborn child; with that child, was born in the mother's heart the maternal instinct, which has lived through many centuries, one of the strongest factors in the continuance and development of the human race. That this instinct is universal we can see by consulting the mother-songs of all ages and countries—a divine tenderness running through them all; but, in common with other sacred instincts, this has often become perverted by ignorance and sin, so that the God-appointed teacher sometimes forgets or refuses her high calling, leaving the question of the education of her children for others to solve.

The thoughtful mother realizes that in true education there can be no sharply defined divisions, but that the mental, moral, and physical development of each child should proceed together, starting when he is an infant in her arms, and continuing when later she sends him out to others because she believes that contact with those outside the home is necessary for his growth. She realizes also the grave importance of her share in the work,—that the earliest impressions will give bias to all that is to follow, and that never again in the lifetime of the child will the opportunity for influencing him be given that she has in his infancy.

It is wonderful to see how much can be accomplished by the simplest woman with this view of motherhood; but when she has gone as far as this, she is sure to feel her own insufficiency. Helen Hunt Jackson said: "A woman who creates and sustains a home, and under whose hands children grow up to be strong men and pure women, is a creator second only to God. But before she can do this, she must have development; when her development is arrested, her creative power stops." When a mother is

conscious of any lack in her own character or education, she must see to the supplying of that deficiency before she can train her child aright, for she can never give to him what she does not herself possess. This truth was brought to my mind very clearly a few weeks ago, when a gentleman called on me for advice about his little girl. The man was deaf and dumb, so the conversation had to be carried on by means of pencil and paper, but it was none the less interesting;—he told me that his wife also was a deaf mute, and that their little daughter, who was four and a half years old, had not yet learned to speak, because she had never heard speech at home. The father knew, through various experiments, that she could hear, and was proud to tell how she would listen to music and sounds of nature; but he had come to feel keenly the fact that she would never be able to talk until she should be placed in another environment, and his trip to Hartford from a distant town in the state was for the purpose of finding a teacher who would keep the child with her until this deficiency in training should be made good.

Are there not many less glaring defects, mental, moral, and physical, of which the thoughtful trainer of the young must become conscious, and which she must strive to overcome, if she does not wish to see them again in the children who come under her influence?

Comparatively few of the mothers of the present generation went to kindergarten in their childhood,—only a favored few of them are graduates of kindergarten training schools,—and we even find that time and inclination for reading books on educational theory are not the gifts of them all; so it is to us that many of the mothers of our children are looking for enlightenment. These mothers should find out with us how to begin with the baby, so that when he comes to us, his kindergarten life will be only a larger home life,—a continuation, and not a break, in his development. If their children are already in kindergarten, it should be made clear in their minds what we are trying to do, and they have a right to be very critical in the matter; for the home life runs parallel with the kindergarten life, and the mother is the one who cares most, after all, if she only understands.

The kindergartner may have said something that was not clear to some child, and perhaps he is too timid to ask the "why?"; but he knows that mamma can explain it, so it is to her that the perplexing questions of the day are put. If she is in touch with the kindergarten, the lessons of the morning will be strengthened by her interest and help, and the result will be beneficial to all concerned.

But what surprises some of these questions must bring to those mothers who know nothing of the education of the young, except from memory of their own education, and who fondly think of their darlings learning their a b c's at kindergarten, but have not stopped to make sure about it!

We have all seen children bring to kindergarten on the first day a slate and pencil or a First Reader, and we

hear of mothers who complain that their children do not learn anything at kindergarten! The situation may be likened to a patient who is under two doctors of different schools at the same time, each working in ignorance of the other, and wondering that the patient does not recover.

As kindergartners, our object in life is to help the children under our care to the most perfect development without loss of time or power; but how can this be done with a class of new children of whom we know nothing, but each one of whom has an individuality acquired from all the impressions and experiences peculiar to his own life? According to Jean Paul he has already learned more than an adult in a university course; yet, unlike that of the university, his course has had no prescribed curriculum. Starting from the zero point, he has grown in accordance with his surroundings; yet his brain and soul processes have been performed in the depth of his organism, and we can only read them through their material covering, by means of gestures, words, and expression, which are far from infallible. We have all made many mistakes in judging children through these mediums; the sensitive child shrinks from revealing himself, and it may be months before we begin to get hold of the thought-treasures hidden within him. Meanwhile we are blindly trying to help in his development; each word that we use makes as many different impressions as there are children listening. Most of them do listen at first, out of curiosity; and if what we say has any connection with what is already in the brain, it will remain, and be ready for another thought which is related to it; but inattention may nearly always be traced to just the lack of this power of connection with previous ideas. If words made the same impression upon all hearers, teaching would be a much easier thing than it is; but we often find that our simplest lessons are not understood because we have not found any point of contact with the child's mind; for we see and hear not only with our eyes and ears, but with the help of our present knowledge; and Goethe says: "Man understands nothing but what is appropriate to him."

Even the word "Mother" used before a hundred children will bring up a hundred mother-faces in a hundred little minds,—maybe a homesick wail will be the result, while you and the child are no better acquainted than before,—but if you can look into the eyes of a timid newcomer and say with frank truthfulness, "I know your mamma," the connection is made.

From the mother we can obtain at the start that knowledge of the child's individuality which we need. During my first year in kindergarten, an experienced teacher came into my room one morning, and, glancing over the group of little ones, many of whose mothers had been to school to her in their childhood, she turned to me and said, with an impressiveness which I shall never forget: "You can generally expect to find Baldwin apples under Baldwin apple trees."

This is very true; and yet we find that even Baldwin apples vary, and children of one family may be very unlike in temperament and character. The wise mother divines and respects these differences, and thus may be a valuable help to us in our child-study. Then, too, how much she can do for us in the way of preparing the baby for kindergarten experiences, when she knows what these are to be! And what a different thing shall we find our work when the children come to us so prepared!

In Charles Kingsley's Water Babies, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid brings retribution upon a certain class of school teachers who, "because they never had any children of their own, took it into their heads, (as some folks do still,) that they were the only people in the world who knew how to manage children." As kindergartners, do we come within this class? or do we recognize the truth that only in so far as the kindergarten follows the true mother is it to be of value to the world?

When Froebel was evolving the system, he went from house to house among mothers, learning of them, and some contact with mother and child should be an important feature in the training of every kindergartner. Many of us who would go half around the globe to sit at the feet of Froebel, if he were living to-day, forget that right at home we can find the very source of his inspiration and knowledge and may ourselves draw from it if we will.

If my thoughts have been presented with any degree of clearness you will agree with me that the mother needs the kindergarten, and the kindergarten needs the mother; the root of the need is the same in either case, and will not be found to spring from the desire for self-advancement in mother or kindergartner, nor in the wish to help each other. The child, in whom the interests of both center, is the bond which draws together the interests of each. The child then is the unit; let us see if this coöperation between mother and kindergartner is necessary from that standpoint.

Unlike the young of animals, the human child enters life in a state of utter helplessness; without his mother, or some one who represents her, he would have a sorry prospect. She is, in a sense, his own wider life, supplying every want of his little body while he is still unconscious of these wants. The coming to life of his senses is a very slow process; but while his eyes can only distinguish light from darkness, hers are doubly watchful; while his ears hear only confusion, hers are on the alert for his cry; and while his hands are blindly beating the air, hers are ministering to his wants; then, because his limbs are weak, she carries him, and, because he is hungry, she feeds him.

As his senses begin to waken, she is the mediator between him and the world. Through all the bewilderment of his awakening self-consciousness, his mother must seem the one fixed point, for it is from her that all his relationships start. Think how many new perceptions and emotions come to him each day, and how

bewildered by them the little mind must be, even when he has a wise interpreter at hand!

With the dim comprehension of the speech of others, come new complications; but when the child himself can speak, his questions will help him to untangle the skein, and Heaven pity him if these questions are repressed or disregarded! His physical dependence upon the mother becomes gradually less, but even after he has learned to walk, he likes to feel that she is not far away; and at the slightest alarm they are one again.

Then comes the day when he is sent to kindergarten. Will the new experiences there bring confusion to his immature thoughts, or will they cause these to become clearer and stronger? G. Stanley Hall says that each new experience should be like a succeeding note in the scale, and we know that this cannot be unless there is vital connection between the mother and the kindergarten. Sharp limits and subdivision in education are always destructive; it should start from one point, and proceed continuously to the end. Froebel says: "God creates and works productively in uninterrupted continuity;" and, again, "The clearer the thread that runs through our lives backwards, the clearer will be our onward path to the goal."

But if the starting was wrong, and kindergarten means only confusion and destruction of all that has gone before, the reconstruction will be a painful process to the child; and if, after many misunderstandings and conflicts and tears, he comes to see life from his new standpoint, even then his newborn thoughts and impulses are often lost because his mother does not understand them and they are not strong enough to thrive in the old surroundings, where he still spends the greater part of the day. After many failings and re-tryings, forgettings and rememberings, these new experiences are sure to become woven into the texture of his being, and affect his future life; yet no less an authority than John Ruskin says: "The lost hour can never be redeemed, and the accomplished wrong can never be atoned for. The best that can be done afterwards, *but for that* had been better."

Let us admit then that coöperation between the kindergarten and the home is not only needful but imperative, and the question of how it can be brought about is a most important one.

When a mother brings her first child to you, ask her to stay awhile and hear the children sing. Perhaps she says that she has work at home to do, but she will stop just a moment; and she does so. When she leaves, take time to speak to her again, and be sure to remember her face. If she was interested, and finds time to drop in again on other mornings, the question of reaching her is settled; for no mother who visits a good kindergarten goes away saying that the children are not learning anything. We need not be afraid of the criticism of an intelligent mother if we are doing conscientious work.

But this does not solve the whole question, for the mothers who most

need our help have no time for morning visits. Shall we go to the homes, and see these mothers? At least we can go there to visit the children, who will be glad to see us whether the mothers are or not; and our interest in them may accomplish some good. How glad they are to show us their favorite toys and pets! and how much nearer to them we get than in kindergarten! Perhaps the mother is busy or unused to company;—at any rate, we find no time for talking theory with her; but we leave with the feeling that whether or not she has found out anything about the kindergarten, we have found out something about the home. But a hundred calls in one busy term could not go on for many terms,—for the kindergartner would not be living. Our visits will have to be reserved for those who need us most.

It may be said that the mother should be able to gain some knowledge of the kindergarten from her child. But his development is unconscious, and the question: "What have you learned to-day?" may act upon him like a sudden cold douche. Perhaps he replies that he has learned nothing, while the half-formed impulse for right doing is checked and the new thought is lost, in the reply; even the bit of folded paper, which had meant so much a moment ago, is tucked away out of sight because there is no one to understand. Still, the sympathetic mother will draw something from her child which will prompt her to look into the subject, no matter how busy she may be.

There are many educational books which can do excellent work if they are placed in the hands of mothers who have time and brains to read them; and then there is the mothers' meeting, which perhaps does more than any other single agent in accomplishing our end.

The children should have a part in these meetings, carrying home the invitations, gathering flowers for decorating the rooms, and finally bringing the mothers, and helping to entertain them by singing, marching, or showing favorite games; then the kindergartner may tell the mothers what there is in the kindergarten that is new, and what the children are doing day after day. Perhaps an exhibit of children's work can be arranged, or a tea served, so that the mothers will be sure to stay awhile and give an opportunity for a more personal word. Other methods of meeting the mothers will come to the minds of you all; but no method will meet the needs of every kindergartner. Each must work out her own.

One very important thing in our relations with the mother and her child must be sacredly regarded: The mother is the child's supreme authority, and God has made this so. We may help them both but we must never come between them. One day last summer a dear little fellow whom I know, was riding with his mother on a crowded trolley car. He had been for some time curiously watching the many strange faces about him, when with a sudden impulse he turned to his mother and said: "I think you are the nicest mudder of all the mudders!" He was but voicing the

conviction of all childhood. Let us do what we can to foster this feeling, for our time of influence is but short. The child will have many teachers and many experiences, but his mother may be the link that connects them all. He will find

"Hundreds of stars in the lovely sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of flowers in the sunny weather,
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over."

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE MESSAGE OF FROEBEL AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Nora Archibald Smith. Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. $0.50.

A whole-hearted advocacy of the kindergarten many of its adherents can give; but not all of them can run a successful tilt against those antagonists who wield the weapons of ridicule and sarcasm, who are padded with an easy assurance of superior judgment, and who, mounted upon steeds of mistaken premises, prance gayly forth against windmill kindergartens. In the essay from which the volume is named, and in a second, "Shooting Folly as it Flies," Miss Smith, a kindergarten knight, rides forth gracefully but doughtily to meet these adversaries, thrusting a very clever lance and opening cracks for the daylight to peep through in the breastplates and helmets of her foes. The main trouble is, of course, that there is so much of the old armor of previous generations lying about, with which those averse to new ideas may speedily reclothe themselves, and that the pastures for mistaken premises are wide. But our lady knight has ridden well and honored the kindergarten colors. The other essays in the book are such as the kindergartner will find greatly to her mind, although some of them were written not especially for her but for a general public. Most of them have received the sanction of publication in various periodicals, *The Outlook*, KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, and others.

MOTHER STORIES. By Maud Lindsay. Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. $1.00.

A welcome has already been prepared for this volume of original stories by the four of their number which, appearing in KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, were immediately recognized by the kindergartners as unusually good, and which, when told to the children, were as promptly taken into their affections. Among the gratifying letters expressing pleasure in the stories furnished by KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, more have referred to Miss Lindsay's stories than to any others. Those who have enjoyed The Little Gray Pony, and The Search for a Good Child will find the new stories not less charming and valuable. Mother Stories will easily be seen to deal with some of the universal themes and universal truths presented in the Mother Play Songs, and are the most perfect companions to the songs that we have yet had in modern original productions. They are absolutely simple and clear, and fitted to the child's comprehension. They are truly imaginative, lacking that elaborateness of fancy which gives many stories for children a tawdry artificial glitter instead of what they should have,—a beauty of sky-born sunshine. Though the language is straightforward and will be comprehended by young children, there is neither baldness nor condescension in the style, but a graceful beauty and an unaffected sprightliness which are delightful. Miss Lindsay has given a motto for the mother with each of her stories. Sometimes it is original, sometimes quoted from Froe-

bel, but it is always pertinent and will show at once to the grown-up reader the purpose of the story to which it belongs.

Timely Games and Songs. By Clare Sawyer Reed. J. L. Hammett Co., Boston. $0.60.

"The bell-ringer comes with his ting-a-ling-a-ling," a listening game, is the pretty opening number of this welcome book, and represents well its general character,—tuneful, merry, and practical. The words of most of the games and songs have been written by Mrs. Kate Whiting Patch. They have a graceful, easy swing, are to the point, and have also the merit of being childlike. Graceful verse is not yet so common in our kindergarten song books but that we may be very glad and grateful for every book that provides only what is good in spirit and form. The settings given by Miss Reed are simple as well as thoroughly musical, and possess a sprightly charm. Use has already recommended the book quite widely in the east, through one kindergartner's passing on her personal recommendation to another; and this is not surprising, for Timely Songs and Games is inexpensive, and every piece "tells" in the work of the kindergarten day. The type of both words and music is clear and well spaced, catching the eye easily. There are new sense games, one with a pretty clapping interlude and another with a graceful dance attached, eight miscellaneous games, and five songs proper. Kindergartners are now getting quite a large assortment of songs and games to select from, and by careful exercise of taste and judgment can help to keep only the good alive, leaving the rest to fall into "innocuous desuetude."

Instrumental Characteristic Rhythms. Part II. By Clara Louise Anderson. Elmer and Anderson, St. Louis. $0.75.

Eight pieces,—four marches and four skipping themes,—are comprised in this new book of Miss Anderson's, and all of them are original. Three of the marches are strong, vigorous and melodious, and will serve well the purpose of inspiring children to a firm, free step in regular marching. The other march is of a staccato, fairy-like order, and is intended for tiptoe marching. The music of the "skipping themes" is well adapted to set the children's feet to dancing. According to the suggestions accompanying these pieces, the "skipping" covers also sliding and running, and is sometimes quite difficult for the little people to achieve; and there is danger of over-elaboration in the kindergarten through this means as through others. The aim of these marches and skipping themes, however, is not only to cultivate a perception of rhythm but to give opportunity for its free bodily expression, which is certainly greatly to be desired.

The Point of Contact in Teaching. By Patterson Du Bois. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $0.75.

Until a sufficient number of these books to supply every one associated with young children has been issued, we shall hope for successive editions of The Point of Contact. We say advisedly "every one associated with young children," not specifying professional teachers; for very often the child's mother and father, his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, his uncles, grandparents, neighbors and friends, are all "teaching" the child directly after the method shown in this book as the false, unreal, and pernicious method. Not that the book is not positive and constructive, as well as enlightening with regard to mistaken method. It is explicitness itself concerning the pedagogical principle so happily characterized in the author's expressions of "beginning at the point of contact" and approaching the child upon his own "plane of experience."

This fourth edition is substantially the same as the first, although fuller and more complete in demonstration. Few books are so suitable for study in meetings of Sunday school teachers, or have such special usefulness for missionaries who are dealing with untutored minds.

Beckonings from Little Hands. By Patterson Du Bois. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $0.75.

Out of the world of childhood comes many an instructive message to those who will listen, and who have the understanding heart; and we can but be grateful to these when they in turn translate and pass on the message that we all may heed it. The author of Beckonings from Little Hands has done this by relating some touching experiences with his own

children. These eight studies of child life are now issued in a fourth edition which is in response to a continued demand and represents "a renewed plea to the people in behalf of the children." While different from The Point of Contact, this book evinces the same sympathetic penetration into child life and child nature.

Folk Lore Stories and Proverbs. By Sara E. Wiltse. Ginn & Co., Boston. $0.60.

The dozen selections comprise Henny Penny, House that Jack Built, and others as well known, together with some stories of the same nature but less often to be found in children's reading books. Here is The Moon and the Millpond, for instance, by Joel Chandler Harris, rescued from the dialect, in which young children could not read it. Here is The Sheep and the Pig, with its motto:—

'T is good to travel east and west,
But, after all, a home is best,

and Boots and Beasts, both by the Norwegian story-teller, Ashbjörnsen, and Big Spider and Little Spider, and a poetic bit, Chancer's Garden, in modern English to close the volume. The proverbs are well chosen and "meaty." Their introduction was a happy thought and it is to be hoped that teachers will foster the children's interest in them. The beginner in reading will be helped to fluency by the repetitious quality of the stories, and children in the nursery will enjoy hearing the book read and looking at the pictures.

The Middle Five. By Francis La Flesche. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.25.

Now that we have Indians and Negroes educated to the point of being able to write for our best magazines and to make thoroughly readable books, we Caucasian Americans are likely not only to gain unexpected glimpses of the lives and natures of these fellow countrymen of ours, but also to have bestowed upon us, through them, something of that power for which the poet Burns prayed,—the power to "see oursel' as ithers see us," which may, even yet, "frae monie a blunder free us and foolish notion," in our feelings toward and treatment of these people.

This is a thought which The Middle Five, written by an Omaha Indian of marked type, who was educated at Carlisle and is now employed in the Indian Office at Washington, brings to an adult. The book, however, is a *bonâ fide* schoolboy story, intended for boys and girls, and not at all a mere reminiscent account of an Indian boy's school life. The Middle Five is a gang of five boys who, when in the middle class of a mission school, banded together "for work and play, for self-preservation and mutual admiration." They were lively, wholesome boys and the story of their doings is very entertaining. The local coloring is said by *The Southern Workman* (a Hampton Institute periodical) to be absolutely true.

Bird World. By J. H. Stickney and Ralph Hoffman. Ginn & Co., Boston. $0.75.

Bird books multiply fast; but in these days of increasing interest in Nature, there is doubtless always room for one more. This volume has an attractive red and black cover, and many illustrations, eight of which are in color. Some of the black and white bird pictures are by Ernest Seton Thompson. The text gives short descriptions of birds and their habits and homes, and also many anecdotes of bird life from the personal observations of Ralph Hoffman, Burroughs, Audubon, and other bird lovers. A special word of commendation is merited by the excellent printing of this book. Like most of Ginn's publications for children, the type is large, clear, and well spaced.

Wilderness Ways. By William J. Long. Ginn & Co., Boston. $0.75.

Next to wandering in wilderness ways one's self, to camping and canoeing and making intimate acquaintance with wild creatures, comes the reading about these things in books like Mr. Long's. The eight chapters are not scrappy, and each is accompanied by an illustration of real beauty by Charles Copeland, in whom the author has a most valuable collaborator. The creatures specially told about are the caribou, Tom Peabody bird, weasel, owl, frog, eagle, lynx, and loon. A long hunt after a glorious old eagle gives opportunity for the actual putting of the hand upon the wild bird, of looking at him eye to eye, of gazing upon his young in the nest,— and all through the might of no power save that of the friendly and unquailing human spirit. The session of the caribou school, the finding of the caribou burying ground,

the account of the frog washing out his stomach after taking an experimental dose of tobacco, are samples selected at random by which those taking a book-store glance can judge of the book's excellent quality. The story of Kagax is a disagreeable one, however. Mr. Long acknowledges in his preface that he uses Kagax as a medium for showing forth the evil doings of many weasels observed during several years of hunting and camping, and this with the expressed intention of making the weasel *hated.* Even with the object of avoiding sentimentality, there is no need to teach hatred toward any animal.

Lullabies and Baby Songs. Collected by Adelaide L. J. Gosset. Illustrated by Eva Roos. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Many of these selections are from the storehouses of other nations,—German, Danish, Norwegian, Irish, Scotch, Welsh. There is also a very pretty Latin lullaby of six short singable lines. It is a little tiresome to find in every such collection, the same old "rounders"; but these familiar songs are so beautiful that no collecter has the heart to pass them by. Eva Roos's illustrations are charming and exactly suited to the book in style.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

J. L. Hammett Co., Boston. Timely Games and Songs for the Kindergarten. By Clare Sawyer Reed. $0.60.

Ginn and Co., Boston. The New England Primer. (Twentieth Century Reprint.)

R. L. Myers and Co., Harrisburg, Pa. Jukes-Edwards. A Study in Education and Heredity. By A. E. Winship.

Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. Sixty Songs from The House in the Wood. An Opera for Children. Words by Mother Goose. Music by L. E. Orth. $1.00.

Elmer and Anderson, St. Louis. Part II. of Instrumental Characteristic Rhythms. By Clara Louise Anderson. $0.75.

H. F. Chandler, Chicago. Musical Rhythms for Piano. By Arnold D. Scammell. $1.00.

Theodore Presser, Phila. Five Songs for Little Children. Sheet music, $0.25 each. Words by Mrs. M. A. Osgood. Music by Marion Osgood.

Mt. Holly Stationery and Printing Co., Mt. Holly, Pa. Hints and Helps. By C. B. Kelley.

American Book Company, New York. Earth, Sky, and Air in Song. By W. H. Neidlinger. $0.70. Prose and Verse for Children. By Katharine Pyle. $0.40.

The Ben Franklin Co., Chicago. English Spelling. By George D. Broomell. $0.10.

Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. Mother Stories. By Maud Lindsay. $1.00.

James A. Barr, Stockton, Cal. Outline of Studies for Primary and Grammar Schools.

Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1898-99. Vol. I.

Small, Maynard and Co., Boston. The Middle Five. By Francis La Flesche. $1.25.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

Defects in Elementary Text Books. By James H. Blodgett. Educational Review, January.

Testing the Eyes and Ears of School Children. By Frank Allport. Child Study Monthly, December.

A Gap in Education. By H. D. Sedgwick, Jr. Atlantic Monthly, January.

The Making of Books. By Francis D. Tandy. Colorado School Journal, December.

A Correspondence. By Eva D. Kellogg. Primary Education, January.

On the Teacher's Study of Pictures. By John L. Lowes. Inland Educator, December.

The Father as a Disciplinarian. By John Willis Baer. The Congregationalist, January 5, 1901.

Children's Ethical Classes. By F. J. Gould. International Journal of Ethics, January.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Denmark.

Work of the Danish Froebel Union. The Danish Froebel Union is doing much toward propagating Froebel's ideas in that country by means of frequent meetings to which teachers and others interested in education are invited, by the publication of a little paper and by lectures given in all the larger towns. During the last summer, at a large teachers' convention in the northern part of the country, Frau Hedevig Bagger, one of the most able of the kindergarten training teachers, and a pioneer in the cause, delivered an address on The Public Kindergarten as an Aid to the Home and School. This address is to be put into pamphlet form for general circulation. The Danish Froebel Union has also turned its attention to the existing institutions for the care of little children, and already sends out two trained kindergartners as regular helpers to certain of these institutions. These kindergartners go at regular hours, lead in the plays and the handwork, and seek to give, by word and deed, some help and instruction to the principal and the young assistants in the work. The Danish Froebel Union has opened five kindergartens in Copenhagen and other cities. One of these in Valby (not far from Copenhagen) is a free kindergarten, and is in connection with Frau Anne Petersen's Girls' School.

Chicago, Illinois.

Parental School. A law, recently passed by the legislature of Illinois, provided for the establishment of a parental school in Chicago and in other cities of the state with a population of 100,000 or more; and it is expected that this admirable addition to the public school system of Chicago will be in full running order by March.

The school buildings will be located on a forty acre tract of land bounded by Leavitt and Robey streets and Winnemac and Foster avenues, which location is about three blocks from the Summerdale station on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. It is planned to make it the finest example of parental schools in the country.

With this purpose in view, Superintendent Thomas H. MacQueary and Robert M. Smith, supervisor of manual training of the new school, acting under the instruction of the committee of compulsory education, visited all the important parental and reform schools of the East, and the result of their investigation is embodied in the report which outlines the plans of the school in detail, its organization, management and purpose.

The school as planned will accommodate five hundred pupils. One large building will provide for the school work proper, while "the cottage plan"—as in the best Eastern schools—will provide the children with the pleasant surroundings of a home. All the buildings will be handsome brick structures.

The Parental School is, as nearly as possible, what its name indicates. The chronic school deserter there finds a home and a school. Its object is to cure truancy and to return the pupils to the regular schools, which object, says Mr. MacQueary, to whom the investigation of this subject was committed by the board of education, will be sooner and better accomplished by a special course of study than by one which has already failed to interest them. None but the best teachers are to be employed, and the curriculum is to embrace manual training, garden work, military drill, and schoolroom work after the methods of the New Education.

Oakland, California.

Results of Child-Study. The fifth annual meeting of the Kindergarten Department of the California State Teachers' Association was held December 27 in San Francisco. President Mrs. Paulina Dohrman called the meeting to order and gave a brief but earnest address of welcome, urging a high educational basis for our work. The address by Dr. Starback of Stanford University attracted a large audience including many child-study specialists. He was listened to with keen interest by all kindergartners, and while the best part of kindergarten training cannot be subjected to such tests, the result of his

study will stimulate closer observation of our methods. His address, After Effects of the Kindergarten, was based upon a two years study of the children of San José. Over two thousand children were examined and the tabulated results shown. Each chart was bristling with interesting points. He showed that in a general way kindergarten training hastens development in the first year, but the gain is not permanent. There is but slight difference in the later work of the kindergarten and non-kindergarten child, but this is in favor of the kindergarten child. Boys seem to lead the girls in everything but endurance.

We will await with interest other investigations along these lines in other cities. Personally, I think, anything less than a year of kindergarten experience ought not to count, and I should like to see a study confined to primary children.

It was disappointing to find that the boasted muscular central and sensory training claimed for kindergarten children was not evident in this investigation. Still that, which to most of us is of larger value in the life of the children, the social training, the sympathy with nature, the appreciation of ideals, all this is untouched and we still have that greatest work in the world to supply an inspiring personality that will call forth all that is finest and best in our children.

The Golden Gate kindergartens entertained the department at an informal luncheon, many invited guests sharing in this hospitality.

Officers for 1901: President, Mrs. Paulina Dohrman, Stockton; secretary, Grace Everett Barnard, Oakland; executive committee, Mrs. Gould, Oakland, Mrs. McQuade, Chico, Miss Anna Stovall, San Francisco.

GRACE E. BARNARD.

New York City.

A Christmas Meeting. At the December meeting of the Kraus Alumni Kindergarten Association, the Rev. S. H. Sill, recently appointed chaplain of the association, made an address on the opening of the new century, speaking of the great strides in educational matters during the last hundred years, and expressing profound faith in the kindergarten, of which he has made a personal study during the past ten years.

Mrs. Kraus, at the request of her graduates, gave a report of the Convention of the National Educational Association, kindergarten section, which was held in Charleston, S. C., last July. In closing she said that conference should help to bring about a more vital connection between home, kindergarten, and school; so that all the child's education should be actuated by the intelligent understanding of educational principles, and that a deep true knowledge of Froebel's theory and practice of development should bring about this unity of thought and action. She expressed the hope that out of this effort would spring forth combined meetings of parents, kindergartners, and teachers, and that the day might not be far distant when through such union a child's education would become continuous, progressive, and genetic, and not a jerky, haphazard doing and undoing that characterizes much of the present day family education.

To celebrate the holiday season Mrs. Kraus held a reception and informal luncheon after the meeting had adjourned.

She said as she had been unable to reply to the many hundreds of Christmas greetings she had received from her kindergarten daughters, she would distribute her messages of love in "letters without words." These proved to be photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Kraus mounted on medallions which were presented by Mrs. Kraus in her own gracious and inimitable way.

EDITH SLADE, *Secretary.*

Cooking Classes. The object of the cooking classes at the Clark Neighborhood House, New York city, is to promote the science of home keeping and home comfort for the crowded population of that district.

The afternoon classes are for the school children and the number in each class is limited to twelve. They work in groups of four, each group generally doing the same thing.

Three housekeepers are appointed, one to dust the room and to wash and rinse the dishes, one to wipe the dishes and wash the dish towels, and one to bring the dishes for inspection and put them away. After the cooking is underway the children set the table, a mother and father are elected and also a waitress and the luncheon is served.

On Saturday morning comes a class of boys. The work is about the same as the work for the girls, and but for a little more noise the results are the same.

On Friday evening is held the mothers' class. On visiting the families it is found that the mothers who are not able to attend the mothers' class profit by the lessons given to their children, the children taking a real delight in being able to show their mothers what they do at cooking school.

Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Work with Indian Children. One of the largest Indian schools in the Southwest is at Albuquerque, where may be found two hundred and eighty-three Indian pupils, varying in age from five to seventeen years. The Pueblo Indians are the chief attendants, but Moki, Apache, Navajo, and Ute children are there also. The school is three miles out in the country from the little city of Albuquerque—among the alfalfa fields, irrigation ditches and brickyards. The school and its farms occupy about one hundred and fifty acres of land, and the soil generally is under a good state of cultivation.

Each pupil is in the schoolroom four hours a day. The boys and girls who are in school during the morning, work in the fields, shops, sewing-rooms, and bakeries in the afternoon. The afternoon pupils in the schoolrooms do manual labor in the morning. The children under ten have simple daily duties fitted to their years. There are lawns to be kept clear of leaves, waste paper to be picked up, shoes to be blacked, walks to be swept, and beds to be made.

Visitors at the Albuquerque school are shown, first of all, the kindergarten department—a large room, where several scores of little Indian boys with closely cropped hair, little gray uniforms, and copper-toed shoes, and little girls with braided hair and short calico dresses sit about big low tables an hour every morning and every afternoon while a teacher with marvelous resources for interesting the children, and by all manner of schemes, inculcates the use and meaning of English words.

Pictures of dogs, cats, cows, horses, boats, and hundreds of objects in nature are upon the walls, and the teacher tells stories about them. Every child has a chance to display each day his knowledge of the meaning of words by pointing to the objects as fast as named by the teacher. The next week there will be more pictures on the walls, and more instruction in the names of them. Simple songs are sung when the children grow restless.

"We find Pueblo children most tractable," says a teacher. "They are an affectionate race, and almost daily some boy or girl bursts into tears when I correct his or her friend. The main difficulty we have in this kindergarten department is with the homesick children. It takes a stern heart not to be moved by the pining of a little Indian child for the old home—squalid and rude and vile though it may be. Sometimes a child pines so for its dirty and disgusting squaw mother that it sickens, and we must take the child back to the home."

Rock Hill, South Carolina.

A College Kindergarten. Among the varied features that Winthrop College presents none is more attractive than the kindergarten in charge of Miss Minnie MacFeat.

The room devoted to this work is on the ground floor, large, well lighted and furnished with the very best of all that the little ones need. The number is limited to about twenty; just now twenty-three are in attendance. Of course the maintenance of the kindergarten is not for the benefit of the children of Rock Hill, but to train young women who desire to undertake this special line of work. At present there are five taking this course.

As this is a regular branch of the College work, these special students take in the regular College classes such work as they need to qualify them for graduation.

One of the occupations last year was to build and to furnish a house. All that was within the limits of their powers the children did; they designed and made paper for the walls and finally put it on; they shingled the roof; they planned and constructed the furniture. When completed it was surely their house; they felt it and felt proud of it.

They plant and cultivate such vegetables as their limited space will allow, and those parents who have children there see the effect of this in the closer and more discriminating observation of the garden at home.

Newark, New Jersey.

Re-birth of State Teachers' Association. The New Jersey Teachers' Association held a series of enthusiastic meetings in Newark during the recent holidays. Among the prominent speakers were Bishop Potter and Comp-

troller Coler of New York city, and President Schurman of Cornell University. More than two hundred of the local teachers had joined the association during the fortnight preceding the convention, and on the opening day the committee on registration was kept busy enrolling new names.

The date of this convention will mark almost a re-birth of the association, owing to revision of the constitution and to the infusion of new life through a large increase of membership.

Secretary A. F. Chadwick, reporting for the committee on educational progress, said: "The better understanding of the distinction between primary and secondary development is doing much to clarify educational thought.

"The primary period of development, ending about the twelfth year, is characterized by growth in simple bulk of brain and nerves. Following this is the secondary period of development, marked by growth of muscle and bone, a rapid development in height and weight—the blossoming period of adolescence, in which there is a budding forth of all kinds of new powers.

"The interests of the child and his social needs demand that both primary and secondary education shall present whole views of the world. This demand has led to the enrichment of the course, and this must continue until all the right interests of the child and of society are satisfied.

"What a rapidly growing view of education seems to demand is that the elementary view of the world and the mastery of the elementary arts be completed in about six years, and the beginning of a deeper insight made in the two upper grammar grades and continued in the high school.

"By a reduction in the kindergarten age and by completing the primary course in primary years, the vast majority of our children could be sent into life at the same age as now, but with a completer view of the world and a firmer possession of the primary arts that open it."

Bishop Potter prefaced his address by stating that he was the son of a teacher and the grandson of a teacher, his father having taught before he became the bishop of Philadelphia, and his grandfather having been the president of Union College. In speaking of the tendency at the present time to do everything in large, Bishop Potter said:—

"I was passing a great apartment house in New York the other day, when a friend of mine asked me if I realized how much bad cooking there was in the world. He explained that in the apartment house lived one hundred and twenty families; that each had a cook, and that that meant ninety bad dinners every day. 'Now,' said he, 'if each one of those families was to discharge its cook they could afford to engage twenty French cooks of excellent skill and wide experience, who could provide for their wants from a big central kitchen in the middle of the building.'

" 'That would never do for me,' said I, 'for how could I get the particular kind of gingerbread on which I was brought up?'

"The point of that remark is this: The moment that you begin to do cooking on the reservoir system you lose the sense of individuality. Individuality is the most interesting human quality. It is originality. The moment you begin to treat the human being in masses you lose it.

"There is peril in handling children in large masses. The teacher cannot discover individuality in classes of eighty or one hundred, as she can in smaller classes. A lady who saw a class of hundreds of children in a London institution, going through an exercise in unison, said afterward that she thought what they needed was a little more mother."

SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The Kindergarten Department of the Southern Educational Association held a very interesting and enthusiastic meeting December 28th, at Grace Street Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., with the president, Miss Patty S. Hill, of Louisville, Ky., in the chair. Bishop Gibson delivered the address of welcome, to which the president graciously responded.

On the program Miss Hart, of Baltimore, Miss Neil, of Washington, Miss McFeat, of South Carolina, and Miss Tugalls, of Kentucky, were to speak on the various phases of kindergarten work, but they were unavoidably detained at home. In their absence interesting addresses were given by Miss Celestia S. Parrish of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Va., and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia University, New York.

Miss Parrish took for her subject The Need of Psychology in the Training of Kindergartners. She said that people who train the human mind need to know the laws of the human mind.

There was no psychology proper in Froebel's time though his insight into the nature of the child was most wonderful.

Much difference has been made by the evolutionary thought of the present day.

Froebel himself would be the first to say, "Go on, unite the past with present discoveries and unify."

It behooves kindergartners to unite their work with primary schools. "To do this they must know the science of education and study psychology."

Dr. Butler talked at length on The Kindergarten, its Strength and Weakness. He said that the greatest enemy of the true kindergarten is something called kindergarten.

The kindergarten affords opportunity for philanthropic work, but this conception alone develops the idea of the kindergarten being a place solely to keep the child out of mischief.

A day nursery is admirable in itself, but to confuse the two is to lose sight of the aim which the kindergarten has in view.

If education were ideal and perfect there would be no need for philanthropy.

Play is just as educative as any work.

Froebel grasped the idea of using play as educative material.

There is no finality in a process which is eternally active, and it is un-Froebelian not to grow.

The great regeneration of our school work is to be brought about by the principle of kindergarten and university—in which one grows not for himself but for the nation.

One phase of education grows into the other as naturally as a bud develops into a rose.

In accepting the kindergarten for our children we do not approach something which is a luxury but help in laying a great solid foundation.

Miss Hill gave a short talk on the subject of Play, which she said is being studied everywhere and in every phase.

Animal play and racial play also receive their share of attention.

Play brings us face to face with mind in perfect freedom.

Do we not show our characters by our mode of recreation out of work hours?

Play with the adult uses up surplus energy.

Play with the child uses his whole energy.

Play may be called "Self-imposed education."

On the report of the nominating committee, Miss Patty S. Hill, of Louisville, Ky., was elected president; Miss Caroline M. C. Hart, of Baltimore, vice-president, and Mrs. Ida Lining, of Charleston, S. C., secretary.

At the close of the meeting a reception was given by the kindergartners of Richmond at Miss Robinson's school on Floyd avenue.

INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION.

Program of the annual convention, to be held in Chicago, April 10-12, 1901.

Wednesday evening: Public meeting. Addresses by Dr. Arnold Tompkins of Chicago University, and Miss Laura Fisher of Boston.

Thursday morning: General membership meeting. Reports from delegates and appointment of committees.

Thursday afternoon: Round tables. Subjects: Programs, Supervision, Stories.

Friday morning: Training teachers' conference, open to all interested. Subject: Simplification of materials. Chairman, Mrs. Putnam.

Friday afternoon: Address by Dr. Hailmann, and by one other speaker to be announced later. Closing session.

On Saturday morning the executive committee hope to arrange for an informal conference on subjects of vital interest to training teachers and supervisors. This conference will probably be a closed one and tickets of admission will be issued.

MARY D. RUNYAN,
Cor. Sec. and Treas., I. K. U.

A VISIT TO FROEBEL MUSEUM.

Miss Mary Morgan of the Youngstown, Ohio, free kindergarten recently gave a graphic account of her trip through the Thuringerwald, the home of the kindergarten. She passed through Jena, the seat of the university, where Froebel studied; Rudolstadt, the scene of Froebel's large gatherings of teachers on different occasions; Blankenberg, the home of the first kindergarten; and Ober-

weissbach, where Froebel's father had preached those sermons which had made such an impression upon the mind of the little Friedrich sitting so quietly in the pew.

Miss Morgan gave an interesting description of the Froebel Museum at Blankenberg, where Fraulein Heerwart has collected relics of Froebel and his time. This occupies one room of Fraulein Heerwart's house and indeed the whole lower floor has been given up to kindergarten interests.

Here have been gathered the last few belongings of Froebel and also those of Frau Froebel. Here are his chair, a cabinet or two, a table, a glass case containing his ring, pocket knife, his cup and saucer, and other mementoes. Best of all, here are many of his original manuscripts, written in a fine, even hand, and packages of old letters, yellow and dim, written to friends of his troublesome days, setting forth his ideas and explaining his work. Here are also albums full of testimonials from pupils and friends, showing how much this quaint soul was beloved by those who knew him best. These have never been published, but if they were they would give us many a glimpse into the life and thought of this man.

Among the interesting things in the room is a broken pasteboard box found among Frau Froebel's possessions. In it are sheets of heavy cardboard with the cubes of the Third Gift glued on in such a way as to make the original sequences of form in beauty and number. These he had arranged to explain his methods to a gathering of teachers. There are also sheets and sheets of his designs for drawing, mat weaving, paper folding and cutting, and bits of work done by chubby fingers of babies long ago. One of the bookcases which had belonged to Frau Froebel contains something very interesting to Americans. This is some work from the St. Louis kindergartens. There are also specimens from France and other countries, showing how much this faithful soul treasured these evidences of the spread of the kindergarten gospel.

Those of Froebel's friends who have anything that belonged to him or who have letters written by him are sending them to Fraulein Heerwart, that in this museum may be gathered all that is left of this great man, and that the birthplace of the kindergarten may become the Froebel shrine, as it deserves to be.

In another room Miss Heerwart has gathered copies of Froebel's published works, books and magazines relating to the kindergarten idea. This library and museum now belongs to the Froebel Society, which has lately been formed by Fraulein Heerwart, with headquarters at Blankenberg.

KINDERGARTEN NEWS AND EDUCATIONAL MISCELLANY.

The full program given elsewhere of the I. K. U. annual meeting is surely enticing in the quality and wise arrangement of what is planned. Although overcrowding of the program has been carefully avoided, it promises a fine variety of speakers, of meetings, and of subjects; and the happy expedient of having several Round Table conferences affords an unusual opportunity for the always-desired free discussion.

Detroit, Mich., has been fixed upon as the place for the meeting of the N. E. A., July 8-12, 1901.

Brooklyn, N. Y., has introduced afternoon sessions of the kindergarten in two of the public schools, as an experiment in the plan to utilize to the full extent the kindergarten classes.

Austin, Tex., has two new kindergartens, one in charge of Miss Burnie Barrett on Colorado street, and the other in charge of Miss Cora Owen on East avenue.

An author's reading for the benefit of the New York Kindergarten Association was given by Mrs. George C. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) at the house of Mrs. H. F. Dimock, 25 East Sixtieth street, on Thursday afternoon, January

17. The program included scenes from Timothy's Quest, The Fore-Room Rug, from The Village Watch-Tower, scenes from The Birds' Christmas Carol, and The Diary of a Goose-Girl, which is as yet unpublished.

At Toledo, O., three free kindergartens will be established about February 1, under the supervision of the board of education.

The private kindergarten which Miss Frankie Sullivan opened in September at Peterborough, Ont., has now thirty pupils.

The directors of all the kindergartens in Grand Rapids, Mich., have formed a club for discussion and mutual assistance in the work with the children, the meetings to be held monthly.

At the December meeting of the general committee of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Free Kindergarten Society, a discussion was held concerning the establishment of a kindergartners' library, and it was decided to request the Brooklyn Public Library Association to assist in this work.

The Boston Nursery for Blind Babies was opened and dedicated on New Year's day in a cottage on Regent street, Roxbury. As its name indicates, the nursery will be devoted exclusively to the care of blind infants under five years of age, and will be in charge of a trained child nurse. The project is the result of efforts made by numerous charitably inclined ladies of Boston and Roxbury, and they have succeeded in raising nearly all of the $1,500 which are required to guarantee the expenses of the first year. The executive board of the nursery consists of Mrs. J. E. Chamberlin, Miss Agnes Brooks, a niece of Bishop Brooks, and Miss Isabel Greeley, for thirteen years principal of the Jamaica Plain Kindergarten. The superintendent will be Miss Bertha Snow of 27 Lambert avenue, Roxbury, who has been chiefly instrumental in perfecting the organization of the nursery. It is the purpose of the society to take care of all blind infants until their fifth year, giving them the necessary training that will carry their mental development along with their bodily growth. When the children are five years old they will be turned over to the kindergarten.

In Montreal, there are two boards of education, Protestant and Roman Catholic. Each board controls the schools committed to its care as though the other board did not exist. The kindergarten and transition class form a part of each of the schools under the Protestant commissioners. The school age is from five to sixteen. A child over six who is not fitted for class work is assigned to the transition class; under six to the kindergarten. The promotions occur every six months. Each kindergarten has two rooms, or has the use of the assembly room for games, circles, and marching. The windows are filled with plants; and fishes, birds, and rabbits are part of the school furniture. The transition class room has the dignity of desks, but is decorated like the kindergarten room, and has a morning circle, stories, and games. The play circle and marching are in the assembly room. The children of the kindergarten must commit to memory the Lord's Prayer, Psalm xxiii., I Kings iii., part of verses 7-9. This is for September and October. For November, Psalm c., 4, Acts xx., 35, II. Corinthians ix., 15. For December, Luke ii., 8-16. January, Hebrews xiii., 8. Easter, I. Corinthians xv., 20, John xi., 25. For the balance of the year, Song of Solomon ii., 15, Proverbs xxv., 11, iv., 5, xxx., 24-28, Song of Solomon ii., 11, 12, in the order given.

—*The Outlook.*

A kindergarten normal school has been established at Moline, Ill. It is conducted by Miss Minnie D. George, superintendent, in connection with the present kindergarten system. The school is the natural outgrowth of the step Moline has taken in relation to the kindergartens. With four public kindergartens and one private one, crowded with pupils, Miss George has been unable to secure competent assistants. The young women will now be trained in the work and at the end of their second year will be able to take charge of the kindergarten classes.

The first kindergarten in any of Pittsburg's or Allegheny's charity institutes was opened in January. It is in the Protestant Orphan Asylum, on Ridge and Grand avenues, Allegheny, Pa. The Kindergarten Association is knocking earnestly at the door of such institutes for motherless little children need the nurture, love, and tenderness of the kindergarten.

Miss Nellie E. Brown, principal of the State street kindergarten at Bangor, Me., has been appointed supervisor of the kin-

dergartens of the Bangor public school system and will be in charge of the four now in operation and of the proposed classes which will be started at the Elm street school as soon as the building is ready for occupancy. Miss Brown will retain her principalship of the State street kindergarten and in order to do this will be given an extra assistant, Miss Eleanor Herlihy. Miss Gertrude H. Fairbanks, now assistant at the Division street kindergarten, has been elected principal of the kindergarten which will be started in the Elm street building and Miss Grace Hutchinson will be her assistant. The vacancy at Division street, caused by the promotion of Miss Fairbanks, will be filled by Miss Grace L. Eaton. The kindergarten branch of the city's excellent school system has grown steadily within the past few years and now is regarded as one of the most important in the municipal educational department.

Official Bulletin No. 1 of the fortieth annual convention of the National Educational Association, to be held at Detroit, has been issued. It is announced that the various railway lines have granted a rate of one fare for the round trip, plus two dollars membership fee, with provision for the extension of tickets for return until September 1, on the deposit plan. The steamboat lines have granted the same rates and ticket conditions. Further, special excursion rates have been granted to members after the convention to the various resorts in the great lake region and especially to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

The Minnesota State Kindergarten Association presented a program in the assembly hall of the Central high school, St. Paul, December 28, in connection with the meetings of the Minnesota Educational Association. Miss Stella L. Wood, superintendent of the Minneapolis Kindergarten Normal Training School, spoke on The Needs of the Child Under Seven. An interesting discussion of the paper by Miss Sarah C. Brooks of St. Paul and others was followed by a group of Mrs. Gaynor's kindergarten songs, sung by Miss Nellie McCollom. Miss Sarah B. Goodman of St. Cloud gave a talk on The Unity of Froebel, in which she likened the whole educational system to a hand of which the various schools were the digits, not one of which could be spared without loss of power.

The Pittsfield, Mass., Kindergarten Association has arranged for four lectures for this winter's course as follows: January 29, Arnold and Andre by William W. Ellsworth, secretary of the Century Co. of New York, the lecture to be illustrated by stereopticon; February 19, The Personality of Wild Animals by Ernest Seton Thompson, illustrated by stereopticon; March 19, The Life Saving Service of the United States by Horace L. Piper of Washington, assistant superintendent of Life Saving service; date not announced, Social Wreckage by Rev. Alexander F. Irvine of New Haven, lecture on East Side life in New York, illustrated by stereopticon. The association will also arrange for an extra lecture by Mr. Ellsworth on the afternoon of January 29, for the children of Pittsfield. His subject will be From Lexington to Yorktown. This is also a stereopticon lecture.

Miss Nina Edward has a kindergarten of Chippewa Indians at Tormah, Wis.

The Central Board of Education of the city of Pittsburg, Pa., appropriated this year, twenty-five thousand dollars for kindergarten purposes, an increase over last year of seven thousand dollars ($7,000).

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The alumnæ of the Kindergarten Training Class conducted by Miss Garland and Miss Weston until the latter's death and now conducted by Miss Garland and Mrs. Stannard, organized into The Chestnut Street Alumnæ Association many years ago. This year, under the presidency of Mrs. Harriet Jenks Greenough, the association held a two days fair for the benefit of the Elizabeth Peabody Kindergarten Settlement. The beautiful banquet hall of The Tuileries was used, with an adjoining room devoted to the art treasures. The proceeds of the fair after paying all expenses, amounted to about $1,500.

Beginning January 7, Professor John Dewey, Chicago University, gave a course of five lectures on Psychology, at the Pittsburg and Allegheny Kindergarten Training College.

The New Orleans Kindergarten Club have enjoyed a course of lectures given by Miss Bertha Hintz, of the Chicago Normal School, on the art of illustrating the lesson by blackboard drawing which is called "chalk modeling." The object of the lectures was to teach the kindergartners, teachers, and parents how to use illustrative drawing in the education of their children. On Friday of Christmas week an illustrated musicale was given by the club, with the assistance of Miss Hintz, who illustrated on the blackboard various old songs as they were sung or played.

One of the attractive features of the winter's work in the Bangor, Me., kindergarten club, will be a series of five lectures on Italian art delivered by Prof. J. H. Huddilston of the University of Maine. The lectures will be given once a month, on January 28, February 25, March 25, April 22, and May 6.

The Cone street kindergarten and primary school, connected with the West Middle school, Hartford, Ct., was informally opened January 9. The formal opening will take place later, when the interior will be entirely completed. The building is a very fine one with all the improvements known to modern building. It is well lighted and there is a fine hall for assembly purposes. The new school will cost about $50,000 and at present will be conducted for the kindergarten and the first, second, and third grades in the primary department.

An especially interesting and somewhat novel program was presented at the December meeting of the Brooklyn Woman's Club. Addresses were made by Dr. John Coleman Adams, pastor of All Souls' Universalist Church, on the "New Child and the New Education," and by Miss Mary D. Runyan, director of the kindergarten department of the Teachers' College, New York, on "The Relation Between the Child and the Race, as Exemplified in Early Education." Following these addresses there was an exhibition of kindergarten games by the training class of Pratt Institute. Miss Wood, the instructor of the class, led in the games, music was furnished by Miss Harris, and the significance of each game explained by Mrs. Ada M. Locke, head of the kindergarten maintained by the Brooklyn Woman's Club.

Professor Atkinson, superintendent of instruction in the Philippines, has written to Secretary Shepard of the National Educational Association, asking him to send normal graduates as teachers for the Philippines. On three-year contracts, primary and grammar grade teachers are offered $75 to $100 per month and superintendents $2,000 to $2,500 per year. In addition to salaries, all expenses to Manilla are to be paid.

The work of the Social Settlement at Lewiston, Me., is progressing under the supervision of Miss Storey, a kindergartner who has taken charge of the rooms as resident manager and instructor.

At the seventy-first meeting of the Eastern Kindergarten Association held at Parker Memorial Hall, January 15, Miss Cynthia P. Dozier of New York, gave a lecture on Creative Activity of Children, as Exercised on Miscellaneous Material at Home. Miss Dozier and Miss Blow were special guests at the afternoon tea which followed.

One of the last acts of Superintendent Gilbert before resigning his charge of the public schools of Newark, N. J., where he has accomplished so much good, was the presentation of a new salary schedule for the teachers of the city. The part referring to salaries of kindergartners was as follows: For directors: Proposed rate, $450, temporary positions; $500, first year; $550, second year; $600, third year; $650, fourth year; $700, fifth year; $750, sixth year, and $800, maximum. For directors having two or more class rooms, with three or more assistants, $750, first year; $800, second year, and $850, maximum. For assistants: Proposed rate, $450, temporary positions; $500, first year; $550, second year; $600, third year, and $650, maximum.

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months ago, Miss Estelle Reel, superintendent of Indian schools, has spent seventeen months in the field, inspecting the schools and ascertaining by personal observation, the needs of the Indians and the service. She reports increased enrollment, better accommodations, greater facilities for industrial training, and gratifying improvements over previous years. A strong plea is made for compulsory education. The property ownership plan has a prominent place in Miss Reel's system of training, and the Indians are constantly urged to cultivate better crops and more acres of land. The outlook for the Indian schools on the whole is very encouraging.

At its January meeting the Chicago Kindergarten Club discussed The Family under the following question heads:—

1. How is primitive family life the source of coöperation and division of labor in modern society, and how does it lead to highest development, or altruism?
2. How do national governments originate in primitive family relations?
3. How do children express these fundamental instincts in plays with each other, with dolls, pets, etc.?

Before the program was taken up, some time was devoted to business relative to the meeting of the I. K. U. in Chicago next April. The Kindergarten Club is looking forward with much pleasure to being the hostess on the occasion.

LIZZIE WHITCOMBE, *Cor. Sec.*

THE FAST MAIL.

The new daily fast mail train recently put on by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad for the government is the third now in operation over that road. One leaves Chicago at three o'clock in the morning, and another at nine-thirty in the evening, both for Council Bluffs. The new train leaves Chicago every morning at eight-forty-eight for Lincoln, Nebraska, where it delivers to the Burlington's Express for the North Pacific Coast via Billings, Montana. The new train carries a coach for passengers and gives a quick day service, Chicago to Council Bluffs, Omaha, and Lincoln.

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One of the largest reservoirs ever constructed is to be built by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad for the purpose of supplying its engines and shops with water. It will be located five miles southeast of Galesburg, a division point on the main line, one hundred and sixty-three miles from Chicago. The reservoir will be two and a half miles long, one thousand five hundred feet wide, and twenty feet deep, and will have a capacity of four hundred and forty-five million gallons.

The completion of the million and a half dollar terminals of the Burlington Railroad at Quincy, Ill., marks an important stage in the development of that system. It was only five years ago that the road built into St. Louis, and established there an enormous freight yard, with a capacity of three thousand cars. Elsewhere, at Chicago, St. Paul, Kansas City, and Denver, the Burlington has facilities for handling freight and passengers that are unexcelled.

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SAND COURT IN A NEW YORK KINDERGARTEN.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

VOL. XI. SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MARCH, 1901. No. 7.

PLAYING AND LEARNING.

By M. V. O'Shea.

A "PROMINENT citizen" of our town was invited recently to pay a visit to a small kindergarten class, which he consented to do, much to the surprise of every one, for he is usually too engrossed with important affairs to devote any of his valuable moments to observing the doings of children. On the occasion of his visit the children were engaged in the game of "Blacksmith." They had two or three days before taken a trip to observe a blacksmith on his native heath, and had since been reproducing in their plays what they had seen. On this day they were very enthusiastic, all joining in the game, with much heartiness and merriment. The visitor gave a sort of indifferent attention during the progress of the game, after which he was asked what he thought of it.

"Well," he responded, "do you call this teaching?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "What does it seem to you to be?"

"I should think it was a weak variety of amusement," he answered emphatically. "When I went to school we took up such things at our recess times; but when we worked, we worked and learned something. These children did not learn anything today that I could see."

"Well, don't you think it is worth while for a child to know the kind of work a blacksmith does, and how and why he does it?" was asked.

"Why, yes, of course," the visitor responded. "But what of it? They will never learn these things by going through such performances as they did to-day. A person can learn nothing unless he studies it. A child does not get ahead any by play. If these children wanted to become acquainted with the work of a blacksmith they should have taken a book and studied

about him, and not wasted their time as they have done."

And with some further conversation of this character the "prominent citizen" departed, fully convinced in his own reason that the kindergarten is a failure. When he was in school, pupils worked; they studied books from the very start; but in these degenerate days everything is reduced to play, with the result that the children are not learning anything that they ought to know, and are not acquiring habits of diligent application to disagreeable tasks. And there are several persons of note in our community who make pretensions to being "up" on the kindergarten, who hold views regarding it similar to those of our visitor. They are well assured in their own minds that they are authorities on education, although they have not given five minutes consecutive thought to the subject in their whole lives, and are utterly unadorned with any scientific knowledge on the subject, which doubtless accounts for their confidence in their own views. But whether such views are correct or not, they denote the existence of a situation which is greatly retarding the development of the kindergarten idea in our part of the world, at any rate, and is causing even kindergartners themselves to lose faith in one of the most profound and important principles underlying their work.

Considering the importance of the question at issue, and the variety of opinions which people entertain concerning it, it may be worth while to inquire a little in detail into the value in the training of the young of imitating the blacksmith's activities, as a type of educational effort. Now, it will certainly occur to one, at the outset, as significant that nature should have instituted this imitative tendency as the most characteristic trait of childhood. That children are "born imitators" has become a commonplace in popular discussion. But emphatic as this term is it yet does not do justice to the facts; it does not indicate the completeness with which a child's actions are determined by the activities of the people around him. To appreciate fully the comprehensiveness of imitation one needs to observe children in their spontaneous doings, and follow them closely in the various enterprises which spring out of their own initiation. If this is done it will readily be seen that almost every action is but a more or less faithful copy of an original seen in the conduct of father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or companion. One cannot avoid forming the conclusion that the energy of childhood can be expended only in reproducing the copies set by persons in the environment. It is true that the child makes departures in details from these copies, but they are accidental. What he aims to do is to exactly hit the copy; but limitations in power of execution, and other things, conspire at times to prevent the exact reproduction, so that something like an invention is the outcome.

But imitation is the great fundamental principle which determines the child's actions; and in the early

years he puts his whole being into every activity of an imitative character. Now, when he gives himself wholly to a thing which he is doing, it indicates that he finds pleasure in it, and we say that he is playing; work results only when one's desires lie in a direction different from that in which he is going, so that he has to coerce himself. His entire self does not gladly coöperate in what he is doing, so there is some conflict, some struggle, some pain; there are outside attractions appealing to a part of himself and tending to drag him away from the undertaking in hand.

Well, children give themselves without reserve to their imitative reproductions of the world around them. There is tremendous energy expended in what they are doing; and, since they are moving along the line of least resistance, there is an abundance of good feeling, of pleasurable experience, of joyous, exuberant demonstration over their tasks. All this is characteristic of play; but what of its value in education? We should all doubtless agree with our "prominent citizen" as to the end which he wishes to attain in the school, for he wants the pupils to come to know the world in which they live. But we do as certainly differ with him in the way in which he would have his children master it. Anyone who will clear his mind of preconceptions,—and especially of that particular phantom which leads one to believe that the way in which he was brought up can never be improved upon,—anyone who will approach the study of the subject unbiased, will see that the only effective way in which one learns is by reproducing in his own conduct the thing which he is trying to master. Everybody realizes that a child would never learn to speak by simply listening to others talking, or by learning rules regulating speech. He would never learn to walk by reading about it; nor to write by consulting treatises on the subject. So he cannot learn effectively about a blacksmith except he reproduces in his own activities the actions of the blacksmith.

It is a simple principle of human nature that one cannot grow into the life of another except by reproducing the actions of that other. If I put myself in your place in respect of your expressions, I am thereby enabled to realize your emotions. It is possible for me to sympathize with you in your sorrow only when I adopt for myself the expressions of sorrow which I see in your face and in your body. If you laugh and I reproduce in my own features your happy expression, there are awakened in me the feelings which initiated the expression in you; and so the law runs throughout the whole extent of human action.

There is another reason why the plays of the kindergarten are of the highest educational value, a reason founded upon the relation of mental and motor activity in the growing brain. It seems to be established beyond a doubt to-day that the two activities are inseparably connected in the normal development of childhood. Ideas that do not get worked out in

a motor way remain exceedingly hazy and insecure; they make no genuine, lasting impression. They really are not learned in a true educational sense, because they have not been organized as elements of the learner's possibilities of action. We are learning in these days that nothing is truly learned in childhood that cannot be executed. There are probably few, if any, clear, distinct thoughts in the child mind that are not merely initiators, so to speak, or setters-off of some sort of activity. These principles lie at the basis of the doctrine that the best way for the kindergarten child to learn the world is to act it out in his plays; and the more fully and accurately and enthusiastically he does this, the more thoroughly does he learn it. And the reverse is true, —the less opportunity he has to put himself in the place of the thing he is learning, the less thoroughly does he master it, the more uncertain and indefinite it remains in his life. Just see how much the child is learning every day in his spontaneous play-life, and how thoroughly and firmly it is gained! I have frequently made the experiment with a child between five and six of describing the actions of some man or animal, and observing how fully my description was comprehended and how long it remained with the child. I have compared this with a mode of teaching wherein the child dramatized what she heard,—"acted it out" as we say; and one can easily guess what the result has been. That which was merely listened to and not reproduced was indistinct and transitory, while that which was imitated became clear and permanent. What the child *does* evidently works changes in the organism that are not readily obliterated. Memory is doubtless, especially in the early years, principally motor; the child retains and readily recalls what he has done and not what he has simply thought.

There is a particular phase of this subject which has not received the attention which it should from teachers and parents. I refer to the matter of personation in the child's life,—the act of assuming the personality of another and adopting his tone of voice, his facial expression, his attitude toward people and things, and to some extent his temperament. Children are all the time taking on the personalities of father and mother, of teacher and companion, and even of the different animals with which they are familiar. Now, it is easy to see that the child who adopts a certain personality grows like his model. He stretches his own personality up to that of the one which he assumes; and in this way he acquires new possibilities; he expands the boundaries of his being, as it were; he gets out of a beaten track and comes to see how it feels to be another individual. Some of the characteristics of this other will be pleasing to him; they will soon begin to appear prominently in his ordinary activities; and, in due season, behold how he has made many of the attributes of his model his own! Even when the traits of the assumed personality do not become incorporated explicitly in the conduct of the imitator, still the experience of

having lived in that personality must exercise an important influence upon the character of the child. It seems probable that all the child's activities contribute in some way or other to give form and figure to character; certain it is, at any rate, that when a child habitually impersonates a teacher, for instance, even though in time he comes under other influences and apparently forgets his first model, still, in later life, if the appropriate situation is presented the activities cultivated by his personation will be likely to come to the front.

And then the child tries not only to make himself a counterpart of others, but he also establishes some sort of assumed personality in the objects and people around him, and then takes appropriate attitudes toward them. His chair becomes his teacher and then he behaves as the situation seems to demand. If the teacher be one whom he highly regards, his conduct is becoming, it is gentle and cordial perhaps; but if the teacher unfortunately be regarded in a different light, then the actor faces about in his deportment, as it were. So the child is deeply influenced by father and mother and associates even when they are absent, because of this very active tendency to project their personalities into things in his environment, and then to conduct himself as he would in the presence of the originals.

Now, it must be apparent that this personating activity is of the most tremendous consequence in determining the bent, the tendency, of the child in his daily conduct. But our "prominent citizen" overlooks all forces of this sort. He is unable to conceive of education as consisting in anything else than simply that which can be reproduced on the tongue. Words are the only indices of learning to him; and there are many others in the world who sympathize with him in this view. But their opposition, strenuous as it is, must not be permitted to lessen the importance which is attached by the kindergarten to this kind of education. Indeed, it is probable that the kindergarten has not yet fully appreciated the importance of imitative play; and, instead of discouraging, the kindergarten should make a larger place for the realistic imitations and personations of the child. It should seek to have him assume personalities possessing the virtues which he should incorporate into his own conduct, and then lead him to live out these personalities completely and enthusiastically. He should have opportunity also to create all sorts of situations in the kindergarten, and then react to them so that the different desirable aspects of his nature may be awakened and nourished.

But it should be understood that the young cannot impersonate all the qualities of the life about them. They can duplicate in their own conduct at different stages in their development only those actions in which they have an interest, and which they are capable of appreciating because they have, to a certain extent at any rate, already exhibited them in their deportment. A child of five cannot im-

personate the religious life of his father, for instance, nor can he with any degree of reality adopt his activities as a citizen. He may, it is true, mimic the outward ceremonies which are the expression of a complex social or religious life, but it is certain that he cannot experience the feelings which have originated this sort of conduct. He can assimilate himself at first only with that which is of a concrete, practical character; with that which touches his daily life in its physical needs, so to speak. He can, with perfect success, impersonate the blacksmith in his duties as a blacksmith, but he cannot duplicate him in the higher and more complex aspects of his life. So he can impersonate his mother in the rôle of housekeeper, or perhaps of disciplinarian; but the more exalted phases of her demeanor cannot be reproduced until the child approaches maturity. Nature has evidently designed that in the early years a child should live a concrete, practical life, and assimilate himself with the physical aspects of his environment, as it were; and the truly altruistic and religious aspects must be left until nature has developed in the learner an interest in these and a capacity to really understand and adopt them. These represent the most complex phases of a course of development of which manual activities are the simplest elements. In his early years, then, the child must personate his father on his business side, and only later on his civic and religious sides.

Now, it is probable that the kindergarten has erred in the past in endeavoring to bring the child at the start into possession of the highest phases of social and religious life, through imitation of the most complex conduct of mature people; and the result must be that such impersonation is not deeply felt by the child. He may reproduce the activities of his model, but it must be in a mechanical way rather than in a genuine, spontaneous manner springing out of a real feeling for the sort of life which his hero is living. The kindergarten should realize more fully than it has, that the whole developmental period is designed for the purpose of leading the child into possession of the sort of knowledge and adoption of the sort of conduct that are requisite for happy adjustment to his social, intellectual, and physical environments, and then it will see that it is best for it to confine its work to things simple, concrete, elementary, and leave the most complex things to be looked after by the institutions which care for the child in the successive stages of his development.

MAKE your educational laws strict, and your criminal ones may be gentle; but leave youth its liberty, and you will have to dig dungeons for age. —*Ruskin.*

THE KINDERGARTEN IDEA.

By Margaret W. Morley.

THE wonderful spread of kindergarten ideas is no new story, yet one is sometimes surprised by vestiges of the faith appearing in remote wildernesses.

One day in May two or three of us took a walk over the mountains. We were staying in the western part of North Carolina, where schools are few and where methods of teaching are essentially the same as at the beginning of the century. Indeed, among the beautiful Blue Ridge mountains nature is dominant to an extent undreamed-of in the well-educated North. The people, mostly white, live in log cabins as a rule, cabins of only two or three rooms; and it is not uncommon to find a large family dwelling as best they can in a one room cabin.

These primitive homes are scattered so far apart that in many sections of the mountains there is no attempt at schooling,—generations having lived and died without knowing how to read, or to write so much as their own names.

On the walk in question we had gone some distance from the small village where we were staying, and had stopped for luncheon near a house on a mountain side where there was a good spring of cold water.

After visiting for a while with the family, whom we had never seen before but whom it would have been unkind to pass without stopping for a chat, we went off, under the guidance of a little girl of eight or nine years, to an attractive, pine-covered slope, to eat our luncheon. We did not actually need our little guide, since the way was plain enough; but she wanted to go with us and all were glad of her company even though we did not need her services. It was a lovely spot. Around us on all sides rose the mountains, divinely blue in the distance, the tree-covered slopes of the nearer ones showing varied shades of green.

We unpacked our liberal repast and divided it, with an extra portion for our little companion, whose dinner, so far as we could make out from her account of that uncertain function, had been eaten several hours before, although it was then but early in the afternoon. One eats in a leisurely manner under such circumstances and, overcome by the delicious lethargy of the southern atmosphere, adopts the southern habit of a siesta after dinner.

Talking had ceased and we were sleepily and happily reclining on our grassy, pine-fragrant slope, when our little companion was observed to be very deftly making a doll's hat out of young hickory leaves and bits of a dead twig that readily snapped into "pins" of the right length. For a mountain child to be so employed was an astonishing sight; for these neglected little waifs show no ingenuity and no intellectual activity. They simply sit and do nothing or talk to

each other of the occurrences of their meager life. But this child was actually busy, not only deftly selecting leaves of the right size and shape, but fastening them together in a skillful manner and trimming the little hat with bright-tinted leaves.

Interested as we were in her work we soon discovered that hat-making was a well regulated science with her. She showed us how to make several pretty designs with leaves from the different forest trees. We learned a good deal about the qualities of the leaves meantime and why the leaves of one tree were beautifully suited to the making of dolls' hats and the leaves of another tree not suitable at all.

"Can you make anything besides hats?" some one asked her.

"Oh, yes," she said, delighted at our interest. "I can make a mat for the table out of broom straw;" and, picking some grass blades, she proceeded to show us with them how a mat could be woven with less fragile material.

Not only mats of broom straw but pretty bags and cornucopias of materials of the woods were at the finger ends of this remarkable little mountain maiden. She had no paper, no cloth, no ribbons, no splints, nothing to work with but the things that grew about her mountain cabin; and yet it was evident at a glance that she was doing the sort of work one sees in the kindergartens.

For a child untaught to evolve such fancies from her own mind was incomprehensible. For you must remember that these children have never seen a table mat or a wall pocket or, in fact, anything in the house but a few pieces of very solid and indispensable furniture. Many of them have never eaten a meal cooked over a stove, most of the mountaineers still using the open fireplace, baking their corn bread and frying their pork over the coals.

Then where did this child get her ideas? How did she know that such things existed? and how did she discover that they could be imitated?

Some one asked her: "How did you learn to do these pretty things?"

"Oh," she replied, "I went to school last winter, and the teacher made them with us at noon time on rainy days." Ah, yes! the mystery was solved. Further inquiry elicited the information that she had gone to school in a little village at the foot of the mountain where her family had spent the winter because her father had work there.

We did not learn the name of the teacher. We never saw her or heard of her again. Nor did we need to know more. Her story was told by her work. She had taken the little country school, and, having no time or materials for regular kindergarten work, she had yet employed the kindergarten *idea* in amusing the children on rainy days; and probably nothing she did was of more value. She may not have been a trained kindergartner, almost surely she was not. She may have known little beyond the few simple things which she taught her little flock as they gathered about her for something to do.

But the *idea* was there. The little

she knew how to teach them had come somehow from kindergarten. The idea and some of the work had filtered through to her in that remote mountain district. Or, she may possibly have had some kindergarten training. Whatever the facts of her history, the point is the same.

The kindergarten yeast is fermenting the whole mass of unleavened dough; it is modifying the educational *idea* in the most remote corners. Imagine a country school teacher in the pre-kindergarten age thinking it worth while to spend her time and the children's weaving mats! Imagine, too, her knowing how to weave mats! It was like a breath of fresh air to find the spirit of the new education penetrating even to these mountain fastnesses.

That little girl might never own a book. She might never have occasion to read or to write; but she had learned to use her hands and had discovered that with her own fingers she could make things. Instead of sitting idle, she employed herself happily in inventing designs with leaves. Later in life the finger skill thus acquired will doubtless be used to good purpose in household matters.

Meantime her numerous little brothers and sisters watched and imitated. Two of her brothers had made themselves a play stable and harnessed, in a clever and truly kindergarten manner, two sticks and a box together for horses and wagon. They may not have learned this at school, but there is no doubt that they did there learn to use their hands.

"A mighty small result," some skeptic may say. But could the skeptic live among these "mountain whites" and know the awful poverty of their lives, poverty not only of physical comforts but of mind and heart, he would bless even this awakening touch of another life in this family of children, the only children of the many we saw in the mountains who had the slightest idea of doing anything constructive with their hands.

Nor is it the small benefit done them that causes the heart to swell. It is the assurance that the flood of education, which is civilization, is coming even to these mountains, and is coming in the only way it can do any immediate good, in teaching the people how to *do something*.

The kindergarten idea, and that kindred one of manual training, are modifying slowly but surely the thought of the whole world regarding the education of the young. The ideas are filtering through everywhere and there is no greater sign of encouragement for the devoted workers in this field than that the kindergarten *idea* is thus abroad. The method has not gone as far as the idea, but that is no matter. Once let the idea get fixed and the best methods of realizing the idea will in time follow.

Blessing on the teachers who in their poor neglected districts try to put the little children in possession of their own powers. And blessings on the teachers who from the centers of culture are sending out the kindergarten idea to march over the land from sea to sea.

HUMAN ACORNS.

By Charles W. Casson.

I saw an acorn lying on a rock,
On which the sun beat down its fiery glance;
The tiny seedling, though of royal stock,
Lay dying 'neath the curse of circumstance.

* * * * * *

A sense of pity filled me as I gazed
Upon the oakhood's premature decay;
And, with the hand of comradeship, I raised
It from the rock and thrust it in the clay.

The acorn's simile reminded then
That forms of infants hold the souls of men.

* * * * * *

Can we do less than I did in the wood,—
Give *them* the soil of Christian brotherhood?

No! No true man this duty can avoid
When acorns blasted are great oaks destroyed.

—*Selected.*

COST AND SIZE OF PUBLIC KINDERGARTENS.*

By Dr. Jenny B. Merrill.

Number of kindergartens, June 1900,	75
Total increase since last report, June 1899, ...	10
Number of children in kindergartens:	
Aggregate registers for June 1900,	2060
Average register for June 1900.	27+

While the steady growth of our kindergartens is a cause for congratulation, the number of children in the city from four to six years of age who are still unprovided for has not been forgotten.

At the request of the Superintendent of Schools, Mr. John Jasper, I have spent much time during the latter part of the year seeking for suitable rooms and buildings for new kindergartens. I have submitted four special reports upon this subject and in them have recommended places for twenty-five new kindergartens. It has been through the earnest coöperation of school inspectors, principals, clergymen, and others interested in education, which I now gratefully acknowledge, that I have been able to recommend a number of rooms in churches, halls, stores, and parlor floors in the vicinity of schools. I cannot say, however, that the rooms are in all cases desirable.

The difficulties in securing these

* Extracts from Fourth Annual Report of Kindergartens in the public schools of Manhattan and the Bronx, Dr. Jenny B. Merrill, Supervisor.

outside accommodations seem almost insurmountable, one feature or another, essential to hygienic school accommodations, being almost invariably lacking. Hence, in my last annual report, as well as in my special report submitted to the School Board, December, 1899, I recommended the erection of special kindergarten buildings in several crowded districts. This method has been found necessary in the city of St. Louis, where nearly 10,000 children are in kindergartens. If we can make our School Board believe that, as Dr. William T. Harris asserts, "the kindergarten is the most efficient provision yet invented for the cure of the weakling population that collects in large cities," the matter of the expense of special buildings will soon be overcome. There are now lots adjoining several of our schools, purchased to protect lighting, that it would seem possible to utilize; for the kindergarten buildings need be but one story in height and hence would not obstruct light.

Our present corps of kindergartners numbers seventy-one. The afternoon kindergartens are taught by substitutes from the kindergarten eligible list. * * * *

The kindergartners upon the eligible list were mainly from private training classes, four candidates only presenting themselves from the Normal College at the last examination.

There seems to be no good reason why the city should depend upon private normal training classes for kindergartners any more than for other teachers. While there are at least ten such training classes for kindergartners in the city, there are not more than two that keep rigidly to our scholastic requirements. In a training class composed of students differing widely in scholarship, the results must be inferior to the public training class for which a standard is prescribed. I therefore urge upon your attention the necessity of providing for the public training of kindergartners at an early day.

I foresee, however, one difficulty which must arise in securing high school and college graduates to elect the kindergarten course. This difficulty relates to the kindergarten license, which is too limited.

After two years of normal study, one of which coincides with the regular course, the student should be able to secure a license, not only for the kindergarten, but one that will extend to other grades. Kindergartners make desirable teachers of the first school years and both kindergarten and school would be benefited by the interchange. Every kindergartner should know how a child is to be taught in the grades immediately above the kindergarten or she cannot work intelligently. One of Froebel's most interesting chapters is entitled, "How Lena learned to read." Indeed, he uses this concrete example to help elucidate the principles which govern his method in the kindergarten and his views in regard to all education.

I trust that this matter may receive early consideration by the Board of Superintendents and Examiners. Some modification of the kindergar-

ten examination requirements would be necessitated.

It is with great satisfaction that I record in this annual report that the kindergartners were included among regular teachers in the provisions of the salary bill. This being accomplished it becomes a simple matter to modify the license. New York city is to be congratulated upon this settlement of the salary question for kindergartners, for even shorter hours and smaller classes will not compensate for a lowering in rank. It has been proved in New York city that lower salaries necessitated the acceptance of young women of inferior scholarship as teachers of the kindergarten. New York, years ago, tested the evil of the "monitorial system" and of a lower grade of certificates for primary teachers, and wisely refuses to repeat this evil in the kindergarten.

Several additions and changes have been effected in our supply list which are giving satisfaction. The long desired sand table has been given up for the much cheaper sand box, which promises to be of equal if not greater merit. Many reports have reached me of the value of these sand boxes, and the delight of the children is manifest.

As some erroneous statements were made in public print in regard to the cost of kindergarten supplies, I prepared in January a special report upon this matter in which I stated that the supplies for a new kindergarten cost about $85. This includes many permanent supplies, as chairs, tables, building blocks. Pianos are very desirable but not indispensable to a kindergarten. All of our kindergartens are now supplied with them.

By a careful comparison of the supplies in one of our leading primary schools, I find that the usual yearly supplies of a kindergarten are about the same as supplies for a first year class.

It has been a source of gratification to find such a generous satisfaction expressed by our principals and primary teachers in the letters published in Appendix C of the First Annual Report of the City Superintendent. This appendix contains letters from forty-three of our principals relative to the success of the kindergartens in their respective schools. Of these twenty-seven are strongly commendatory; two are adverse; seven are partly favorable; and seven principals have not had kindergartens long enough to form an opinion.

It is, however, a source of regret to me that the method of organization of our kindergartens is criticised unfavorably in this report. I am convinced that the organization of one small group of children in a smaller room under one kindergartner is, on the whole, preferable to that of a larger group in a larger room under two kindergartners. It is true that there is at first a disadvantage in regard to the use of the piano, but this is more than equaled by the disadvantage of two personalities working together in one room. It is difficult in a public system to make the nice personal adjustments necessary when two persons work together in one room.

Again, while the assistant presides at the piano, the director must teach forty or fifty children. This is too large a number to reach individually in the morning talk and in the games, and it appears to me to nullify the effect of small numbers for about half of the session. It necessitates the study of forty or fifty children on the part of one teacher instead of twenty-five. It tends to greater nervous strain on the part of the child, as the room is necessarily much larger, hence less homelike, and it becomes more difficult for the child to adjust himself to his new environment.

We have several adjoining rooms where two kindergartners could unite their classes but, after trial, each seems to prefer to hold her own group of twenty-five children alone.

Another point to be considered is that with but one eligible list it is difficult to rank kindergartners as directors and assistants.

The plan of director and assistant grew out of the plan of using *unpaid* assistants. This is a very objectionable feature which I trust need never be introduced into our work. It is similar to the monitorial system to which I have referred. It can no more be introduced with impunity in the kindergarten than in other grades. A kindergartner with an unpaid or an underpaid assistant really becomes a normal teacher; and with this added to the care of forty or fifty children, she is overworked or else neglects the individual needs of the children. It is to care for the children that our kindergartners are appointed. It is true that a few exceptional kindergartners might be found in a large system who could perform both duties. These should be specially recommended to act as critic teachers in connection with the kindergartners in the training school. The plan, in my opinion, should not extend throughout the city.

* * * *

It may not be out of place here to mention that all the kindergartners of the city had the opportunity, through the kind interest of Superintendent Jasper, of attending two of the meetings of the International Kindergarten Union. We desire to express to him and to the committee our thanks for this favor as well as for all others shown us during the year.

THE public schools receive more popular criticism on the score of expense than for all other reasons. Many people think of the schools only as the cause of endless taxation, and attack the school appropriations first, although there may be boundless waste in other departments.

—*Supt. Gorton, Yonkers, N. Y.*

QUEER PUSSIES.

By A. M. Larned.

Did you ever hear of pussies
Who never scratch, nor mew,
Nor chase their tails, nor play with balls,
As other pussies do?

They sit in rows on bushes,
In coats of soft gray fur;
And though you listen all day long
You 'll never hear them purr!

But if you go out walking
Some pleasant, warm spring day,
Perhaps you 'll see these pussies queer
Who neither fight nor play.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF THE TOAD.

By Simon Henry Gage.*

THE marvelous changes passed through in growing from an egg to a toad are so rapid that they may all be seen during a single spring term of school. Toads are found nearly everywhere in the world; it is easy, therefore, to get abundant material for study.

It was William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who first clearly stated to the world the fact that every animal comes from an egg. This is as true of the toad as of a chicken. The toad lives on the land and often a long way from any pond or stream, but the first part of its life is spent in the water; and so it is in the water that the eggs must be looked for.

To find the eggs one should visit the natural or artificial ponds so common along streams. Ponds from springs or even artificial reservoirs or the basins around fountains may also contain the eggs. In ordinary years the best time for finding the eggs is from the middle of April to the first of May. One is often guided to the right place by noticing the direction from which the song or call of the toad comes. It may be said in passing that toad choirs are composed solely of male voices. If one watches a toad while it makes its call, he can soon learn to distinguish the sound from others somewhat similar. It will be noticed that the toad does not open its mouth when it sings, but that it uses a great, expansible, vocal sack or resonator under the mouth and

* From Teacher's Leaflet No. 9, by courtesy of The College of Agriculture, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TOAD.

throat. (See the left hand toad in the plate.)

The eggs are laid in long strings or ropes which are nearly always tangled and wound round the water plants or sticks on the bottom of the pond near the shore. If the eggs have been freshly laid, or if there has been no rain to stir up the mud and the water is clear, the egg ropes will look like glass tubes containing a string of jet black beads. After a rain the eggs are obscured by the fine mud that settles on the transparent jelly surrounding them.

Take enough of the egg string to include fifty or one hundred eggs, and place it in a glass fruit dish or a basin with clean water from the pond where the eggs were found. Let the children look at the eggs very carefully and note the color and the exact shape. Let them see if the color is the same on all sides. If the eggs are newly laid they will be nearly perfect spheres.

Frogs, salamanders, and tree toads lay their eggs in the same places and at about the same time as the toad we are to study. Only the toad lays its eggs in strings, so we can be sure of finding the right kind. The others lay their eggs in bunches or singly on the plant.

The eggs which are taken to the schoolhouse for study should be kept in a light place, but not very long in the hot sun, for that would heat the water too much and kill the eggs.

It takes only a short time for the eggs to hatch. In warm weather two or three days are usually sufficient. As the changes are so very rapid, the eggs ought to be carefully looked at two or three times a day to make sure that all the principal changes are seen.

Hatching.—Watch and see how long it is before the developing embryos commence to move. Note their change in form. As they elongate they move more vigorously till on the second or third day they wriggle out of the jelly surrounding them. This is hatching, and they are now free in the water and can swim about. It is curious to see them hang themselves up on the old egg string or on the edge of the dish. They do this by means of a peculiar V-shaped organ on their heads.

Tadpoles, polliwogs.—We call the young of the frog, the toad, and the tree-toad, tadpoles or polliwogs. The toad tadpoles are blacker than any of the others.

The tadpoles will live for some time in clear water with apparently nothing to eat. This is because the mother toad put into each egg some food, just as a hen puts a large supply of food within the egg shell to give the chicken a good start in life. But when the food that the mother supplied is used up, the little tadpoles would die if they could not find some food for themselves.

Feeding the tadpoles.—To feed the tadpoles it is necessary to imitate nature as closely as possible. A visit to the pond where the eggs were found will give the clew. Many plants are present, and the bottom will be seen to slope gradually from the shore. The food of the tadpole is the minute plant life on the stones,

the surface of the mud, or on the outside of the larger plants. Make an artificial pond in a small milk pan or a large basin or earthenware dish. Put some of the mud and stones and small plants in the dish, arranging all to imitate the pond, that is, so it will be shallow on one side and deeper on the other. Take a small pail of clear water from the pond and pour it into the dish to complete the artificial pond. The next morning when all the mud has settled and the water is clear, put thirty or forty of the little tadpoles into the artificial pond. Keep this in the light, but not very long at any one time in the sun. The children may think this is not imitating nature, because the natural pond is in the full sunlight all day. The teacher can easily make them remember that the natural pond is on the cool earth where it cannot get very hot; but the small artificial pond might readily get very warm if left long in the hot sun.

One must not attempt to raise too many tadpoles in the artificial pond, and every week or oftener, a little of the mud and perhaps a small stone covered with the growth of microscopic plants, and some water should be taken from the pond to the artificial pond. The water will supply the place of that which has evaporated, and the mud and the stone will carry a new supply of food.

All the changes from an egg to a little toad (see the plate) are passed through in about two months, so that by the first of June the tadpoles will be found to have made great progress. The progress will be not only in size, but in form and action.

One of these actions should be watched with especial care, for it means a great deal. At first the little tadpoles remain under water all the time, and do not seem to know or care that there is a great world above the water. But as they grow larger and larger, they rush up to the surface once in a while and then dive down again as if their lives depended on it. The older they grow the oftener do they come to the surface. What is the meaning of this? The reason is that the tadpole is getting lungs, and getting ready to breathe the free air above the water when it turns into a toad and lives on the land. At first the little tadpoles breathe the air dissolved in the water just as a fish does. This makes it plain why an artificial pond should have a broad surface exposed to the air. If one should use a narrow and deep vessel like a fruit jar, only a small amount of air could be taken up by the water and the tadpoles would be half suffocated.

As the tadpoles grow older their lungs develop more and more and they go oftener to the surface to get the air directly from the limitless supply above the water. They are getting used to breathing in the way that they will have to breathe when they live wholly in the air.

Disappearance of the tail.—From the first to the middle of June the tadpoles should be watched with especial care, for wonderful things are happening. Both the fore and hind legs will appear, if they have not already. The head will change in form and so will the body; the color will become much lighter, and, but for

the tail, the tadpole will begin to look quite like its mother.

If you keep an especially sharp lookout, do you think you will see the tail drop off? No, toad nature is too economical for that. The tail will not drop off, but it will be seen to get shorter and shorter every day; it is not dropping off but is being carried into the tadpole. The tail is perfect at every stage; it simply disappears. How does this happen? This is another thing that it took scientific men a long time to find out. It is now known that within the body there are many living particles that wander about as if to see that everything is in order. They are called wandering cells, white blood corpuscles, phagocytes, and several other names. These wander into the tail at the right time and take it up particle by particle. The wandering cells carry the particles of tail into the body of the tadpole where they can be made use of as any other good food would be. This taking in of the tail is done so carefully that the skin is never broken, but covers up the outside perfectly all the time.

Beginning of the life on the land.—Now when the legs are grown out, and the tail is getting shorter, the little tadpole likes to put its nose out of the water into the air; and sometimes it crawls half way out. When the tail gets quite short, often a mere stub, the tadpole will crawl entirely out and stay for some time in the air. It now looks really like a toad except that it is nearly smooth instead of being warty like its mother, and is only about as large as the end of one's little finger.

Finally the time comes when the tadpole, now transformed into a toad, must leave the water for the land. If one visits the natural pond at about this season (last half of June, first of July), he is likely to see many of the little fellows hopping away from the water. And so vigorously do they hop along that in a few days they may be as far as a mile from the pond where they were hatched. After a warm shower they are particularly active, and are then most commonly seen. Many think they rained down. "They were not seen before the rain, so they must have rained down." Is that good reasoning?

During the hot and sunny part of the day the toad stays in the shade of the grass or leaves or in some other moist and shady place.

In the water the tadpole eats vegetable matter, but when it becomes a toad and gets on the land it will touch nothing but animal food, alive and moving. This food consists of every creeping, crawling, or flying thing that is small enough for it to swallow.

It is astonishing to see the certainty with which a toad can catch these flying or crawling things. The way the toad does this may be observed by watching one out of doors some summer evening or after a shower; but it is more satisfactory to have a nearer view. Put a large toad into a box or into a glass dish with some moist sand on the bottom, and put the dish in a cool shady place so that the toad will not become overheated. In a little while, if one is gentle, the toad will see that it is not going to be hurt, and then, if flies and other insects are

put into the dish and the top covered with mosquito netting, one can watch the process of capture. It is very quickly accomplished, and one must look sharply.

The toad's tongue is fastened at the front part of its mouth, not back in the throat as with men, dogs, cats, and most animals. It is so nicely arranged that it can be extended for quite a distance. On it is a sticky secretion, and when, quick as a flash, the tongue is thrown out or extended, if it touches the insect, the insect is caught as if by sticky fly paper, and is taken into the mouth. One observer reports that a single toad disposed of twenty-four caterpillars in ten minutes, and that another ate thirty-five celery worms within three hours. He estimates that a good sized toad will destroy nearly ten thousand insects and worms in a single summer.

Moulting.—When the outside skin or cuticle of a snake or a toad gets old and dry or too tight for it, a new covering grows underneath, and the old one is shed. This shedding is a very interesting performance, but the toad usually does it in a retired place, so it is not often seen. Those who have seen it say that a long crack or tear appears along the back and in front. The toad keeps moving and wriggling to loosen the old cuticle. This peels the cuticle off the sides. Now to get it off the legs and feet, the toad puts its leg under its arm, or front leg, and in that way pulls off the old skin as if it were a stocking. But when the front legs are to be stripped, the mouth is used as is sometimes done by people in pulling off their gloves. Do you think it uses its teeth for this purpose? You might look in a toad's mouth sometime and then you would know.

It is said that when the skin is finally pulled off the toad swallows it. This is probably true in some cases; at least it is worth while keeping watch for. After a toad has shed his old skin, he looks a great deal brighter and cleaner than before, as if he had just got a new suit of clothes.

Hibernation.—The toad is a cold-blooded animal. This means that the temperature of its blood is nearly like that of the surrounding air. When the air is too cool the toad gets stupid and inactive. In September and October, a few toads may be seen on warm days or evenings, but the number seen becomes smaller and smaller; and finally as the cold November weather comes on, none are seen. Where are they? The toad seems to know that winter is coming, that the insects and worms will disappear so that no food can be found. It must go into a kind of deathlike sleep in which it hardly moves or breathes.

The wonderful foresight which instinct gives it, makes the toad select some comparatively soft earth in a protected place where it can bury itself. The earth chosen is moist, but not wet. If it were dry, the toad would dry up before spring.

It is very interesting to see a toad bury itself. If one is found hibernating in the fall, or if one is found very early in the spring on some cold day after a warm spell, the process can

very easily be seen. Put some loose earth in a box or a glass dish and put the toad on the top of the earth. It will be found that the toad digs backwards, not forwards. It digs with its hind legs and body, and pushes itself backward into the hole with the front legs. The earth caves in as the animal backs into the ground so that no sign is left on the outside. Once in far enough to escape the freezing and thawing of winter the toad moves around till there is a little chamber slightly larger than its body; then it draws its legs up close, shuts its eyes, puts its head between or on its hands, and goes to sleep and sleeps for five months or more.

When the warm days of spring come, it wakes up, crawls out of bed and begins to take interest in life again. It looks around for insects and worms, and acts as if it had had only a comfortable nap.

The little toad that you saw hatch from an egg into a tadpole and then turn to a toad, would hibernate for two or three winters, and by that time it would be quite a large toad. After it had grown up and had awakened from its winter sleep some spring, it would have a great longing to get back to the pond where it began life as an egg years before. Once there it would lay a great number of eggs, perhaps a thousand or two, for a new generation of toads. And this would complete its life cycle.

While the toad completes its life cycle when it returns to the water and lays eggs for a new generation, it may live many years afterward and lay eggs many times, perhaps every year.

One of the erroneous notions about the toad is that it is poisonous. Another is that it is possessed of marvelous healing virtues; and still another, that hidden away in the heads of some of the oldest ones, are the priceless toadstones, jewels of inestimable value.

Giving warts.—Probably every boy and girl living in the country has heard that if one takes a toad in his hands, or if a toad touches him anywhere, he will "catch the warts." This is not so at all, as has been proved over and over again. If a toad is handled gently and petted a little, it soon learns not to be afraid, and seems to enjoy the kindness and attention. If a toad is hurt or roughly handled, a whitish, acrid substance is poured out of the largest warts. A boy might possibly have some warts on his hands after handling a toad; so might he after handling a jack-knife or looking at a steam engine; but the toad does not give the warts any more than the knife or the engine.

The toad does not like a long fast, but can stand it for a year or so without food if it is in a moist place and supplied with air. If the air were cut off the toad would soon die. Some careful experiments were made by French scientific men, and the stories told about toads living indefinitely without air or food were utterly disproved.

TWO LULLABIES.

By Kate Whiting Patch.

When my Mamma says blessing words
And kisses me good-night,
I know the sleepy little birds
Have shut their eyes up tight;
Like me they want to cuddle down
And rest till morning light.

And when we 're left there in the dark,—
The little birds and I,—
We just keep very still and hark
To that sweet lullaby
The little froggies sing for us
When no one else is nigh.

It 's strange they are not sleepy, too,
But, like the stars and lights
That glimmer all the evening through,
They keep awake at nights
To sing the drowsy things to sleep,
And set the swamp to rights.

But when the sun comes back, and we—
The little birds and I—
Are wide awake as we can be
And glad, we know not why,
The little froggies go to sleep—
We sing *their* lullaby.

PROGRAM NOTES.

By Mina B. Colburn.

MARCH.

Ah March! we know thou art
Kind hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats
And, out of sight, art nursing
April's violets.

—*H. H.*

TOPICS.

THE home coming of various members of the family, from town, from school, from the neighbors, from shop and factory and store. The supper time, the evening hour,

relating experiences; father's evening paper, brother's study time, sister helping with the dishes, baby's bedtime. The evening prayer. The darkness, the moon and stars; night clothes, the bed and bed covers; mother's good night. Waking in the morning, how awakened. The new day and its activities.

The sleeping and waking of animals; house pets, animals in the barn, those which in early winter went to sleep in woods and fields.

The sleeping seeds, bulbs, roots, leaf buds, pussy willows. What will waken them,—the wind, rain, sunshine. Other work done by the wind.

The sleeping caterpillar and waking butterfly. The joyous Eastertime.

Means of Presentation and Expression.

Songs.—One or two lullabies. Lovely Moon (Hill); The Evening Star (Neidlinger); Good Morning, lovely playroom (Hill); Nature's Easter Story (Hill). Sung to the children: How the children are awakened (Hill), Wind Song (Hill), The Little Plant (Blow).

Piano.—Theme from "Unfold, ye Portals," Redemption (Gounod).

Rhythm.—Tick-tock (Neidlinger); Swinging Baby's hammock.

Skipping the same rhythms already familiar in clapping, as 1, 2, 3 3, 4. Keep constantly reviewing what has been previously given.

Pictures.—Bedtime scenes. Mother Play: Weathervane, Pigeon house. Millet, Going to work.

Stories.—What the moon saw (Andersen), The Sun and the Wind (Æsop), Sleeping Beauty, A Lesson in Faith (Child's World). More attention to the retelling of old stories by children.

Games.—Representative: sunbeams, raindrops, sleeping bulbs, cocoon and butterfly. Pigeon House. Sleeping and waking (a sequence dramatized by the children).

Skipping.—Bowing Low (Tomlins). Every other child step on the inside ring and about face; two children opposite join hands and skip sidewise between the circles back to their places; skip two, and so on.

Marching.—From four abreast to single line in several ways. Wind into center of circle and out through arched gateway.

Free Play.—Dolls, tea sets, etc. Marbles and tops.

Nature.—Collect twigs and place in water. In speaking of them, call by correct common names. Plant seeds in water, sawdust, earth. Watch some plant grow from bulb. Place cocoons in warm, light place and watch results. Look for returning robins and other birds.

Beads and Pegboards.—Groups of four. Eight.

Gifts.—First, Match colors with prism. Arrange wools, papers, etc., in prismatic order. Second, Twirling forms. Third and Fourth, Beauty forms for tablecloth patterns. Tablets: Reproduce forms made with the Third Gift. Design more complex figures, also simple borders.

Clay.—Shaping bowls, vases, etc., from the sphere. (Large piece of clay.)

Sand.—Symmetrical figures made by the impression of various forms.

Sewing.—Fasten into screen form, cards picturing something done by the wind.

Drawing.—Emphasize trees, one or two kinds near. Kites. Windmills. Clothes blowing.

Painting.—Tint or decorate with broad lines, a cover for mimeographed copy of Easter song.

Cutting.—Bulbs. Large cocoons. Aprons. Dishes of various shapes.

Folding.—Lunch baskets. Corner cupboard. Windmills. Chair (without assistance).

Weaving.—Paper mat 5 x 7, tint and shade of violet; make into sachet roll with fringed tissue paper ends; Easter gift to mother.

Pasting.—A few borders and symmetrical figures of parquetry.

Other Handwork.—Paper jardinières for Easter plants. Winding with raffia a small wooden or cardboard frame for a picture to hang in the child's bedroom. Kites made of thin wooden slats and strong, light weight manila paper. Bonbon boxes, square or triangular, with butterfly corners. Use heavy water color paper.

WHAT THE WINDS SAY.

By Ethel Eleanor Cooke.

"YO-O-O! yo-o-o-o!" says North Wind. "How do you do? How do you do? Don't you see I have come to bring you some snow and ice, so that you can have long sleigh rides and lots of skating? Jack Frost and I work together, and we have such good times! We rush along through the branches of the trees and make them quiver and shake with excitement. The snowflakes make a nice soft cover for the beds where the tiny flowers sleep and wait for South Wind to come and awaken them. The South Wind and the Sun always work together, you know. I love children; and like to see children have red cheeks, for then they look so well and happy. Yes, I sometimes bite the nose and fingers and toes; but you must remember that I won't hurt you if you will bundle up and run and skip. But yo-o-o! yo-o-o! I do believe South Wind is coming! so I must go."

"Ha! ha!" softly laughed the South Wind, "North Wind runs when I come. Trees, let your buds open! I am gentle and won't hurt them. Violets! daisies! buttercups! Open your eyes! Come, it is Spring, and time to show your pretty heads! Winter has gone and we must make the earth look bright and fresh, and foretell the coming of the joyful Easter Day. Come, come! Wake

up! Don't you hear the bluebird? I must away and tell the little children that Spring is coming; and you must do your work, or I am afraid that they will think me mistaken."

When East Wind comes, children often have unhappy faces, and tears in their eyes. But listen! Can't you almost hear the East Wind saying, "So sad! So many tears! And just because I have come! Oh! my children, don't you know that the rain which I bring helps to make this great round world we live in look so beautiful? Just think of all the trees and flowers, and how thirsty they would be but for the raindrops which come pitter! patter! on your window-panes. The little birds would stop singing for want of a drink. And see the pools and ponds I make! Mother and Father Duck and their large family of baby ducks love these swimming places. Cheer up! cheer up! and remember that to-morrow will be a better and brighter day because I came to see you; and sing softly to yourself this sweet little verse:—

"Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

The West Wind says quietly, "I 'm happy, I 'm happy, are you? Are y-o-u? I bring the bright sunshine, and the bright, fleecy clouds. I help to scatter the seeds that grow to be pretty wild flowers. In Autumn, the leaves and I go dancing up the street, across fields and meadows, playing those games that only leaves and breezes know how to play. I am busy and happy, are you? Are y-o-u?"

Now I have told you all that the winds say to me. But sometime, when little hands and feet are tired, and the Sandman is not far off, listen, and I am sure that the winds will tell you many pretty tales which we big folks cannot hear; for the winds and breezes, trees and flowers, tell little people sweet secrets that are only for their ears.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

Air — "*My soft ball loves to wander.*"

By Edith Wyman Parker.

Hark! how the Wind goes roaring,
And rushing back again.
He 's whistling down the chimney,
Like twenty merry men.
Always when the wind is blowing
By the window Baby 's crowing,
At the sounds and pranks so queer,
Master Wind plays round us here.

In yards he whirls and flutters,
And shakes the bending trees,
He bangs the doors and shutters,
Then upward turns and flees.
Down to earth again he 's wheeling,
Sends a scrap of paper reeling
Till Puss runs with might and main,
Chasing, chasing, all in vain.

Now listen to his howling,
He moans the keyholes through;
Then, like an old bear growling,
He plays at Peek-a-boo.
In and out the clotheslines playing,
See the clothes all tossing, swaying!
Now he 's flapping, snapping on,
Here a puff, and there, he 's gone!

Hark, Baby! hear him roaring!
He 's rushing back again,
He whistles down the chimney,
And rattles at the pane.
While the wind is coming, going,
Baby's cheeks rose-red are glowing,
And she claps her hands in glee,
Laughs and chatters all to me.

WHAT BECAME OF HARRY'S TREE.

By Elizabeth S. Delapierre.

HARRY BROWN was a bright, sturdy boy who lived in Maine. His father, who was a lumberman, owned great forests of trees, some tall ones that stretched themselves up as though they would like to touch the sky, and others whose great branches spread themselves out as though they would protect all the birds of the air. Harry's father worked with a great many other men in this forest every Fall after the leaves had dropped from the trees.

In the early crisp November morn-

ings Mr. Brown drove his big team of oxen dragging heavy chains which held together a queer sort of wagon, straight into the forest. Then with ropes and axes and saws, the men would work busily all day long, chopping into the great trunks of the trees, sawing, and finally, with ropes, pulling the strong trees down to the ground. Then the branches were sawed off, the great logs were fastened to the sledge with the strong iron chains, and the oxen pulled this lumber to where there was a broad river.

Many times had Jack Frost been to the river, and touched the water, and turned it to glittering ice; but out on this very ice Mr. Brown would slide all the logs of wood, for he knew that as soon as the warm sunshine came, the ice would melt, and then the happy river would carry the logs straight down to Mr. Stone's sawmill.

Now in the forest was a tree which belonged to little Harry himself. It had been given to him on the very day when he came to bless the happy home in the woods. One cold day, when all the leaves had gone and still the tree stood bravely holding up its big strong branches, in spite of wind, sleet, and snow, Mr. Brown said to Harry: "Little son, your tree is ready to make a good piece of lumber. What are you going to do about it?"

Harry stood thinking and, as he thought, his face grew very serious. Then he said: "Do you think I could cut it down myself, Father? And perhaps, perhaps,—oh! I know what I should like to do with it!" And Harry clapped his hands and danced around his father;—so full of joy was he at the bright idea which had come into his head.

He then whispered to his father: "When I cut down my tree may I take it to Mr. Stone's mill? And when he makes it into boards for me, may I take it to Carpenter Smith and have a chair made for Mother's birthday?"

"A good idea!" said Harry's father; "but where is all the money coming from, to pay Mr. Stone and Carpenter Smith for their time and labor?"

"Oh! I have ever so many pennies in my bank," said Harry, "and I will pay for it all with them."

"Well, we shall see;" and Mr. Brown's eyes twinkled a little, for he knew it would take ever so many more pennies than were in the bank to pay for all the labor of making a chair from Harry's tree. But he thought the plan such a beautiful one that he determined to add the necessary money to what was in the little bank.

Early next morning Harry was out with ax and saw, chopping away at his tree. How the cold frosty air rang with the sure strokes, and how the deep forest echoed the song of the ax! "I should like to do it all myself," thought Harry. So he chopped away and chopped away, until his little arms grew so very weary that he had to rest until after lunch. After lunch he felt so strong that he was sure that he could have his tree cut down by night. So Harry worked away, whistling to himself; and still the tree stood proudly upright. It seemed to say:—

"I'm good and strong
All through and through
As any tree that ever grew."

Just as the sun crept down behind the hill, Harry shouted to his father to come and see whether the tree was not ready for the rope which would pull it to the ground. And it was! One of the men tied the rope to a strong branch, then Harry, his father, and the men pulled and pulled, and down came the tree!

"Hurrah!" shouted Harry, "now I can take it,—to-morrow,—to the sawmill. But not one word to Mother! I want to give her a big surprise!"

The next morning, when Harry awoke and looked out of his window, he saw something glistening white on the ground. It was the beautiful snow. "Oh, how jolly!" he exclaimed. "Ha! my little tree, you and I will have a fine sleigh ride this morning!"

After breakfast, Harry and his father went out to the barn together, and soon Mother waved a good-bye as the old sleigh with Dobbin drove past. She never for one moment suspected what they were up to. Now to the forest for the tree, and then off to the sawmill! What a joyous ride that was, so full of loving thoughts and happy laughter! Even the little tree danced its twigs and branches every time the sleigh went over a bump in the road.

When they reached the sawmill, Harry quickly explained about the little tree to Mr. Stone.

"I see," said the old man. "That is a happy task for these old saws to perform. They will do their best work upon it. The river is frozen over now, but as soon as the first thaw comes, which will probably be in a day or two, I will set the old mill going and cut your boards for you in a jiffy."

Harry gladly consented to this as mother's birthday was still a few weeks off.

For the next two or three days, Harry's mother thought him a very mysterious little boy. At length a letter came from the mill to Harry. It said:—

"Dear Harry:—

"The sun was so strong yesterday and the day before, that I was able to set the old mill going this morning. Your boards are all ready for you, whenever you would like to call for them."

Mother wondered who could be writing to Harry. But Harry said that he could only let Father see, as it was a secret they had together. Mother smiled at his happy face, and wondered what her "boys" could be about.

After lunch, Mr. Brown and Harry jumped into the old cart and drove to the mill for the boards. After thanking Mr. Stone and paying him from Harry's bank, they drove off to Mr. Smith's carpenter shop. They were a little anxious, for they did not know how many days it took to make a rocking-chair. And then, he might be very busy just now!

When they drove up to the shop, Mr. Smith was sawing away at a long board making some shorter ones. When he saw Mr. Brown and Harry,

he pushed his cap back on his head, shook hands with them, and asked what he could do for them.

Harry then told his secret to Mr. Smith, and asked him whether he could make the chair in time. "To be sure I can," said Mr. Smith; and he drew out some pictures of rocking-chairs for Harry to see so that he could choose which kind he would prefer. With his father's help Harry chose one with a good broad back and low, comfortable seat,—just the kind of a chair which he knew his mother would like.

"Come up some morning," said the carpenter, "and watch me working at the chair."

"Oh, thank you!" said Harry, "that would be delightful!"

In a few days Harry went up to the shop, and sure enough! the carpenter was measuring the boards for the seat. Harry stayed all the morning, handing the hammer, saw, and nails to the carpenter, watching him chiseling, planing, and making holes with the auger for the screws. Harry enjoyed the morning very much, and thought that when he grew up he should like to be a carpenter. Once the carpenter let him saw one of the boards.

A few days later Harry went to the shop again. The carpenter was making ornaments with his scroll saw for the back and arms of the chair.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Harry.

The carpenter smiled at his radiant face and told him that the chair would be ready the following day.

"Father and I will surely come for it," said Harry, "for Mother's birthday is almost here."

The very next day Harry and his father came for the chair. Harry could not thank the kindly carpenter enough for the chair and his many happy mornings.

The chair was covered up and hidden away in the barn for a day or two. But on the birthday morning Harry stole to the barn while it was yet dark, lifted the chair on his curly head, and carried it into the cozy, warm dining room. He placed it just where his mother could see it the very minute she entered the room. Pretty soon he heard his mother's footstep on the stair. He scampered behind a door, where he could watch his mother's face.

"Why, where did this beautiful chair come from?" said she.

Then Harry came out from behind the door, gave his mother a big birthday kiss, then set her in the chair and told her the story of his tree, and how hard it had been to keep a secret from her even for a few weeks.

GOOSE QUILLS.

By Martha Young.

"I WONDER why it is that we always have goose on Michaelmas Day," said Judge.

He was lying on his back halfway down one of the rose terraces, with his hands clasped behind his head, looking up at the blue, blue sky of September.

"Aunty said it was to bring good luck," suggested Leo.

"Grandma said 'Nonsense!'" put in Amy.

"Aunty Jean said it was to put money in the purse all the year round," said Elise.

"Grandma said 'Nonsense!' again," said Doc.

"Grandma knows," said Judge.

"Of course she does," said Amy.

"Then why is it?" persisted Judge.

Then the next oldest grandchild, who was near-sighted and was always squinting over a book, said: "One reason may be"——

"Don't say anything about Rome," said Judge, sitting up on the terrace; Judge loved a story, although he was too lazy to read books to find them out; but he was always ready to hear them told when they were new to him. "Please don't say anything about Rome."

"No," said the oldest grandchild; "for we finished that last year."

The next oldest grandchild squinted up her eyes a little more and said: "I was n't going to say anything about Rome. But I have heard that it was Michaelmas Day and Queen Elizabeth was eating a goose when she heard of the defeat of the great Spanish Armada; and so she said: 'Let every good Englishman eat a goose on Michaelmas Day.'"

All the grandchildren looked very solemn and thought over that.

"But how was every good Englishman going to get a goose?" asked Judge. Judge loved to pick over his stories after he got them.

"Raise them," said Doc.

"The Spanish Armada seems very far off from us," said Elise; "and besides, we are not good Englishmen. I would rather believe what Aunts said about the good luck and the money in our purses all the year round."

"But Grandmother said 'Nonsense!'" said the oldest grandchild.

"And Grandma knows," said Judge.

"It seems a pity to stop believing things," said Elise; "because, you see, Aunts were saying to-day that when they were little girls they believed that,—about money in the purse; and that, the day they first heard it, Grandpa gave them, all around, (Aunts were little then,) a silver picayune; and they said they had those picayunes yet, and that was a *sign*."

"And Grandma said *'Nonsense!'*" insisted Amy.

"When Aunts were so little, Grandma was not a grandma," said Judge.

Now that came of Judge's thinking so much,—lying on his back and thinking;—for only much, much thinking could have brought up such a thought as that!

"That seems very strange," said the oldest grandchild.

Then they all sat and thought; for it seemed to them,—all the grandchildren here in a row,—that they were somehow responsible for Grandma's being Grandma, and, because of being Grandma, knowing all the things that only Grandmas knew; and, above all, of knowing so positively when to say "Nonsense!"

And while they were thinking so hard over all those strange matters, here came Grandmother's own little black maid, Dilsey, toward them.

And Dilsey said: "Old Miss says for all the grandchildren to come to her room."

"What do you suppose it is?" asked the oldest grandchild of all.

"What is it, Dilsey?" asked the youngest grandchild of all.

But Dilsey only kept rolling up her hands and arms in her blue homespun apron as she always did, and kept laughing, skipping along by the side of the grandchildren.

"It is n't fair to ask Dilsey if Grandma did n't tell her to tell," said Doe.

"We shall know soon enough," said Judge.

Judge never did mind waiting to know anything. It seemed to give him more time for thinking. But, to be sure, we did know soon enough; for there in Grandmother's room, on her candle table,—which she tilted this way for a fire-screen, and that way for a table,—sat the most beautiful little chairs, all of snow-white! As many chairs as there were granddaughters!

That was the good of being a girl, —there were things that girls could have that nobody ever thought of giving to boys. And this time all the grandchildren who were boys had pens of goose quills. Grandmother had cut them herself in the "good old fashioned way."

It was not until Grandmother had given the boys their goose quill pens and explained to them how to make more,—for she said making pens would soon be a Lost Art if some old people did not teach it to some young people,—that we recognized that our chairs were made of goose quills, too!

Well, our chairs were the prettiest presents!

But the boys did not mind that. They felt very important, because they said that they were the young people who were keeping an Art from being Lost.

And it was not long before they learned, too, from looking carefully at our chairs, how to make feather chairs also,—just of pins and goose quills, with enough of the snow-white feather left on the quills to make the seats of the fine, light, snow-white chairs.

Then the grandchildren who were boys often made goose feather chairs for the grandchildren who were girls; and we always called them Michaelmas chairs.

DUNNY.

By Jane L. Hoxie.

ONCE there were three children, three brothers, who played together in the sunshine about their father's door. Now the youngest of them all was not so large and strong as his brothers, and for that reason they often teased him, saying: "You are not as tall as we. You cannot run as fast. See! we can jump farther and swing higher than you." If ever they wrestled together, the youngest was the first to be thrown to the ground; and no matter what he tried to do, the others always laughed, and called out: "Oh! you are so stupid. That is not the way. Let me show you how, you dunny!" So after a while they called him nothing but Dunny.

One day a traveler, with a wonderful pony, stopped at the door of the cottage. His little animal could not only perform all manner of curious tricks, but he was the most gentle little beast in the whole world and, withal, as sleek and pretty a creature as one could wish to see.

The three brothers were wild with delight at the pony's antics, and gave their father no peace until at last he consented to buy the little animal. At first they were very happy with their new playfellow, but soon they quarreled.

"He is my pony!" said the eldest.

"He is not," said Dunny.

"Father bought him for me," said the second brother, "and neither of you shall play with him at all!"

"It is not so! He is all mine!" said the first, as he caught the little beast by the rein and tried to drag him away.

But his brother snatched the bridle also,—"You shall not have him!" he cried.

"Boys! boys! What does this mean?" said their father. "Why are you quarreling? The pony belongs to all three."

But the boys would not have it so; and, at last, the father said: "He shall be given to the one of you who shall bring this basket to me filled full with the water of yonder pond." Now the basket was very old and full of holes, but the three brothers eagerly consented to the plan.

"You shall be the first to try your luck," said the father, placing the basket in the hands of his eldest son. As the boy walked quickly toward the pond, a little bird hopped along the path in front of him, and in a sweet voice sang:—

"Fill it with moss and fill it with clay,*
And carry a basketful away."

The boy did not know what the bird was saying. "Out of my path, you stupid creature!" he cried, flinging a stone at it. But the little bird flew away into the forest, where he was quite safe. When at last the boy reached the pond, there sat a green frog who croaked in a great hoarse voice:—

* From an old folk tale.

"Fill it with moss and fill it with clay,
And carry a basketful away."

But the boy did not know what the frog was saying. "Out of my way, you ugly creature!" he cried, flinging a stone at it. The great frog jumped back into the water, where he was quite safe. So the eldest boy covered the bottom of the basket with sand, thinking that that would keep the water from running out; then he filled it to the very brim. But, though he ran all the way home, not a single drop of water was left inside the basket when he reached his father.

Then it was the second son's turn. As he walked quickly toward the pond, the same little bird hopped along the path in front of him, and in the same sweet voice sang:—

"Fill it with moss and fill it with clay,
And carry a basketful away."

The boy did not know what the bird was saying. "Out of my path, you stupid creature!" he cried, flinging a stone at it. But the little bird flew away into the forest, where he was quite safe. When at last the boy reached the pond, there sat the same great green frog who croaked in the same great hoarse voice:—

"Fill it with moss and fill it with clay,
And carry a basketful away."

But the boy did not know what the frog was saying. "Out of my way, you stupid creature!" he cried, flinging a stone at it. The great frog jumped back into the water, where he was quite safe. The second boy covered the bottom of the basket with leaves, thinking that they would keep the water from running out; then he filled it to the very brim. But, though he too ran all the way home, not a single drop of water was left inside the basket when he reached his father.

Now, at last, it was Dunny's turn; but the two elder brothers teased him, saying, "Of what use is it for such a stupid as you to try, when we, who are so much more clever than you, have failed?"

As Dunny walked quickly toward the pond, the same little bird hopped along the path in front of him, and in the same sweet voice sang:—

"Fill it with moss and fill it with clay,
And carry a basketful away."

Now Dunny was very fond of all of the wild creatures of the woods and fields, and often spent long hours in their company; and he knew what the little bird was saying. And he was never happier than when playing with the frogs and fishes in the pond; so when the great green frog, in his great hoarse voice, croaked:—

"Fill it with moss and fill it with clay,
And carry a basketful away,"

Dunny knew what he was saying, and, gathering moss and clay from the bank of the pond, he carefully stopped all the holes and cracks in the basket. Then filling it with water to the very brim, he carried it safely home to his father and did not even lose a single drop. So the pony was given to him, and his brothers never called him Dunny again.

TALKS ON SIGNALS.

By Carrie F. Aitken.

Signals for the Ear.

Bells.—What told us that there would be church last Sunday? Sunday School? What told us on New Year's Day that the New Year had come? And what tells us when it is school time? (Lead children to tell of all the bells they remember,—car, boat, door, dinner, fire, auction, etc., etc.) Responses will be plenty, and the variety of uses which bells serve and of which the children can tell, will astonish you. Let them tell, in each instance, what the bell says.

What bells have you heard since we talked about them yesterday? (Speak of bell at railroad crossing; bell on drawbridge; boat bells,—"slow-bell" (jingle); elevator bells; bells on horse, goat, etc.)

Whistles.—Do we not hear something on the engine besides the bell, that says something to us? and on the boat? (Children recall other whistles and tell what they say,—fire whistles; whistles on battle ships, merry-go-round; in factories; postman's whistle.)

Other instruments, and nature sounds.—Horns, bugles, drums, triangles, gongs. (Have some of these to show to the children.) Bluebird's song, a signal of spring.

"The little birds fly over,
And oh! how sweet they sing
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis Spring!"

Robin's call. Mother hen. Other animals. Our mother's voice.

For review.—Tell a story of two children traveling and listening. Relate their experiences and let the kindergarten children supply the names of the signals or the interpretation of the signals throughout the story.

Songs and games.—Bell high in the steeple. The Postman. Little Boy Blue. Little New Year. Christmas Bells (if before Christmas). Sense games. (Hearing.)

Signals for the Eye.

The Flag.—Refer to train having both bell and whistle, and having also something else, which makes no noise and yet is used for giving signals. Green flag at rear of train. Other flags that tell something. Flag code for army and navy. Warning flags, for sickness. Weather flags, white, blue, black. How they help sailors and farmers. Story, How Jenny Clark saved a World's Fair train.

Signals for night time.—Lanterns, red and green. On boats, red light on port (left) side, green light on starboard (right) side. Red, sign of danger, seen on streets being repaired, etc.

Lighthouses.—Show picture and speak of foundation of lighthouse,—perfect work, faithful keeper, all

necessary for giving faithful warning to sailors.

Signals answered by life-saving crew.

Song.—Oh, flag of the bright stars and stripes.

Games.—Sense games. (Sight.) Play cars with kindergarten chairs. Whistle and bell on engine; passengers "all aboard!" Journey by day with green flag (of paper) on rear car; by night, passengers sleep, green lantern hung on rear car.

A NURSERY RHYME.

THE following version of a nursery rhyme, which in variant form appears in books for children, was communicated to me many years ago by an English lady who reached the age of ninety-six years and had learned the rhyme in her childhood.

THE MOUSE, THE GROUSE, AND THE LITTLE RED HEN.

One day the little red hen was pecking about, and she found a grain of wheat.

"Oh! See here, see here!" she said; "I have found some wheat. Who will carry it to the mill to be ground? Then we can have a cake."

"Who 'll carry it to the mill?"
"Not I," said the mouse;
"Not I," said the grouse;
"Then I 'll carry it myself,"
Said the little red hen.

"Who 'll bring home the flour?"
"Not I," said the mouse;
"Not I," said the grouse;
"Then I 'll do it myself,"
Said the little red hen.

"Who 'll make the cake?"
"Not I," said the mouse;
"Not I," said the grouse;
"Then I 'll make it myself,"
Said the little red hen.

"Who 'll bake the cake?"
"Not I," said the mouse;
"Not I," said the grouse;
"Then I 'll do it myself,"
Said the little red hen.

"Who 'll eat the cake?"
"I will!" said the mouse;
"I will!" said the grouse;
"I will eat it myself,"
Said the little red hen.

—TALCOTT WILLIAMS in *Journal of American Folk Lore.*

INTERLEAVES FOR THE MOTHER PLAY.

Under this heading will appear new versions of the Mother Plays, or songs and rhymes related to them.

THE Ten Workers will readily fall into place among the plays which individualize a child's fingers to him,—plays like The Greeting, Counting the Fingers, Merry Little Men, etc., while the subject of the play relates it to several of the trade songs.

The finger action is very simple. The hands are raised, palms turned outward. Beginning with the little finger of the right hand, let this finger bend forward when the Farmer is mentioned, the next finger when the Miller, and the next when the Baker; then let all three bend forward together at the recitation of the second line. This action is repeated with the pointer and the two thumbs, and then with the next three fingers; while the last finger, the Blacksmith, has to make his bow alone. The remaining four lines call for no motions, unless the children should wish to indicate something of the Baby's growing to be a man by moving the hand from the low level of a baby's head and reaching up as high as they can.

THE TEN WORKERS.

By Emilie Poulsson.

Said the Farmer, the Miller, the Baker:
"We 'll give the dear Baby his food."
Said the Carpenter, Mason, and Glazier:
"We 'll build him a house strong and good."
Said the Weaver, the Tailor, the Cobbler:
"We 'll make him his warm, pretty clothes."
Said the Blacksmith: "And I 'll shoe his horses
When off on a journey he goes."

Yes! these, and more workers, each in his own way,
Do something for Baby, while he can but play.
But when the small Baby has grown to a Man
Why, he 'll be a worker and do what *he* can!

A VISIT TO THE SUB-PRIMARY CLASS OF DR. DEWEY'S SCHOOL.

By Geneva Mary Clippinger.

"GOOD MORNING to you, children dear." The children were thus greeting each other in their morning song, and the soft, happy flow of voices came toward the visitor as she entered the kindergarten of the Dewey School one cold, snowy morning; then followed the children's good morning bows and hand shaking to the accompaniment of soft music.

The kindergartner went to one of the curtained cupboards and brought out a box from which came a jingling sound. Little arms and legs became active, and the supplicating, "May I have a turn?" from here and there about the circle, aroused pleasant expectations in the visitor's mind. Two strings of sleigh bells were produced from the box and given to two children, who jingled them at proper times as "Jingle, jingle, bells! Snow is on the ground" was sung, the song being afterward repeated in order that the "turn" might be supplied.

"Children, children, Winter is here!" then followed. A Jack Frost was chosen who ran around in the circle, freezing a wide stream. When the song was finished, partners were chosen who went skating on the frozen stream while the piano gave the music alone.

Then some one asked for "There 's a little old man made of snow." Before it was sung, the kindergartner took three sticks (boys) and planted them in the snow (?) in the middle of the circle, while three other children were elected to build a snow man around each stick. The legs, arms, and body were well padded with snow by the time the song was finished. Then all the other children gathered around the kindergartners on the opposite side of the room, and to a rhythmic tune sang, "Oh! pick up snow and make it round, and make it round, and get ready to throw!" At the word "throw," all energetically threw imaginary snowballs at the snow men. This was repeated many times, until finally one snow man was knocked over, an arm was knocked off of another, while the third began to totter, and at last all were down.

When all were gathered in their seats again another child asked for "The Coal Man"; and so a coal man in his office (corner) was chosen, two horses (children) were put in a barn near the office, a driver was chosen and two men whose houses were in opposite corners. As the music began, one of the householders came out of his house and went down to the coal man's office, where he sang, "Coal man, coal man, have you any coal?" to which the coal man answered "Yes, sir; yes, sir; many yards full Some for the kindergarten, some fo the home, and some for anyone tha

wants to buy." The householder then asks: "Coal man, coal man, when shall I pay?" Coal man answers: "Just as well now as any other day,"—all sung to the tune of "Baa! baa! black sheep." At the conclusion of the song the householder leaves his order for several tons of coal and returns to his house. The coal man goes out to the barn, the driver harnesses the horses (with toy lines) while the coal man shovels the wagon (space between the driver and the horses) full of coal. As the load is a heavy one, the horses go stamping slowly along to strong slow music, until they reach the householder's place, when the driver unloads and the horses trot back. The game is repeated for the second householder.

After this some one asked for "A Ball for Baby," at the conclusion of which a soothing lullaby was hummed, "Baby's cradle" still rocking.

As the children then gathered around the teacher for a story they clamored for "the giant story." The kindergartner complied by relating "Hans and the Giants," which caused deep delight to the children. It was so graphic and so real, as she told it, that when the giant that could see so far looked way down into the North Sea for the string of pearls, every child bent over and gazed earnestly into the depths of the hard-wood floor; and when the giant that could reach so far reached deep down for the string of pearls all the little hands made a grab as far down as they could reach. When the story was finished, the children went naturally and quietly, without any ceremony, to the tables, where, with the assistance of one active boy, they were given the Fifth Gift. With a simple "Let's wait till we all have them," the kindergartner secured unity of action; for the boxes were all opened at once but without direction. A toboggan slide and skating ponds were suggested, and some good results were evolved from the busy little brains. One child, who could not accomplish a successful slide, asked for help; so the kindergartner gave him several directions from across the table, which he followed and developed. A careful suggestion was given here and there among the rest of the children, bringing about a happy and successful Gift lesson, with the development of considerable individuality. It is a significant fact that each child *made* something; he was not embarrassed by his material, as so many are with the larger Gifts, but was able to use it and express something definite with it. When the work had been accomplished, the Gift was put back into the boxes; and by piling the blocks in the box (instead of piling them on the lid and then putting the box down over them) the children were able easily to put all the blocks into the boxes without help. When they had finished this, they themselves put the boxes away in neat rows on the proper shelf in the proper cupboard. The little disturbance caused by the getting up, the going and coming, and the resuming of seats, was soon over and order was quickly regained by the singing of "Let your hands so loudly clap, clap, clap"; after which the children went to the

circle for games, carrying their chairs with them.

A skip was of course chosen at once. Several children were asked to skip, and, instead of skipping *inside* the circle, they skipped out of it and around the tables, thus having a wide full swing. It was suggested that they should all go the same way, so that they should not bump into each other. The suggestion was instantly and happily effective. Nothing more rigid than suggestions seemed to be needed during the whole session. After the plain skip, came the good old "I wish, dear little playmate, you 'd skip with me to-day," with careful "thank you" bows and choosings. Then the "one, two; one, two, three" skip was played in the heel-and-toe fashion, after the school had clapped hands in the rhythm given by the piano. The tag-skip, which is such great fun, came next. One child skipped rapidly around the circle and softly touched some alert member, who instantly skipped after him and tried to tag him. All around the room they went, in and out among chairs and tables, until the first one was caught; then, of course, everybody else wanted a turn.

The old fashioned "Musical Chairs," coming next, seemed to be very popular, and is a delightful kindergarten game. It was played just as we used to play it when we were children, only, we feel sure, in a much more mannerly fashion.

After all the chairs were gone from the double row in the middle and the circle was again formed, "Hide the Thimble" was played. As the seeker for the thimble came in and walked around the circle looking at the closed hands, soft music was made on the piano, the music becoming louder as the seeker neared the thimble, and reaching a climax as he stood in front of the child who had it.

The simple lunch of milk and crackers followed this game. When this was eaten, and the cups and tissue napkins were put away, the little fingers were ready for work again.

The subject for development through the month was "the home." Playhouses had been made and the dining room was now being furnished. One group of children was pounding thin circular pieces of wood on the halves of big wooden spools, making substantial dining tables which were later to be painted; while another group was making a cupboard from a spool box, with strips of practice paper which were to be pasted into the box for shelves.

At noon the work was put away and the children went for their overshoes and leggings. When all were hooded and cloaked, they gathered around the kindergartner in a sociable, talkative little group, waiting for the "bus" to take them home.

Though the external only has been mentioned, one reads between the lines of the mental and moral power back of it. The atmosphere of the school seemed to the visitor to be that of a sweet, well-ordered home. In any kindergarten, a gentle, common sense in the leader is an essential factor in producing such an atmosphere.

NOTE.—A deprecatory word seems in order with regard to the use of songs and games having unrhythmic and unrhymed words. By using these, we impair that very sense of rhythm which we are trying to cultivate by special rhythmic exercises of clapping, skipping, etc., and are thus knocking down with one hand, as it were, what we are building up with the other. —EDITORS.

AN ENGLISHMAN TO AMERICA.

By Lord Houghton.

Beyond the vague Atlantic deep
Far as the farthest prairies sweep,
Where mountain wastes the sense appall,
Where burns the radiant Western Fall,
One duty lies on old and young:
With filial piety to guard,
As on its greenest, native sward,
The glory of the English tongue,—
That ample speech, that subtle speech,
Apt for the needs of all and each,
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend
Wherever human feelings tend.

Preserve its force; expand its powers;
And, through the maze of civil life,
In letters, commerce, e'en in strife,
Remember, it is *yours* and *ours!*

A TREE FOR EACH CHILD.

"COME into the garden," said a small boy as he opened the door and saw us, "we are planting baby's tree." The newcomer had arrived that morning, and there was a subdued excitement among the children. Our friend's garden was quite large, and half of it was given over to "the family index," as they call it. Two beautiful elms, planted on their marriage day, were father's and mother's trees; Alfred's, the first-born, was a silver poplar; John's a fine hemlock; Mary was represented by a mountain ash. The little girl enjoyed the clusters of bright red berries that gladdened her eyes from July until winter, and the words that often come from her baby lips as she throws her arms around it are "My pretty tree!"

We were glad to be present when the new baby's tree was to be planted. The father held it in his hand and the children were interested spectators. It was a graceful white ash. "This tree," said he, "belongs to Alice." "Alice is the baby's name," said Alfred to us. "Is n't it pretty?" "I find," said the father, "that the children are happier and more interested in all outdoor life to have these grand occasions marked in this way. From loving and studying his or her tree they are eager to learn about other growing things. Alfred has already made up his mind to be a fruit-grower. My little girl has her flower beds, and all of us are more healthy and happy from being out-of-doors so much. The children will care for Alice's tree till the little maiden is old enough to look after it, for they consider it a sacred trust."

—*Selected.*

MR. TOADIE'S COAT.

Words and Music by HARRIET L. GROVE.

When Mis - ter Toad - ie wants a coat, He does not have to buy it; He

thinks his old one rath - er tight, And then be - gins to try it,

Crack! it splits, and off it comes! He swal-lows it a - wink - ing: And

there's his new coat, just a fit! And there sits Toad - ie blink-ing!

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

CHICAGO, always warm and generous in her hospitality, is planning to give the I. K. U. a rousing welcome in April. What a good time the attending members will have! We shall be sure to hear there, besides the wise, well-known and always-desired speakers, others whom one of our correspondents speaks of as "nice, bright, new people with voices that can be heard and who have something to say." The I. K. U. delights in having daughters of this stamp blossom out and show what good stuff they are made of; for the younger daughters of to-day are to become its honored leaders in the future.

IN A SPEECH before the College of Preceptors, London, England, on The Choice of Studies, J. J. Findlay said lately:—

"This principle of *child-study* has been expounded by many reformers, and by not a few charlatans, but it is gradually being worked out into something like scientific shape. The first, crudest observation about the child is that he *grows*. There are many stages in his life, and for each of these the appropriate material should be selected. Following upon this are the doctrines of harmonious development, or, more briefly, of *balance:* for your pupil is a being of varied capacities, and play should be given to all sides of his nature. The newer psychology studies the content of his mind, and discovers his *interests,* brings these into relationship with the outer world under the law of *apperception:* and, finally, seeks to combat dissipation of energy and waste of force by means of *correlation, concentration,* and *self-activity.* These are technical terms: catchwords of schools of reform. Some teachers accept one or other of them as labels, and march forth under some special banner as Froebelians, Herbartians, or the like. But it is early days for teachers to take shelter under one great name: the science of education is still in its infancy, and every decade heralds the approach of a new prophet. Ten years ago the center of reform was at Jena, now a new inspiration seems to be at hand, of all places in the world, from Chicago!"

Reference was then made to The School and Society, by Dr. John Dewey.

The idea of Chicago as a future world-center of educational reform is not so surprising and amusing to us Americans as to foreigners, who are naturally less familiar with the vigor-

ous thought and experimental work which Chicago has devoted to education during recent years.

THE CALL FOR COLLEGE GIRLS to come and take the kindergarten training has met with sparse response, college graduates being generally unwilling to spend extra time on the special training which kindergarten requires. When the kindergarten course is an accepted part of the college curriculum, this difficulty will be done away with. Read carefully what follows, and note the new possibilities which Columbia University has this year opened for kindergartners who wish to study for a degree.

A NEW POSSIBILITY has this year been opened to kindergartners at Columbia University.

I. The senior kindergarten courses at Teachers College (one of the professional schools of the University) are this year included under the Department of Philosophy and Education, of which Professor Nicholas Murray Butler is dean. All courses thus included may be counted by graduate students as part of the work for a degree.

II. Furthermore, as the degree of B.S. is now open to the graduates of Teachers College, kindergarten students have the opportunity to obtain it at the same time with their special diploma, either by completing the total required work during the four years' college course, or in less time if they can offer enough equivalent work previously done to admit them to advanced standing.

III. A Barnard College student may take the special (kindergarten) diploma in the last two years of her college course.

There is no other institution in this country, or, so far as we know, in the world, where this can be done.

The kindergarten teacher, trainer, or supervisor may, under this rule, take a standing equal to that of any worker in any branch of education whatever; and this ought surely to improve the standard of work in all training schools, as well as to advance the recognition of the kindergartner.

IF THE SCANTY EDUCATION of many girls who enter kindergarten training classes is deplored and a previous college training acknowledged to be a desideratum, how much more than ever has the liberal education of the training teacher become a necessity! College training for women, which in the pioneer days of the kindergarten was but struggling into existence, now stands firmly on its feet, and its advantages are therefore much more easily obtained than formerly. What was impossible for the early kindergartners is not greatly difficult for those of to-day.

Realizing these things, some of the younger training teachers, fired with the laudable ambition to obtain a good and desirable thing, have recently thrown up assured positions and gone to one or another of our universities to study for a degree. To break off in a career already stamped with success requires courage; it involves a good deal of sacrifice, and some financial risk. But on the other hand, great is the joy of these courageous individuals when they can give themselves freely to study; and, in the end, their fuller equipment will make them better leaders for properly educated girls, and, incidentally, bring them higher positions and larger salaries.

Of course, no one is saying that the possession of a sound and liberal education is confined to those whose knowledge was gained in college or university. Learned ladies of the past give ghostly confutation to such a foolish thought; and, as we are well aware, learned ladies of the present, whose younger days knew naught of the university's inner walls, are now at the head of honored colleges. There is much for the college girl to learn and unlearn, before she is worthy, educationally, to loose the shoe latchet of many a teacher whose advantages have been far fewer than her own; but that is not necessarily an argument against a college education. The kindergartner, and especially the kindergarten training teacher, ought to have an education both sound and broad, and then to keep on learning from books and life.

The sand boxes used in the New York public kindergartens are four feet square with sides six inches high. As shown in the Review's frontispiece for this month, these sand boxes or sand courts are placed directly upon the floor. Where the children play with sand at their tables, individual trays are provided. These are eighteen inches long, fourteen inches wide, and have a rim one inch high. These boxes may be obtained from box factories at no great cost.

Another device by which play with sand in kindergarten is rendered feasible at slight expense is used in many places. A rubber cloth is spread over the table and a small heap of damp sand is put before each child. This simple plan has proved entirely practical; and since most kindergartens are already supplied with the rubber cloth for the clay work, and the sand can be bought for almost nothing, the pleasures of sand play should be offered with other kindergarten joys.

The game was the Blacksmith, and the title rôle, so to speak, was being filled by a rather slow yet

thoughtless child, who had shod the horse, brought the two links for the chain and clasped them duly, but had then forgotten that it was necessary for the links to be hammered together. Little Ned, whose head was covered with short bobbing curls, had been chosen for one of the links. He was keenly alive to each step in the game, and when he realized that the concluding process of the chain-making was being neglected he looked at first distressed, next impatient and then righteously indignant. At last, finding that looks failed to arouse the stolid blacksmith, Ned shot out his right foot with a most expressive jerk, while every curl on his bright little head bobbed with indignation. This recalled the blacksmith to his unperformed duty, and the chain was soon properly finished.

The kindergartner, who had not quite realized the situation at the time, said to Ned after the game: "Ned, why did you kick out your foot in that way?" Ned gave her a reproachful glance, and then, with face blazing, said vehemently: "Why, Miss Hooper, *iron* can't *speak!* and the chain *had* to be *finished!*" We all know children who lose themselves just as completely in imagination when playing the games, as did Ned.

FROM THE NORMAL CLASSES.

EXPERIENCES WITH A CHILD.

By May Howland Coffin.

IT was with some fear and many misgivings that I went to take care of Elizabeth for one summer. She was an only child, aged twenty months, who had a local fame for being very active, mischievous, and what some people called naughty. From her infancy her mother had tried to bring her up according to the modern trained nurse's point of view, and Elizabeth was known as a model baby, until, at the age of ten months, she was taken seriously ill and recovery would have been doubtful, if her care-takers had not rocked her to sleep, walked the floor with her, and indulged her in many ways before unpracticed. At the beginning of this summer which was so memorable for me, she was well on the road to being strong, and her mother had planned that we should begin to train her back into her old habits. Alas! for us, that to our natural instincts was not added a more thorough understanding of child nature at this stage of development! Theories given by a trained nurse, and well

suited to a newborn baby, do not necessarily apply to the child of nearly two years of age.

I was told to leave Elizabeth to herself as much as possible in order that her mind and body might develop according to nature. Of course, she was not to be forced in any way, and she was to find out everything for herself. And so it was that, when she was not on the piazza or lawn, in a wooden pen about four by six feet, she was having the best of times alone in her room, which contained merely a bed, a crib, a bureau containing some of her clothing, and a set toilet bowl. Anything else Elizabeth would have destroyed in her endeavors to "find out things for herself." I say that she was having the best of times, because I think not many children had the same opportunities for getting into mischief, as we called her little pranks.

The first time that she was left in solitude for an hour, she was found with four clean white dresses on (two of them upside down!), with a bonnet on her head, and a pair of shoes on her hands. After more or less talking to from her mother and myself, Elizabeth was put into her crib again and the bureau drawers were well locked. Ten minutes later she was found standing on an empty drawer that belonged to her toilet stand, with her tiny hand under the faucet, while the water, turned on with all its force, was flying out on the floor and over the walls. What a good time Elizabeth was having! Everything was so beautifully wet,—herself included. Feeling a little impatient this time, we tied up the faucets and went out. Not long after, peeping into the room, we received a shock. Elizabeth was nowhere to be seen. The pillows and all the bedclothes were on the floor. Stooping to pick up the bolster which lay in one corner of the room, I found Elizabeth, tucked up in one end of the case, fast asleep.

Except for licking the blue kalsomining off the walls with her tongue, taking off her shoes and stockings, and rattling the railings of her crib, she for many days could not find anything to do. Of course, she had a few pictures and toys; but they had ceased to amuse her.

The question now is: What could we have done? Little did we realize then that a child, in order to develop in the best way, must pull things to pieces and put them together again. If she had been given objects enough to interest her and to satisfy her perfectly natural instincts of investigation, and if her play had been somewhat intelligently guided, would she have thought of doing the things she did? I think not.

Elizabeth was exceedingly imitative, copying every sound and motion about her. For days at a time she had expressions which she constantly repeated. One week she continually opened her mouth very wide and at the same time made up very queer faces. "Why do you suppose Elizabeth does this so much?" I said to her mother. "I think," she answered, "that she is copying you when you laugh, for that is just the way you look."

Imitation, the psychologists tell us, is a factor in the development of the will; hence we see how very necessary it is for the child to have only the best to imitate. Children at this age cannot discriminate between good and evil; therefore we should give them good ideals to follow, and, by giving them experiences of choice in little things, lead them consciously to will to seek the good.

There came a time during the summer when Elizabeth had the best of playthings given to her, and when experiences came to her which would, in time, influence her character for good more than anything else. When Elizabeth first saw Wendell, she looked at him with a little wonder; then, saying, "kitty—ca-at," in a rather indifferent, even disgusted way, she gave him a tickle in his tiny neck that caused the nurse to send her quickly out of the room.

It was many months before we allowed Elizabeth to play alone with her little brother, for too many of her experiments were tried on him. Once she was found pouring a tumbler of water down his throat, and the poor baby barely escaped drowning! As he grew older, however, he gave to Elizabeth lessons of his own which were truly educational for her. One night when she was going to bed she kept putting her bare toes in his mouth. Her mother told her twice not to do it, but still she persisted. Suddenly Wendell gave a hard bite with his four new teeth, and Elizabeth was punished in the best way, once for all.

Elizabeth is now three and a half years old, and a great change has come over her. Her mischievousness, so called, has almost entirely ceased; and yet her natural tendency to be active has not diminished in the least. All the day long she is doing something,—stringing buttons, sewing, weaving, cutting, and tearing,—but in a legitimate way. At Christmas time, her tree was decorated almost entirely with small offerings made by her own hands; and the new playthings which she received, while simple, were possessed of possibilities which she could develop by means of her own fertile imagination and creative power.

Speaking of her imagination:—One night last summer, her mother took her down to the harbor, and Elizabeth's attention was called to the lights on the boats. Elizabeth said, "Those are not lights, mother! Those are stars come down to take a bath in the ocean." The child has also a keen feeling for fun. She was telling me not long ago, of her own accord, about "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and when she arrived at the place, "like a *'dinamond'* in the sky," she stopped and laughed and said, "like a Chinaman, Aunty May."

Elizabeth and Wendell are fast growing to be inseparable. When with him she is gentle and careful, and the two are happy and busy. Through doing for herself and others Elizabeth is becoming affectionate, unselfish, and even thoughtful, for so young a child.

PSYCHOLOGY IN THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

By Kate Spencer.

AN old German legend tells us that long years ago the angels gave man a beautiful, harmonious song to sing, a song of Truth; but that one day Discord interrupted the singing, and tore the music into countless pieces, scattering them to the four corners of the earth. Ever since, in different parts of the earth, fragments of this song of Truth have been found, and each one who finds a fragment thinks that he has secured the perfect song; yet when he sings that part alone no harmony results. It is only as each one brings what he has found and the angels fit the fragments together into one complete whole that the song becomes perfect again. It is not finished even yet, although we think we can hear the strains growing more harmonious every day.

This legend comes to us as an inspiration in our work; for while we know that the kindergarten can never hold all truth within its circles, we know that those truths which we hold fast to-day are parts of the large, perfect truth toward which all education has been tending.

If, as Froebel said, "all life is one continuous whole, and all the stages of development are but links in the great chain of existence," then education must be a continuous process, governed by the same laws throughout its course. The only difference that we shall find, or ought to find, in the kindergarten, primary school, grammar school, high school, and university, will be, not a difference in principles, but a difference in the methods of applying these principles so as to meet the needs of each stage of development in the child's life.

The kindergarten cannot be an isolated institution governed by laws that apply to it and to it alone; an institution to which children are taken for a certain period in their lives, to be aided in the development of this one period alone with no preparation for a higher grade or for future life.

Such a thought is far from us as kindergartners, for our work is not an end but a means towards the perfect whole for which all true teachers are striving. Yet G. Stanley Hall says, "Kindergartners to-day are more interested in Froebel's teachings than they are in educational principles generally. They tend a little too much to be an isolated sect which strives to think Froebel's thoughts after him."

If this were true we would better turn back to Plutarch's teaching and learn from him: "Thus it would be with a man who, going to his neighbor to borrow fire and finding there a great and bright fire, should sit down to warm himself and forget to go home. So it is with the one who comes to another to learn, if he does not think himself obliged to kindle his own fire within and influence his own mind, but continues sitting by

his master as if he were enchanted, delighted by hearing."

What we want is our own hearth-fire, kindled not alone from the great and bright fire of Froebel, but from all who have aught of truth to give us. Froebel bade us study the little child with the thought constantly in our minds: "How can I help him realize his highest possibilities?"

Each child, whether he come from alley or boulevard, hovel or mansion, brings his own problems for us to solve; and how can we, as training teachers, open the eyes of our students to this fact and lead them to work with true insight toward the end they have clearly in mind?

We are told that if teachers are to work intelligently, "they must know something of the child, its physical life, its mental processes and springs of conduct; they must have some idea of what the child should become and of the distinguishing characteristics of various periods of development: they must be familiar with the means to be used in effecting these changes, and they must also be capable of using these means in an effective manner." To accomplish this object we give psychology a prominent place in our program; not the psychology that abounds in long definitions and high sounding terms, but the psychology that will give us a practical basis for our work, so that we may know in some measure the end toward which each movement, each feeling, each thought of the child is tending. Every faculty of the mind is essential and needs fostering care at the time of its development, for what appears very trivial at one epoch may be of great moment at another; so we must study the order of the development of the faculties and the aid which must be given to assure a complete development.

So our psychology, child-study, and Mother Play must go hand in hand if we are to get best results.

The first thing that our students will observe in the kindergarten is the activity of the children; so in our psychology classes we took that as the first subject for study. Records were kept of the different movements of particular children; and, after discussion of the cause and object of these movements, the why and wherefore, we began to classify them, leading each student to make her own classification. We considered these movements as important factors in the physical, mental, and moral development of the child, and tried to discover what help the work of the kindergarten is giving in this direction. We consulted Preyer, Perez, and as many authorities as possible to aid us to a better understanding of our work with the children. In order to understand activity more clearly, we studied briefly the nervous system, drawing diagrams illustrating the different classes of movements and the general work of nerve centers and fibers.

This study impressed us deeply with the wonderfulness of our bodies and the inter-relationship between the body and the mind. As the body is influenced by the mind, so is the mind influenced by the body; both are parts of the same unity.

We next turned our attention to the imitative acts of children, in particular trying to discover what educational value this phase of self-activity possessed. Imitation has filled an important place in the development of man; so, after a discussion of this subject, we consulted Professor Mark Baldwin, Professor Royce, Professor James, Professor Harris, and others, and then tried to trace the mental development in children, from the first, uncertain, imitative acts of the babies, up to the conscious imitative acts of our kindergarten children whereby they are broadening and enriching their own lives by adding to them the lives of others. In all imitation there is an element of originality; the child is actively assimilating some external deed in order to make it his own deed. "He is increasing his own individuality as he reveals himself to others and to himself as well." Aristotle has said that man is the most imitative of animals and makes his first step in learning by aid of imitation. In our class we made a study of the plays and games of children and how they are giving the child the aid he needs at this stage in his development. The movements which he makes in his games would be impossible had he not already, when a baby, exercised the same muscles in random, spontaneous movements. This showed us the great economy of nature.

Next we took up other instincts, using James as our principal authority. As the child develops physically according to the law of effort, *i. e.*, by using such strength as he has, so he develops mentally and morally according to this same law. If nature had not implanted in each child the instinct of activity, the impulse to move his arms, legs, and body, or if no opportunity were given him to obey this impulse, then no physical development would be possible. So if the child had not been endowed with the instinct of curiosity, the desire to handle, investigate, find out for himself more about the things around him, or if no opportunity were given him to obey these impulses, no mental development would be possible. In like manner had not the instincts of companionship, of love, sympathy, imitation, emulation, been given the child, or if no opportunity were given to him to obey these impulses, his moral development would be impossible. Records were kept of the instinctive acts of the children and of what the kindergarten is doing to root these instincts in good habits. The instinctive acts of children of different ages were compared, and this led to the consideration of the transitoriness of instincts and the necessity of taking advantage of each one in the "nick of time," as all of the instincts are so many possibilities, which, if developed aright, result in good habits.

Since "every object that excites an instinct excites an emotion as well," we next studied the emotions of our children, their loves, hopes, fears, anger, joy, and grief, and how the good emotions may be strengthened and the wrong emotions suppressed. If the right emotion is aroused over and over again, and each time the

child is given an opportunity of giving outward expression to this emotion, he will gradually form the habit of feeling in that particular way whenever the right stimulus is given.

This led on to the consideration of that most important educational subject, *Habit.* Professor James says, "Education, in short, cannot be better described than by calling it the organization of acquired habits of conduct and tendencies to behavior."

It is most essential that teachers understand what good habits their children ought to be gaining, how these good habits may be formed, and how bad habits may be broken, if the kindergarten is to lay the foundation for *life* habits—physical, mental, and moral.

In addition to the advantages of habit, some disadvantages were found,—the most serious being the danger of making certain acts automatic and thus losing their power in character-building. When an act has become so habitual that no thought is necessary for its execution, it has lost its educational value.

One of the many good habits that our children are forming is the habit of paying attention.

After observing in the kindergarten the work to which the children paid good attention, and then other work during which their attention was wandering, a discussion was held on the child's power of attention, and on the conditions which must be supplied before we can expect him to be attentive; also on the question how the spontaneous, involuntary attention can be changed into voluntary, concentrated attention. When practical use is made of this knowledge we shall not hear the oft repeated criticism that kindergarten children lack the power of attention. Professor Gordy says: "The object of education is to develop the power of attending to the right things in the right way."

The subject of attention involves *interest;* so a study was made of the natural interests of children, and of the reason why this interest must govern us in our choice of subjects for our kindergarten work. G. Stanley Hall says that children naturally begin with interest in animal life; broaden from that to plant life, and reach intelligent interest in inanimate nature last of all.

In the study of Sensation, Perception, Apperception, and Conception, Professors James, Rooper, De Garmo, Lange, and Dr. Hall's Contents of Children's Minds were consulted in order to find "the essential mental operation in the art of learning."

As true instruction must follow the order of the mind's development, *i.e.,* from particular to general, and then back to the particular again, examples were brought to illustrate this truth in physical, mental, and moral training, as well as to illustrate the help of the kindergarten in laying the foundation for future education.

In the study of Memory, emphasis was laid on what is essential to a complete act of memory and what is the highest kind of memory; this led to the formulating of certain principles that must underlie our work if our children are to have, not me-

chanical memory alone, but the higher logical memory.

Imagination was our next subject; and since, as Napoleon said, "Imagination rules the world," it has played a most important part in the education of the race and is doing much for the development of our children to-day. Memory supplies imagination with materials, but imagination is our native power to originate, to create anew out of the experiences of the past. A little child's imagination leads him on to new discoveries just as it has led man on in the past. The child rearranges his experiences, from these he selects the best and forms his ideals. A study of the ideals of children showed to what extent their ideals are aiding in their character-building.

As "Education makes the difference between Aristotle the child, making new combinations of his playthings, and Aristotle the man, creating the science of logic," it is most necessary to encourage our children to be original and creative, expressing their own thoughts in their own crude way, and not our thoughts in our way.

In like manner we took up Reason and Will.

This outline of our two years' work is given to show one way in which psychology may be made of practical value to our students, so that they may realize more and more the importance of the work upon which they have entered, and at the same time have a clearer insight into the educational value of the kindergarten; for we can say with Froebel: "I would educate human beings who with their feet stand rooted in God's earth, in nature, whose heads reach even unto heaven and there behold truth, in whose hearts are united both earth and heaven; the varied life of earth and nature, and the glory and peace of heaven—God's earth and God's heaven."

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FROEBEL'S PLAY-GIFTS. By Denton J. Snider. Sigma Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. $1.25.

The chief merit of this book lies in its novel point of view; its chief fault, in the lack of understanding of Froebel's fundamental idea and the substitution of another for it.

Froebel's root idea has been called the law of unity, or the law of the mediation of opposites. Briefly, this idea refers to the oneness of all life; to the fact that there is a bridge between all opposites. Further, that deeper than the idea of opposition is the idea of agreement; that all opposites are but different aspects of one, more deeply fundamental, thing.

Froebel's explanation of the formation of crystals was simply an illustration of what he believed to be the working of this law. Action and reaction, inseparably one,—the two halves of one movement,—he speaks of again and again. The opening and shutting of an umbrella will give a homely illustration of this idea. When the umbrella is be-

ing opened, the frame expands and the spokes are thrust upward. This illustrates the idea of a movement outward, or action. In closing, a similar double movement takes place, this time in and downward. This symbolizes what takes place in reaction. The two movements, outward and inward, expansion and contraction, action and reaction, are inseparably one, and here the analogy between the opening and shutting of an umbrella and the action and reaction of force breaks down, as analogies must ever do when one attempts to interpret a greater thing in terms of a lesser.

On p. 155, Mr. Snider says, "Nothing is better known in Froebel than his law of opposites and their reconciliation." We must beg leave to differ here; we believe that no one idea of Froebel's has been more talked about and been less understood, and we cite the author's references to this idea on pp. 89, 155, 156, as proof of one more failure to understand this fundamental thought. Mr. Snider lays great stress upon the idea of opposites, failing to see that there is a vast difference between the recognition of pairs of opposites and of the *mediation* of opposites. The latter involves the idea of the inner, living connection of all things, making of life a great unity.

That Mr. Snider's idea is radically different from Froebel's is shown in what he advocates in actual practice (p. 75) in distinguishing between what he calls the "sense order" and the "thought order." He says that the kindergartner "is not called upon to exclude absolutely either, she may use both," etc. Yes, if she is a Sniderian kindergartner, but not if she is a Froebelian. Froebel's root idea is again involved here. In the Second Gift we have one whole containing extremes of form mediated. We have the first step, the last step, and the middle step bridging over the interval. In color, similarly, we have red and yellow with orange mediating, etc. In music, in the same way, we have the chord of three notes, *doh* and *sol* and the mediating *mi*, etc. Distance can be spanned by giving terminals and middle point. This is Froebel's method and is fundamental. He was not ignorant of the law of evolution but he placed a knowledge of it as belonging to a little later stage of development in the child, as the chapter in The Pedagogics of the Kindergarten relative to the connecting class shows. The box of fourteen crystal forms is nothing in the world but the evolution of the Second Gift. The original Seventh and Eighth Building Gifts were to be an unfolding by consecutive steps (not by mediation of extremes) of the beginnings of two important lines of study hinted at in the earlier Gifts,—mathematics and natural science.

We protest that to judge this book as an evolution of Froebel's idea is scarcely fair; for its "attitude toward Froebel" is not evolutionary, but revolutionary, notwithstanding its statement to the contrary in the Introduction (p.viii.). It is a book which should be read with discrimination, what is good being accepted, what is poor, rejected; but, when a book is offered as an evolution of Froebel's system, we are thrown off our guard and are not apt, at first, to look at it critically. Young kindergartners especially are liable to be misled by The Psychology of Froebel's Play-Gifts, since it claims (see Introduction, p. vii.) to be "emphatically Froebelian." Making such a claim, it is a wolf in sheep's clothing. We should not neglect to say, however, that the author's statements in regard to the character of his book are made in the utmost good faith, the book itself giving sufficient "internal evidence" of this. Nevertheless, The Psychology of Froebel's Play-Gifts appears to the reviewer to be a mass of misstatements of the most important educational ideas of Froebel.

On the other hand, judging of the book as a revolutionary effort in the educational line, it must be recognized as an original contribution (original to a great extent, at least,) of a philosophical and wholly unique mind to literature upon the kindergarten. The genesis of the Gifts, although not Froebelian and in our judgment wholly inferior, is extremely ingenious. It shows a carefully and consistently thought-out idea of evolution which few would be capable of originating. Again, the division of the kindergarten material into quantitative and qualitative Gifts is an interesting and original idea; it is, however, un-Froebelian, throwing stress upon minor points and ignoring those which are of importance in Froebel's educational idea.

It would be impossible to take up here all the points to which objection could legitimately be made. In briefest manner, attention is called to the following:—

P. 1. Introduction: "Attempt is here made to organize them (the Gifts) ac-

cording to their fundamental principle, and thereby to put them into their psychologic order."

Objection: The Gifts are already arranged in true psychological order in the only arrangement consistent with Froebel's root idea.

Chapter on First Gift: Chief ideas here presented are to be found in Pedagogics of the Kindergarten.

P. 1: "Its (the First Gift's) six balls cannot be said to be derived one from the other in any way," etc. Pp. 18, 19: "The proper number of balls for this Gift, at least in the beginning, is three."

Objection: The six colors are found in the spectrum, and compose white light. It was as necessary to make a complete color-whole as a form-whole, hence the six colors.

On p. 21 is given an exposition of some of Mr. Snider's peculiar ideas on psychology. These have been "read into" Froebel's system. There are many similar passages in the book which fail in their attempt to simplify.

P. 43: Originative and Derivative Gifts are misnomers. All succeeding Gifts are derived from the first plaything, the ball. The essential here is form, which is determined by the relation of the isometric axes characteristic of the sphere. The First Gift is a whole, made up of wholes. The series of balls permits the embodying of two ideas which are welded together, namely, that of form and that of color. Through contrast in color, the perfect form of the ball is emphasized; through repetition of form, a chance is given for the presentation of each color necessary to form the perfect whole (white light).

Second Gift, p. 47: "But chiefly, its first principle is origination, that is, separation," etc.

Objection: This is an error. The first principle is *unity*. The emphasis is thrown upon mediation, not separation.

Pp. 66, 67: Ideas upon pyramid contrary to Froebel's conception of the Second Gift, but true to Mr. Snider's.

P. 81: Suggestions given as to use of Second Gift,—stories, songs, games, to bring out characteristics of each piece.

Objection: Well enough in their place (a subordinate one) but fail to bring out central idea of Second Gift, namely, that opposites in form are mediated.

On p. 88, Mr. Snider makes clear the difference between his reasoning and Froebel's in regard to the Second Gift. Froebel believes that the child's mind develops in one way, and Mr. Snider appears to believe something diametrically opposed. This cannot be too emphatically stated.

Froebel, recognizing the infinite number of objects in the child's world and the difficulty of organization, hit upon the plan of first presenting the child with types. For instance, all the immense number of evolving forms were reduced to three,—showing the beginning, ending, and middle steps in the evolution. This is symbolic of his method in regard to the acquisition of knowledge in every possible department. He believed that this method precisely corresponds to that of the young child's development; and that the alphabetical unfolding corresponds to the thought or reason stage, where consecutive steps must be taken until the result is attained. The former method belongs to the intuitional stage, where thought is largely enveloped in feeling.

The Building Gifts enable us to crack open the solids, as it were, according to the three dimensions of space, thereby furnishing a typical analysis. This typical analysis necessarily divides the material, and building blocks are the result.

The chief office of the First Gift is to furnish a plaything with which the child can represent, in a general way, the activities of objects in the child's world. The fundamental idea of the Second Gift is to reveal the connection between opposites in form, and, by analogy, to lead the child to expect connections in other fields of investigation. The Building Gifts exhibit a typical way of analyzing solids (each being a variation of one essential method of subdivision) and furnish material for creative plays; and the remainder of the Gifts carry this idea of analysis out with regard to surfaces, lines, and points. The division of the book relating to Occupations has not been referred to here, but it exhibits a direct continuation of the method of treatment shown in the earlier portion of the book.

Notwithstanding the general tenor of The Psychology of Froebel's Play-Gifts, the experienced kindergartner will find many of its pages suggestive and interesting. (See pp. 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 28, 29, 30, and others.) Nevertheless, after a most careful and painstaking perusal of the whole the reviewer must close by saying that as an evidence of great ingenuity of thinking and industry in re-

search the book is admirable; as an elucidation of Froebel's kindergarten material, it is *nil.*

M. M. Glidden.

Johnson's Physical Culture. Primary Book. By B. F. Johnson. B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va. $0.25.

To so sincere and practical a treatise as this, one can only wish wide distribution in the homes of the people. Its sensible talks upon everyday matters of hygiene are given in plain, earnest language, and the book is thus suited to the understanding of man, woman, or child, as the author intended it to be. Simple physical exercises are indicated for use in school or home, and there is a profusion of descriptive pictures. A full sympathy with the book as a whole does not, however, make one blind to one or two flaws in the portion relating to gymnastics. The position of the boy at the top of page 60 is decidedly faulty, the object of the exercise being not to get the arms back as far as possible but as far as possible while still retaining a correct general posture. The chin should not protrude nor should the shoulders be thrust forward. Also, directions to repeat certain exercises ten or fifteen times are apt to be followed indiscriminately and to result in harm, this being especially true of abdominal exercises.

The Sun Maid. A Story of Fort Dearborn. By Evelyn Raymond. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

The boy or girl who loves books of adventure and tales of Indian life will find The Sun Maid of absorbing interest. One thing noticeable throughout the narration is the justice done to the Indian. The story opens with the finding of the sunny-haired little child by Black Partridge, who, knowing her to be an orphan from the luckless Fort Dearborn, takes her to the Indian village and gives her into his sister's care. Another orphan child, a boy-captive of ten, also from the fort, is brought to the chief's sister; and the lives of the two children go on together until Gaspar goes into the world to seek his fortune and comes back to wed the Sun Maid, who in the meantime has been the good angel of the little settlement of Chicago. The development of the heroine and of the city of her love are carried along as parallel stories, and the last chapter of the book tells of the Chicago fire.

With Buller in Natal. Out with Garibaldi. In the Irish Brigade. By G. A. Henty. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50 each.

When an author's works are as well known as Mr. Henty's, and are as similar in style and general subject matter wherever the scene may be laid, his new books scarcely need reviewing. These three volumes for 1900-01 bring the number of Henty books up to sixty-two. In the Irish Brigade tells the adventures of Desmond Kennedy in the time of Louis XIV. Out with Garibaldi is a tale of the liberation of Italy. With Buller in Natal seizes upon the present interest in South Africa and has a distinctly anti-Boer bias.

The Adventures of Odysseus. Retold in English by F. S. Marvin, R. J. C. Mayor, and F. M. Stawell. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.00.

To come upon Homer's undying story among modern publications for children is like finding a shining golden treasure in a handful of doubtful coins. The brief, straightforward preface prepossesses the reader in favor of the book. The writers state their aim to be the reproduction of the substance of Homer's Odyssey in simple, modern English, to make a faithful translation (omitting and compressing where they thought fit), and to keep the Homeric spirit. We should say that the aim had been reached. The pictures are scarcely up to the standard of the rest of the book's make-up.

Kindergarten Teaching in India. Parts I., II., III. By Mrs. Brander. Macmillan & Co., New York and Calcutta. 8 annas.

A guide issued for the kindergartners of India may not be of direct practical service to us in America, but this series of three little books does possess interest for us and will well repay examination. Through the themes selected for story, song, and game, through the objects selected for the object lessons, we get glimpses of India's home life, of typical industries and processes, of the common flowers, animals, etc., and of the national folklore. In the games we find the Paddy Field corresponding to our game of The Farmer, and the familiar Cat and Mouse. In the stories, The Grain of Paddy is similar to The Old Woman

and her Pig; and The Mongoose and the Child has its English correspondent in Llewellyn and his Dog. The few native finger plays refer to naming the fingers, counting the fingers, etc. Mrs. Brander says that in many schools of India the pupils (especially the little ones) sit on the floor, which in village schools often means the bare earth. The buildings are much more open to the air than in colder countries, and sometimes schools are held under spreading trees. Games and songs and "drills" are frequently conducted out of doors.

THE BORDENTOWN STORY TELLERS. By Hezekiah Butterworth. A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston. $1.25.

The background for these stories is the romantic combination of simple American village life with that on the grand estate of the "ex-king of Naples and Spain, Joseph Bonaparte." The interest centers around Lafayette; and the school children's celebration of his second coming to America is vividly pictured. The stories are mainly true, and are all told from the heart, with the hope that they may reach the child heart and make an impress upon character.

DAISY, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Miranda Eliot Swan. Noyes Brothers, Boston. $1.50.

Daisy is a handsome, clever, petted cat, who, in narrating her own life, introduces many good cat stories and becomes her mistress's mouthpiece regarding cruelty to animals. The love and kindness felt by the author toward dumb creatures would gain friends for the book, if such an effect were not seriously hindered by an excessive and sometimes silly abuse of human beings, and by frequent irreverences which the claim of non-irreverent intention does not sufficiently palliate.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE AMERICAN THRESHERMAN. MADISON, WIS. The Childhood of Ji-Shib, the Ojibwa. By Albert Ernest Jenks. $1.00.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK. Jack and Jill's Journey. By Phœbe Allen. $1.50.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

THE HELPING HAND IN EAST LONDON. By Sir Walter Besant. Century Magazine, February.

AN APPEAL TO HEADMASTERS. By Henry E. Amstrong. Journal of Education, London, January.

THE CHOICE OF STUDIES. By J. J. Findlay. Educational Review, London, January.

EDUCATIONAL LESSONS OF THE SCHOOL EXHIBITS AT PARIS. Anna Tolman Smith. Educational Review, February.

SCHOOL EXHIBITS AND PEDAGOGICAL MONOGRAPHS FROM THE UNITED STATES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. By Gabriel Compayré. Education, February.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN, A COMPARATIVE STUDY. By Lyman B. Powell. American Monthly Review of Reviews, February.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

London, England.

Froebel Society Conference.

An interesting conference of kindergarten teachers and others concerned with education was held January 10, at Essex Hall, under the auspices of the Froebel Society. Mrs. Walter Ward, president of the Froebel Society, took the chair at the morning session, and opened proceedings with a short introductory speech. The subject for discussion was Kindergarten Games, a paper on which was read by Miss E. R. Murray, of the Maria Grey Training College.

Referring to recent criticisms on Froebelian work, Miss Murray said that much misunderstanding arose from attaching different meanings to the word "play." The unthinking person said: "A child's life is all play;" meaning by that mere amusement. But Froebel might have

answered: "A child's play is all his life, his science, his art, his poetry, his work, and his relaxation."

Games which could be described as "mechanical and forced" had no real connection with Froebel. It might sound absurd to say that children needed to be taught to play, but real observation would show that where there was no leader there was no play. A child leader could not be expected to energize and encourage the listless, and Groos's view of the importance of play was much the same as Froebel's.

Miss Murray objected to limiting kindergarten games to one particular kind, as Miss Blow did. Much of what was written on Symbolic Games appeared far-fetched, and it was doubtful if such games meant anything to the children. Most traditional games, notwithstanding their historical value, dealt with subjects unsuitable to the children in our kindergartens. Ring games would supply their rhythmic element, and the dramatic could be given in trade games and Nature games. Nature games were played by all imaginative children in their free play, so that they could not be called artificial, and the games of unimaginative children were sometimes decidedly objectionable. The chief educational value of games was their social training, and, as a part of that, the cultivation of originality and power of expression. The games should, as far as possible, be organized and led by the children themselves. In that case, even young children could gain some of the benefits attributed to the games of our public schools. (English public schools, such as Eton, Rugby, etc.—EDITORS.)

The discussion on the paper was opened by Miss M. E. Nuth, of Camden House Training College. She dwelt on the necessity for calling forth originality and inventiveness in the children. The wise teacher will suggest and help, but not work through, ready-made games constantly with her class. The infant mind may be relied on to create games for itself, and to add to the suggestions of the orthodox "game-book."

Among other speakers were Miss Jane Dickens, of Manchester, who deplored the inclination manifested by so many children in the games to "show-off"; and Mrs. Kimmins (Sister Grace), of the Bermondsey Settlement Guild of Play, who gave a very interesting account of the way in which the poor children of Bermondsey had been influenced by the pretty games they had been taught in the Settlement.

The afternoon session was presided over by Mr Claude G. Montefiore (Chairman of the Council and Hon. Secretary), and was very largely attended. The subject was A Criticism of Froebelian Pedagogy, by Mr. Graham Wallas, of the London School Board.

Mr. Wallas, after paying a tribute to Froebel's work in the cause of education, said that this work was necessarily conditioned by the thought of Froebel's time. Froebel was an evolutionary biologist, and, together with all evolutionists before Darwin, believed that the development of the individual and the species proceeded from within; outside circumstances having no influence except as providing a favorable or unfavorable environment. Darwin proved that external circumstances exercise a selective and formative influence, and this is accepted by all modern biologists. The belief that development comes from within only was likely to produce just the educational exaggerations and faults which we find in Froebel and his followers. These faults were: (1) A minimizing of human tradition and contrivance as formative influence. (2) The neglect of the training of attention, and, through attention, of habit and character. Froebelians are apt to ignore the distinction between work and play as the relief after work. (3) The postponing to an unnecessarily late period of the acquisition of such arts as reading and writing. Froebel persuaded himself that both reading and writing developed from within, and that we should wait for that development to announce itself. (4) The misunderstanding of the whole conditions under which men gain knowledge, as instanced by Froebel's own philology and botany. (5) The unnecessarily long postponement of the introduction of a child to the highest standard of human achievement—real music, real literature, real art, etc. There are other faults characteristic of Froebel's time which are necessarily connected with his main theory: (1) He exaggerated and simplified the distinction between the stages of a child's development; (2) he sentimentalized; (3) he wrote extremely bad verse, and his followers write worse; (4) he was a symbolist. The result of this would naturally be that intellectual and material softness of which secondary teachers who receive pupils from the orthodox kindergartens complain. The

well-to-do child of average ability may not feel the want in after life of that which he misses in the kindergarten; but it is a real tragedy when a child of great natural ability spends four or five years in a strictly Froebelian atmosphere, especially when the child is one of those whose home circumstances will only permit of his reaching intellectual life by the strictest economy of effort.

Miss Clarke said that in her opinion Froebel did not separate the intellectual life of the child into a series of distinct stages; on the contrary, the essence of his doctrine was that it should be looked at as a whole, and each stage treated with due regard for that which had just gone and that which was to come. As regards the wisdom of placing the greatest achievements of mankind before the children, Froebel certainly taught that this should be done, and, in fact, stories of the deeds of heroes and great men of all time should hold an important place in the kindergarten time-table. On the other hand, she deprecated the idea that Froebel had said the last word on this special branch of education, and said that he should be studied in the light of what was best for both to-day and to-morrow.

Miss Wragge said that, with regard to Mr. Wallas's contention that kindergarten children were not trained to turn their attention from one thing to another, she considered that the kindergarten was the best school for the training of this very faculty. Referring to the subject of symbolic games, she thought that many kindergartens deserved the stern criticism they had received, but in these cases the fault lay not with Froebel's teaching, but with his followers, who distorted his methods. Among other speakers were Miss Findlay, Mr. J. C. Hudson, Mr. Rice, Mr. H. Courthope Bowen, and Mrs. Bridges Adams.

—*The Journal of Education, London.*

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Wisconsin Teachers' Association. The kindergarten section of the Wisconsin Teachers' Association met in the normal school kindergarten room December 27, with about fifty kindergartners and primary teachers present. Miss E. R. Wylie, of the Madison training school, occupied the chair.

The first topic on the program, Child's Brain Growth and Development, was introduced by Miss Eva Morrison, of Madison, who emphasized briefly the vast difference between the child and the adult physically. She also spoke of the fact that modern paidologists are proving the correctness of Froebel's position concerning the necessity for exercising all the senses and providing sense stimuli in early childhood for each sensory and motor brain area. The subject was discussed by Miss Vandewalker, of the Milwaukee normal school.

In the absence of Mrs. Coull, of Menomonee, Miss Carpenter spoke upon Training the Brain in the Kindergarten *versus* Teaching the Mind. The ideal of teaching is to draw out the child's own activities, powers, and possibilities, not to pour into him, as into a prepared vessel, our ideas. Too often the kindergartner looks at the product, aims at the results of the child's activity, losing sight of the fact that to the child the activity is the helpful, educative factor. Consciously or unconsciously, the kindergartner too often values her work by what the child does rather than by how he has done it.

Miss Nichols, of Superior, thought that one great defect of the present kindergarten system lies in allowing incompetent and unprepared persons to attempt the training of the mind.

Miss Georgia Johnson, of Appleton, presented a most instructive paper upon Training the Senses—the Foundation of Mental Growth. Miss Johnson based her work upon the Mother Play, but would make such additions as modern life demanded.

In introducing the subject, Does Training the Senses Determine the Subject-matter of Programs and Choice of Material? Miss Vandewalker suggested that it might be well to discover the sentiment concerning prepared *versus* impromptu programs. The discussion following was the most animated of any during the afternoon. Most of those present declared themselves in favor of a program, prepared in advance, upon the fundamental interests common to all children, rather than an attempt to make each day's work suit the erratic interest shown by possibly one child in the circle of sufficient personality to make himself heard and attended to.

Upon being asked for her opinion, Miss Wylie said: "If all kindergartners were broad-minded, cultured women, with a deep love for children, and a thorough, comprehensive knowledge of practical psychology, it would be safe to say that a general program covering a year in

a logical manner might be given and the kindergartner trusted to fill in the details and present the program according to her children's separate and especial necessities. But under existing circumstances, when poorly-trained, immature, often ignorant, uncultivated girls* are placed in charge of large numbers of children a general program is dangerous in the extreme."

The next subject, The Motor Activities as Avenues of Expression, was treated by Miss Morrison, who said:—

For a long time the idea was current that expression meant the product of tongue or pen. In educational circles, this idea is being rapidly replaced by a broader conception.

The statuary, pictures, architecture of ancient Greece or of the Middle Ages tell us quite as much what the people thought as does the literature of those times.

In Dr. Dewey's School and Society there is a plea for manual training in the schools which should be familiar to every teacher. It gives in succinct manner the reasons for present necessity for such training.

The cabalistic letters D. S., K. S., B. S., may be selected as the kindergartner's motto and may be interpreted to mean that we give our children an opportunity to *Do Something*, thus leading them to *Know Something*, which in time will result in their *Being Something*, in the best sense of the term.

The discussion which followed was concerned principally with the use of constructive materials as opposed to or in conjunction with Froebel's Gift and Occupation material. The kindergarten in connection with Miss Wylie's training school in Madison reported the use of wood, clay, pasteboard, as constructive material almost to the exclusion of the formal exercises with Gifts and Occupations. Miss Nichols, of Superior, reported excellent results from similar procedure in a newly organized public kindergarten in a poor district of Superior. Miss Vandewalker urged great caution in discarding tried and tested ideas for the introduction of comparatively untried and untested opinions. She thought the fundamental need of childhood—self-activity—could be secured by a rational use of a logically arranged system of procedure better than by an indiscriminate attempt to use all and everything presented.

Miss Carpenter suggested that much of the Froebelian material required the use of coördinated muscles at too early an age; but thought that this material is being thrown out by progressive kindergartners.

* With such teachers, what is not dangerous? — EDITORS.

New York City.

Lecture on Children's Songs.

At the meeting of the Jenny Hunter Alumnæ Association held at the free kindergarten, 219 East 123d street, February 9, the newly adopted alumnæ pins were distributed, the first struck from the plate being presented to Miss Hunter by Mrs. Foster, president of the association.

Mrs. Foster then introduced Miss Mari Ruef Hofer, who spoke on the Song Faculty in Children and Children's Songs. She said that what we want in the kindergarten is simple music adapted to the child's needs. The present tendency is to go *above* Froebel and what we need is to go *back* to him.

She spoke of the great law of vibration which she described as the "circling of sound," and of the ways in which we can bring children to feel it.

It is possible for all of us to make good, pure, organized tones. Grown people who cannot sing a note and have no real love for music can lay the blame to the want of encouragement to sing in their childhood. It is natural for us all to sing. The training of the eye, both in the home and in the kindergarten, is far in advance of the training of the ear. When we hear a noise we at once look to find whence it comes and its cause instead of sitting still and judging direction and cause through the sense of sound. Miss Hofer suggested asking children what they *heard* on the way to school as well as what they *saw*.

Rhythm was next treated. Songs should be sung according to rhythm instead of according to beats. The sense of grouping, or bringing sense into the song, should be studied. The child should know the story told in the song before he sings it, so that he may understand the grouping of phrases and sing with expression and spirit.

Miss Hofer then sang several songs illustrating the different points of her lecture, at the conclusion of which she received enthusiastic applause and was warmly thanked by Mrs. Foster in the name of the association.

The meeting closed by all joining in singing Froebel's Hymn.

Froebel's Law and its Application. The members of The Kindergarten Union of New York and Vicinity were the guests of The Kraus Alumni Kindergarten Association at their January meeting.

Miss Bessie Demarest, acting as chairman, welcomed all present on behalf of The Kraus Alumni, then presented Mrs. Kraus, saying that the Kraus graduates could think of no better way to entertain and interest their guests than by inviting Mrs. Kraus to do it for them.

Mrs. Kraus's paper was on Froebel's Law, and its Application. She said: The problem of this world is educational. Froebel's philosophy was based on the study of the child's mind in all its phases and activities. His law of opposites, so called, had been known long before his time under various names. Froebel saw that this law of Nature should be the law for directing mental processes, and so he would have us present to the young child elementary forms and substances showing marked contrasts and connections that first impressions might be of few and simple objects as type forms from which to learn all others.

His materials were not given as mere toys to lead to lawlessness, but that the outward practical means might correspond to the law, and tend to the methodical formation of character.

Thus he made this law of Nature subservient to the culture of human beings. His plea was that true simplicity consisted in being true to Nature, and that to make the conditions favorable to growth is the function of education. As the blade of grass develops by the lawful arrangement of connected parts, so Froebel insists that the education of young children shall begin by lawful doing that shall culminate in lawful thinking and noble being.

Following Mrs. Kraus's address were brief remarks from Miss Hay, Miss Curtis, Mrs. Walton, Miss Dozier, Miss O'Grady, and Dr. Merrill.

Fort Worth, Texas.

Corn as Play Material. Being obliged to open a kindergarten before a full supply of kindergarten material could be procured, Miss Agnes T. Junkin, of Forth Worth, Texas, found herself largely restricted to the use of such "nature materials" as were at hand. The children enjoyed gathering pebbles to take to kindergarten, and these were used to some extent, being sorted into groups of large and small and designs being made with dark and light pebbles. But it was corn which gave chief satisfaction. The boys were delighted to bring, as their offering, beautiful dark red and light yellow ears, from which showers of kernels were obtained so that there was a plentiful supply for all.

When the sheep was the subject of story, song, and play, and the gifts received from the sheep were talked of, mittens were represented, of course, and in this fashion: Each child laid one hand flat upon the table, fingers close together and thumb extended, and then carefully outlined the hand with kernels laid close to each other. When the hand was lifted up, the outline was filled in with kernels so as to represent a mitten of solid color, or one with stripes, if this were preferred by some child able to lay the stripes.

The children's delight in these mittens was unbounded, and they always wanted to make another set to fit the other hand so that each child might have a pair.

The attention of the children was called to striped and checked patterns in dress materials and other cloths, and they enjoyed representing these also with the corn kernels.

As a substitute for lentils corn kernels have the advantage of better size for children to handle and of attractive color.

Blankenburg, Germany.

Work of the Children. Fräulein Eleonore Heerwart has begun the holding of mothers' meetings in Blankenburg, Germany. At the first meeting, the winter's program was explained, the children's occupations were shown, and songs were sung by the kindergartner and her assistant. Several of the parents were able to join in these kindergarten songs, having learned them from the children at home.

The children are from the families of pastor, doctor, shopkeeper, agriculturist, artisan, laborer, and they vary in age from four to six years. For the Gifts and Occupations, the children are classified into four divisions, and, as there are not always assistants enough, the elder children help the younger ones in matplaiting and sewing, which duty they enjoy very much.

Some of the older children are to go into the public school at Easter. These

are now so far advanced that they work with the more difficult Occupations and build with the Fifth Gift, enjoying the forms of symmetry. Only the designs which Froebel published in Blankenburg in 1843 are used, the originals of which are owned by the Froebel Memorial House. The children do paper twisting and also paper cutting, at present only the easy exercises preparatory to Froebel's course. The same older children have also commenced drawing, the more difficult forms of paper-folding and mat-plaiting, sewing on cardboard, and tablet-laying. They will soon begin peas-work, modeling and painting, such as Froebel planned. During the games all the children play together; and because they cannot now play on the veranda or in the garden, they have ball games and finger plays indoors.

Newark, New Jersey.

Presentation of a Loving Cup. Mr. Charles B. Gilbert, who has just accepted the position of superintendent of schools at Rochester, N. Y., has been at the head of the public school system of Newark for over four years, and during that period has promoted the growth of the kindergartens to an extent not accomplished in any city of its size in the same length of time.

Newark had but two kindergartens when Mr. Gilbert came, and now supports fifty-two (52). The untiring sympathy and loyalty toward this cause on the part of both Mr. Gilbert and Miss Ada Van Stone Harris, supervisor of primary schools and kindergartens, has made the kindergartens what they are to-day and has kindled in the kindergartners a spirit of enthusiasm and oneness rarely found in so large a body of workers.

Following the news of Mr. Gilbert's resignation came the desire to express in some way the good will, appreciation, and regret so strongly felt by the kindergartners, and the result was the presentation of a loving cup and a delightful and informal reception characterized by the happy coöperation of all, and, by nature of its being a complete surprise to Mr. Gilbert, astonishing a world of outsiders. For the first time on record one hundred and twenty-five women had kept a secret.

A regular meeting of the kindergartners had been called by Miss Harris for January 15 and Mr. Gilbert, having been asked to speak on the subject under discussion, arrived at the normal school, to be greeted, upon entering, with an unexpected round of applause, and found himself in a room beautifully decorated for the occasion. There were flowers and girls everywhere. The superintendent was quite equal to the emergency, however, and said that his audience hardly seemed prepared to listen to a serious educational talk, but everything seemed to speak of some joke. As he finished speaking, all arose and formed two circles around him while one of the number sang The Red, Red Rose. Then Miss Laura Morris, director of the Morton street kindergarten, stepping from one of the circles and addressing Mr. Gilbert, presented the loving cup as a token of appreciation of his earnest and sympathetic interest in the kindergarten cause. In accepting the cup Mr. Gilbert thanked the teachers not only for the gift as an expression of friendship and esteem, but also for the earnest work which has placed the kindergartens of Newark on so high a plane.

Light refreshments were served and songs arranged especially for the occasion were sung. The teachers then dispersed after wishing Mr. Gilbert every success and happiness in his new field of work. A GUEST.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

Home for the Normal Training School. It is a source of great happiness to the free kindergarten workers in Indianapolis that friends of the late William N. Jackson have decided to commemorate his long life of loving service for children and for every good cause by erecting a permanent home for the Kindergarten Normal Training School.

Plans for the building have already been made. They provide for a building with seventy feet front, one hundred feet deep, which will furnish living rooms for seventy-five young women students, as well as recitation rooms for the normal training school and model kindergarten. It is to be three stories high, with a basement. The two upper stories are to be used for living rooms, the first floor for the assembly, class, and officers' rooms, and model kitchen and dining room, and the basement for the kitchen, dining room, laundry, and storeroom.

The front is to be of selected brick with Bedford stone trimmings. A veranda twelve feet wide and thirty feet long, made of Bedford stone entirely, will adorn the front. The estimated cost is

$40,000. Such a building will probably require two lots. Leaders in the memorial movement have their eyes on two lots between the Alabama and Central avenue street car lines within walking distance of the center of the city.

Indianapolis Kindergarten Monthly.

Toledo, Ohio.

Five New Kindergartens.

Toledo is to be congratulated upon having five new kindergartens established in its public schools. It was originally intended to establish three, but upon the recommendation of President Dowd of the Board of Education, and Superintendent Chalmers, who found that the appropriation of $5,000 would more than pay for five such institutions, they were agreed on.

The kindergartens, which are located in the Jefferson, Newton, Auburndale, Southeast Toledo, and Birmingham schools, were opened January 28, with an aggregate attendance of about two hundred children, the age limit being placed from four to six years.

The corps of teachers is most efficient, as all are graduates of the Law Training School and have had experience.

Miss Edith Haughton is in charge at the Jefferson kindergarten, and is assisted by Miss May Haskins and Miss Katherine Forsythe.

The Birmingham kindergarten is under the direction of Miss Virginia B. Nauts, assisted by Miss Bessie Mettler; the Southeast Toledo kindergarten under Miss Sarah Chase, assisted by Miss Grace Wyant and Miss Burt.

Miss Jean S. Wilson is director in the Auburndale kindergarten and Miss Julia S. Ensworth in the Newton. The salary of each is placed at $450 per year.

Superintendent Chalmers announces that the attendance at each of the five public school kindergartens will be limited to eighty pupils.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The organization of the local committees for the Detroit meeting of the N. E. A. has been perfected, and plans for the entertainment of the visitors are rapidly nearing completion.

The advantages of Detroit as a convention city scarcely need enumeration. Its broad, shaded avenues lined with fine residences, its numerous parks and boulevards, its pure, clear, and invigorating atmosphere, and the well-known hospitality of its people combined with the charm of its beautiful river and island park, make it one of the most attractive cities in the world.

A committee of representative citizens and city officials has been formed to take general charge of all matters pertaining to the convention.

Oliver G. Frederick, assistant superintendent of schools, is chairman of the General Executive Committee and the responsible head of the local organization. All communications addressed to him will receive prompt attention.

The chairman of the local kindergarten committee is Miss Clara W. Mingins, supervisor of Detroit kindergartens.

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.

The next meeting of the National Congress of Mothers will be held in Columbus, Ohio, on May 21, 22, 23, and 24. Eminent specialists from all parts of the country will be upon the program, which will equal, if not surpass, in interest, those of former Congresses.

The City Federation of Women's Clubs and the Board of Trade in Columbus have undertaken all local arrangements for the meeting, and every attention to the comfort of guests will be afforded. Hotel and boarding house rates will be reasonable, and railroad rates, although not yet definitely announced, will be favorable. The proximity to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo will offer added inducements to attendance on the Congress.

Every provision for the convenience of accredited delegates and other members will be made. They will be entitled to reserved seats in all the meetings, and will receive tickets of invitation to all receptions.

One of the new features of the coming meeting will be the unusual time given to conferences of mothers upon special topics in which they are vitally interested.

It will be to the advantage of clubs and individuals contemplating attendance to unite with the Congress at the earliest possible moment, in order that they may receive credentials, programs, and all circulars of information concerning the meeting. A digest of the program will be sent out within a short time.

For further information apply to the corresponding secretary,

Mrs. E. R. Weeks,

3408 Harrison street, Kansas City, Mo.

ONTARIO EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The Ontario Educational Association meets in Toronto as usual during Easter week—April 9-11. On the program of the kindergarten section, of which Miss Anning is president, is a paper, The Use of the Mother-Play Book in Kindergarten, by Miss Clemmie Henderson, and one by Principal Scott of the Toronto Normal School, What Child Study has done for the Teaching World.

An afternoon is devoted to Art in the Kindergarten—practical work with Miss Jessie Semple, Drawing Supervisor, Toronto Public Schools, and another afternoon is devoted to Games, led by Miss Emma Duff. Miss Aylesworth will discuss A Director's Problems, and Miss Cody opens a discussion of First Year Training.

A Round Table on Mothers' Meetings and Neighborhood Work is also announced.

Jean R. Laidlaw,

Sec. Kindergarten Dept. O. E. A.

NEW ASSOCIATIONS, LECTURE COURSES, AND KINDERGARTEN REPORTS.

Fräulein Heerwart writes from Germany: "A letter has just arrived from an antiquary in Leipzig, offering a most interesting letter from Froebel written in 1842. Of course I must try to secure it for our museum. One learns more and more of Froebel through these letters."

Sites for seven of the ten kindergartens to be established by the Chicago, Ill., board of education this year have been selected by Superintendent Cooley in accordance with the instructions of the board given at the meeting held December 12. The remaining three kindergartens will soon be located and the entire list will be presented to the board for approval. The schools to which Mr. Cooley has decided to add kindergartens are, the Jones, Hammond, Cooper, Froebel, Schley, Fallon, and Motley. Mr. Cooley said: "I have endeavored to select such schools as have a patronage from families of limited means or foreign birth. In one district fifteen thousand children entered school in a single year unable to speak English. On account of their ignorance of the language very few were able to complete the first year's work in the first year. The four or five years spent in the schools by such pupils were less effective than they should have been. The introduction of kindergartens into such localities will do much to bring about better results."

Miss Margaret Cook, of Columbus, O., has been appointed a teacher in the kindergarten department of the Conference School for Girls at Hiroshima, Japan, and will leave for her future field of labor, going by way of Kobe, about March 1. The school to which Miss Cook will go has been established about fifteen years, and contains about four hundred pupils. It is under the Japanese Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The newly formed alumnæ of the graduates of the New Orleans, La., Free Kindergarten Association held its second meeting January 28, in the Kingsley House. The purpose of the meeting was to perfect plans for the winter's work, organize a program and adopt a constitution and by-laws. Miss Eleanor McMahon, the president, called the meeting to order, and the minutes were read by Miss Hannah Schatz, secretary. The other officers are Miss K. C. Rodd, vice-president, and Miss Jane Corkery, treasurer. The meeting was largely attended, and there are now about twenty-five young women graduates enrolled as members.

The Detroit, Mich., Industrial School and Free Kindergarten Association had its forty-third annual meeting January 14, at the residence of the president, Mrs. Henry A. Cleland. During the past year it had been found necessary to discontinue part of the work on account of a lack of funds, but it is expected that the two kindergartens on Winder street and on Michigan avenue will be again

carried on this year. The Fort street kindergarten and the Cadillac, now known as the McGregor Mission kindergarten, are in flourishing condition, particularly the Fort street, which is in a very poor district. Gifts from the Needlework Guild have supplied many of the children who attend it with necessary clothing. The average attendance at this kindergarten is forty-three and at the McGregor mission, twenty-three.

Gifts to the amount of $13,000 were announced at the annual meeting of the Cleveland, O., Day Nursery and Kindergarten Association, which was held January 31. One gift of $12,000 took the form of a contribution of $2,000 each from the six children of the late Mrs. S. A. Hanna, in memory of their mother, whose endowment of $2,000 several years ago helped to establish the first free kindergarten in the city. The other donation was a check of $1,000 from Mr. John D. Rockefeller through his son, which was sent to Mrs. M. E. Rawson, the president, to be devoted to whatever use the association thought fit.

Miss Alice Fitts will give a series of talks on kindergarten subjects on successive Friday afternoons, beginning February 8, in the Assembly Hall at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The spring meeting of the Connecticut Valley Kindergarten Association will be held at Hartford, March 16. Officers for this year are: Miss Fanniebelle Curtis, supervisor of Brooklyn, N. Y., kindergartens, honorary president; Miss Anne B. Wilson, Hartford, Ct., president; Mrs. M. L. Stock, Springfield, and Miss Ellen Munsell, Amherst, Mass., vice-presidents; Miss Carrie Meacham, Holyoke, Mass., secretary; Miss Florence Hill, Florence, Mass., treasurer; Miss Josephine Barry, Northampton, Mass., auditor.

The program for the February meeting of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Kindergarten Union included a short talk with singing of new kindergarten songs by John Hyatt Brewer, Brooklyn, and The Fletcher Music Method, illustrated, by Evelyn Ashton Fletcher, New York.

At the monthly meeting of the Chicago Kindergarten Club held February 9, Social Games were discussed as the month's sub-division of the general subject for the year, A Study of the Facts of Play as shown in the Fundamental Instincts. The following questions formed the basis for the treatment of the subject in several interesting papers. 1. What primitive social games have survived in the games of to-day? 2. Indicate lines of development in social games played at different periods of life. 3. Of what value are social games in the mental and moral development of the child? One paper was devoted to the treatment of the subject of traditional games and another showed the value of Froebel's games in the mental and moral development of the child.

The kindergartners of Winona, Minn., have organized the Winona Kindergarten Union, with Miss Lucy E. Browning as president, and Miss Ann Clark as secretary and treasurer. Monthly meetings are to be held to discuss kindergarten methods.

At the meeting of the Southern Educational Association held at Richmond, Va., December 28, Miss Minnie MacFeat of the kindergarten department of Winthrop Normal College, Rock Hill, S. C., was elected secretary of the kindergarten department instead of Mrs. Ida Lining as was stated in our last number.

Miss Mary E. Littell has been appointed director of kindergartens at Marion, O., in place of Miss Edith Haughton, who has taken a position in Toledo.

The kindergartners of Grand Rapids, Mich., have organized the Grand Rapids Kindergartners' Club with the following officers: Honorary president, Mrs. Lucretia Willard Treat; president, Miss Bertha Bradford; vice-president, Miss Louise Clark; secretary, Miss Martha Standish; treasurer, Miss Ada Lockwood.

The kindergarten section of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences has conducted three courses of lectures this winter. One course which has just been completed consisted of six illustrated lectures on Music, by Miss Mari Hofer. A special course has been given by prominent speakers on the following subjects: Shakespeare and the Mother Plays, The Kindergarten in Relation to the Brooklyn School System, and The Relation of the Kindergarten to the Elementary Schools. The course of lectures by Miss Blow has drawn large and enthusiastic audiences. Her subjects are: February 11, The Second Gift; February 25, The Organization of the Gifts; March 1, The Surprises of Experience; March 4, Making a Program; March 8, Typical Programs.

California has more college students in proportion to its population than any other state in the Union,—one in four hundred and nineteen.

The kindergartners of the Alfred Corning Clark Neighborhood House, New York city, held a Patriotic Party on Washington's Birthday, to which both the mothers and fathers were invited. There was a short address on the significance and meaning of the day, some appropriate songs and lantern slides of places of especial interest in connection with the growth of our country. The other general meetings of the year have been, a talk by a physician on the Care of the Eyes, a children's party at Christmas time, and the January meeting, at which Miss Hofer sang some charming children's songs.

The January meeting of the Pine Tree Kindergarten Association of Portland, Maine, was held at Miss Abby Norton's kindergarten rooms. It was a Eugene Field afternoon and a paper, illustrated by two readings,—Baked Beans and Culture and The Little Yellow Baby,—and three songs were given by Mrs. Frank B. Clark and greatly enjoyed by the members.

The public kindergarten is found now in thirty-six towns and cities of Massachusetts. There are 220 of these kindergartens, with 423 teachers and 14,257 pupils, each year since 1898, when the first data were gathered, showing an increase in each detail over the preceding.

Miss Teresa Hatch, of Aurora, Ill., has been selected by the school board committee as kindergartner at the East Fourth street school building, to succeed Miss Bertha Myers, who resigned her position some weeks ago.

A movement is on foot to have free kindergartens started in connection with the public schools of Williamsport, Pa.

Miss Winifred McMahon has opened a private kindergarten at her home, 57 Hollister street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miss Louise Hastings will open a kindergarten about April 1, at Randolph, Vt.

Miss Olivia Myers has secured a position as a kindergartner at Haledon, N. J.

Miss May Noyes, formerly assistant teacher at the Spalding kindergarten, Portsmouth, N. H., has accepted a similar position in Springfield, Mass.

A public kindergarten was opened in No. 6 school, Scranton, Pa., February 8, with Miss Belle Monahan as director.

The American Rotary Chart is an ingenious device for beguiling little children into learning something while they think they are only playing. It facilitates spelling and number work and would be a valuable plaything for the home as well as an adjunct for kindergarten or primary school. Teachers who are looking for new kinds of Busy Work will find here something unique and entertaining.

The stirring events in different parts of the world during recent years, as well as changes and advances in every department of life, have brought into use a great number of new words. This fact is particularly important to the makers of a great dictionary, and the new edition of Webster's International, which has just been issued, contains 25,000 new words and phrases. This dictionary now contains 2,364 pages and 5,000 illustrations and is in every sense a great book. The name of Dr. W. T. Harris at the head of the editorial staff is a tower of strength.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

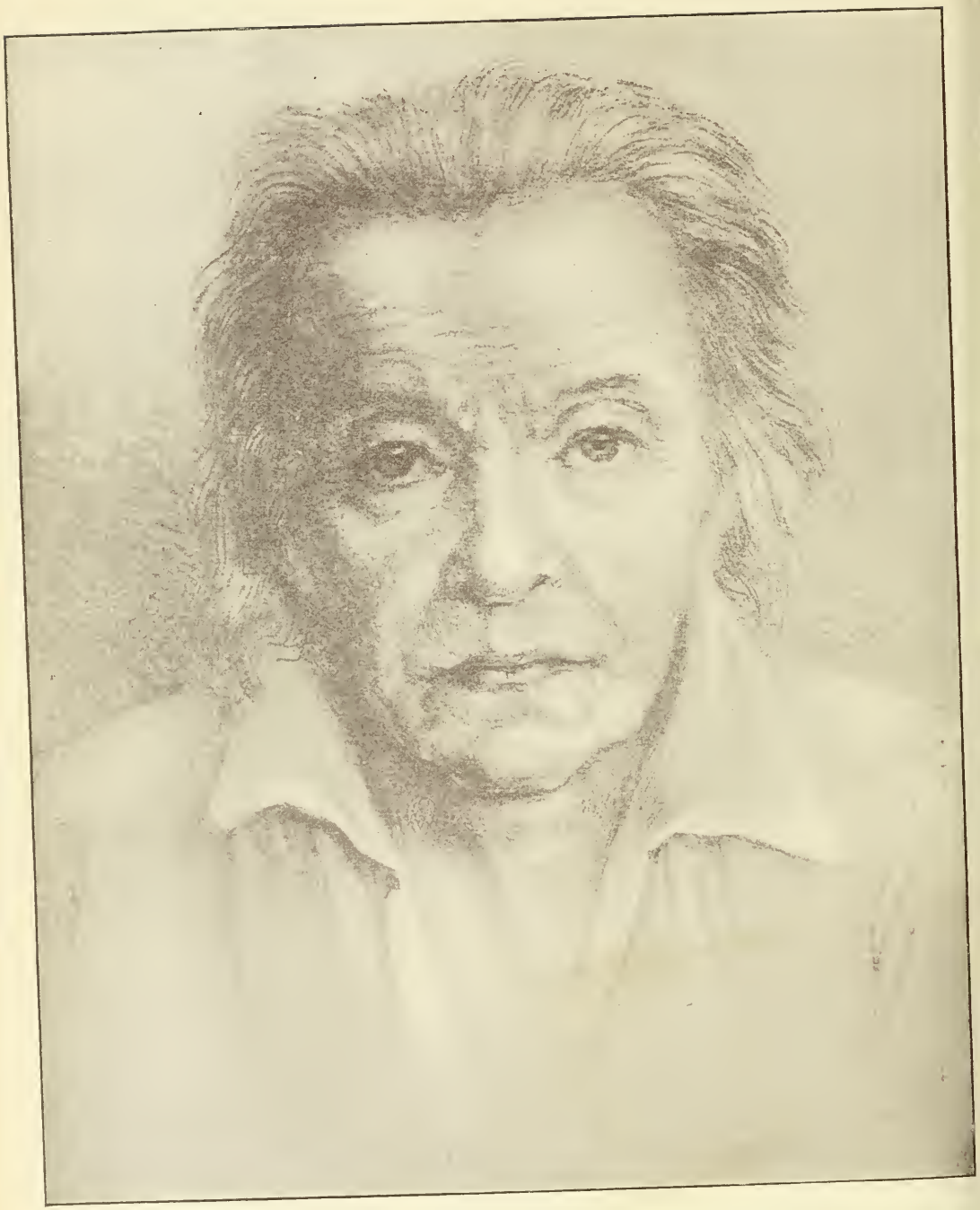
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.



PESTALOZZI.

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THE RELIGION OF PESTALOZZI.

By Lucy Lamont Gavit.

The sun set, but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye;
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again:
His action won such reverence sweet
As hid all measure of the feat.

—*Emerson.*

HAD Emerson written this verse to describe Pestalozzi's religion, he could hardly have done better, for it is in his "words more soft than rain," and his actions, winning "such reverence sweet," rather than in any professed or formulated religion, that we see the true faith of Pestalozzi. "The sun set, but set not his hope," —this ever-rebounding confidence in the goodness in human nature buoyed him up many a time when that goodness he could scarcely see; but he had the sensitive nature to feel its presence and to call it divine.

We are told that Pestalozzi's childhood was spent in an atmosphere of love, devotion, and peace. These, according to Pestalozzi's own theories, are just the elements needed to develop love, faith, and reverence in a child, as they truly did in his case. The sweet, devoted love of his mother and her faithful servant seem to have brought out in Pestalozzi "that gentle sincerity and active piety which finds pleasure even in renunciation and privation."

It was during his summer visits to his grandfather, Andrew Pestalozzi, a pastor in a little village near Zurich, that he learned to know and love Nature, the interpreter of God. Visiting with his grandfather the poor and needy of the village, his love and sympathy for humanity were awakened, and the earnest devotion of his grandfather made a strong impression upon the boy, who afterward said:—

"The best way for a child to learn

to fear God is to see and hear a real Christian."

At that time he determined to devote his life to religious work. He began the study of theology; but, finding that he could not bring himself to accept the formulated doctrines of the Church, he abandoned this profession for another. He chose the *doing* rather than the *talking* of religion. People of his day said that he was an "unbeliever"; and no doubt he may have appeared so to them, for he did not believe in the formal teaching of the catechism, and declared that he cared less for heaven than for earth. He could devise no vocabulary for his own beliefs, and tried to say little about them; and when writing he strove to avoid everything that would be likely to wound any man's religious convictions. The mass of Protestants at that time were preaching an exceedingly narrow, doctrinal theology, that denied in man the power of working out his own development in any degree; and, what was still more abhorrent to the large-hearted, true-souled Pestalozzi, they refused to see in the child a single element of God. But a man who loved as Pestalozzi loved, giving his whole being to the lives of forlorn children, had a spiritual life, a truly religious life, deeper and more far-reaching than any life animated by mere dogma.

All through his writings, one sees this depth of spiritual feeling and thought, which constituted Pestalozzi's religion. Our religious convictions must be in accord with our view of life, our interpretation of life; and to Pestalozzi, who understood life in a way so different from the interpretations of his time, the religion of his day was impossible. He incarnated the Spirit of God as he felt it;—what could be a truer religion?

Religion, to Pestalozzi, was not an abstraction to be talked about, but a life to be lived. He was too broad a thinker to confine his love and spiritual life to some doctrinal dogma. He loved the whole of humanity, and felt that his life was fundamentally identical with that of humanity. He was convinced that the degradation of human life about him vitally concerned himself;—not that he felt himself to be injured by it, but that, in so far as he knew better the causes and the cure, he was called upon to redeem and to call into activity the latent spiritual life, which was the same life as was in him also. He genuinely loved.

In all of his work with his pupils, the spirit of a real father was in his teaching. He lived near them in mind and spirit, and felt that this fatherly fellowship bore so important a part in the education of children, that in his writings he tried to convince mothers of the vital educational opportunity embodied in the normal work and relationships of their own homes. He taught, yet further, that the foundations of the religious life of a child are laid in the commonplace acts of love and devotion, intelligently performed.

The depth and breadth of Pestalozzi's life were shown in the work that he did and the ideal toward which he was ever striving. His was

a great work for the remote future, the real benefits of which we now, after several generations, are only just beginning to reap. Whether or not his thought of its possibilities was conscious, his work was for humanity at large. He was laboring for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of the Spirit, feeling himself to be identical in spirit not only with his own generation but with those to come after. The obstacles that he surmounted, the painful struggles and difficulties through which he passed (and they were many and great), only brightened his hope and strengthened his conviction that we are all one in spirit, even with those remote from us in space and in time.

"The religion that is to satisfy us," says Felix Adler, "must be a religion of progress, evolution, of development, understood not in the scientific but in the moral sense." To me, such was Pestalozzi's religion. He could not define it in exact scientific terms, but he understood it in his moral sense. Far in advance of his time, through his experience and his own inner life, he interpreted religion, a religion of progress that fitted his needs. He felt that we must be constantly developing and progressing, especially in a moral direction, but the formal creeds and doctrines of the Church he could not accept. Yet shall anyone say that this man, who had the breadth of mind and spirit to leave us so great a legacy of educational inspiration and experience, who, seeing in every member of humanity the divine Spirit, took into his own life the neglected life of the Swiss peasantry, loving the fatherless and caring for the outcast,—shall anyone say that he was without religion? Unto whom more than unto him may be said:—

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto these least, ye have done it unto Me"?

EASTER.

By Lucy A. Haskell.

Hear how the heart of nature sings
Its joy this Easter morn,
When beauty from the dead earth springs
And glorious day is born!

Creation's ceaseless waves of sound,
In harmony complete,
Convey the joyous choral round
With glad new life replete.

Each growing grass blade's dewy tip,
Each brooklet's rippling play,
Each flower with opening cup or lip,
Each bird on budding spray,

The sea, the wood, the wind that blows,
Their new-found joy declare;
There 's not a lowly thing that grows
But breathes unconscious prayer.

Sing, heart of man! With nature bring
Your offering of praise.
A joyful Easter anthem sing,
A hymn of glory raise.

—*Selected.*

WHY SHE HELD MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

By a Kindergartner.

IT was the opening day of the kindergarten, the first kindergarten started in the little suburban town. Elizabeth Davenport stood in the doorway of the sunny and attractive room, welcoming the mothers and their small charges as they arrived at the door, breathless, most of them, their breathlessness resulting partly from timidity and partly from toiling up the short hill on which the public school stood.

The kindergarten, voted in at an enthusiastic public meeting of the summer before, was received into the long-established school, by the members of the faculty, with a strong feeling of suspicion and distrust. The kindergartner, a stranger to the place, and unconscious of this feeling, was filled with enthusiasm and hope and love. Her face was wreathed in smiles as she shook hands with each mother and drew her into the room. The little shy children, clinging to their mothers' skirts and peering at her with half-frightened, half- friendly eyes, she gently led to the little chairs arranged in a circle in the center of the room, and with simple, encouraging words and voice directed their notice to the various things prepared for their pleasure; then she left them to become better acquainted while she welcomed still newer arrivals.

The mothers, most of them from among the poorer, hard-working classes, hung about the door in an awkward bunch, curious to see this

new thing, and yet not sure of a welcome should they venture in. Elizabeth, seeing this, said: "Can you not come in and visit us to-day? You are very welcome. I shall be glad to have you. Here are some chairs." Thus encouraged, some of the mothers came in and sat down, rather surprised to find themselves seated so comfortably and informally in the school of which they had always stood in awe, and from which they had, as a rule, kept at a respectful distance unless compelled by necessity to come within its bounds.

Who can estimate the worth of the revelation which that morning's short experience in the kindergarten gave to those poor over-burdened women? They looked with secret wonder and admiration at the pleasant, neatly dressed young woman whose gentle voice seemed to dispel fear and command obedience. How she got all those little gaping bits of humanity marshaled into line was a wonder to the lookers-on; and then with what pride and joy did each observe her own children marching happily along, imitating every movement of the leader. Presently the children were all seated at the tables and every face beamed with pleasure as the work and play of the morning progressed. In the most loving, thoughtful, and tactful way, the children were led from one thing to another until the morning ended and they left with smiling faces and shy good-byes.

The mothers who had been able to stay throughout the morning went down the hill discussing the new teacher. All had found her charming; but as one said: "It 's all fine enough, and one can see she 's new at it; but just wait a month and she 'll be rapping them over the head like the rest of the teachers has ter."

"Faith, I don't believe a word of it," warmly responded a stout Irish woman,—who was afterwards to be a stanch supporter of Miss Davenport; "anny one can see she just loves them. Did yer see now, how she held my Johnnie's hand at partin' and axed him to be sure and come to-morrow?"

"Well, she 's perlite enough, annyway;" said another. "She axed us ter come in as if 't was a foine parler and we ladies like herself."

After Elizabeth Davenport had said good-bye to the last visitor, she turned to her desk and recorded the names of the children in a school diary, writing under each name what she had noticed about that child, as to character, etc.; and under the heading "Parents" she put: "Mothers diffident but friendly. Interested but very ignorant. Evidently not used to visiting the school. I wonder if it is not the custom here?"

While she was thus engaged, the principal sauntered in to see how she had fared through the morning. In answer to his inquiry, she responded brightly: "Thank you, I fared very well. Quite a number of children appeared, and some mothers, too. They seemed very much interested."

"Yes, yes, they will come," replied the principal, "but don't let them bother you. Send them off if they are in the way."

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Davenport in a low tone, "I am sure they will never be troublesome. Indeed I enjoy having them come, and feel glad to see them show an interest in the education of their children."

"That 's all very well, my dear Miss Davenport, but they may prove troublesome, nevertheless. And, by the way, speaking of trouble, if any of the children annoy you, send them to me. I 'll settle them."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Miss Davenport, in genuine surprise.

"Why, send them to my room and I 'll punish them."

"I hope I won't have to resort to such a thing," responded Miss Davenport. "I should not wish to trouble you at all hours; and, besides, I cannot imagine not being able to manage my own department."

"Well, if you manage your own department and take charge of your own punishing, you will be the first teacher I have ever had who has done so," said the principal, as he walked away.

The days came and went, and the attendance of the kindergarten and the interest centered in it gradually increased. Almost every morning some mother would come in for a few moments; but, as they were very busy women, the visits were brief and the intervals longer between as the novelty wore off. Still, the mothers had by no means lost their interest in the kindergarten or their faith in the kindergartner. Every day the children were eagerly questioned by the other members of the family as to what had occurred and what they had made in the kindergarten. Their little gifts were examined with interest and admiration, and were used to adorn the plain and often marred walls. Miss Davenport's journal also grew from day to day.

Thursday.—The mothers speak of my "wonderful patience." It saddens me to know that patience such as I possess should seem wonderful to them. I must visit them and see what patience they possess, and how they treat *my* children.

Friday.—Mrs. Kelly need not talk of *my* patience! I think I should have very little if I were situated as she is, poor woman! Last night she was trying to get supper for a tired husband, with a frying pan in one hand and a sick, fretful baby on the other arm. A toddler of two years was clinging to her skirts, and four other children were making noise enough for twenty on the piazza just outside. All were dirty and tired. No wonder she suddenly laid the baby down and boxed the ears of all within reach! And when they one and all fled, she wiped some genuine tears from her eyes and apologized for doing it. Of course, it all might be different even on the Kelly's small income, if Mrs. Kelly could manage better and knew more; but she tries to be a good mother, and certainly needs help and sympathy.

Alas! I have discovered, without visiting, how poor naughty little Jean is treated. That tiny baby hand! How could her mother do it! To-day she, the fat Italian mother, came to the kindergarten, dragging Jean, who is but four years of age, by the hand.

"I hear Jean makka you trouble,"

she said. "You putta her in de corner,—no good! no good! Jean very bad; Jean never care. You do this." Then the dreadful creature made several jabs at Jean's hand with a large brass pin, while the poor baby, old in misery, struggled and cried and glared at her mother with hate and defiance in her eyes.

"Oh, no!" I said, and caught Jean up in my arms,—poor little thin bundle of dirty clothes! "Oh, the wee little hands!" I could not help kissing the one that clutched mine. "Jean will be good for me."

"Mind, then, you do," said the mother, and went away. So this explains Jean's furious temper and sullenness. But then, I suppose I must also pity the mother!

Monday.—It is one thing for a woman like that Italian to do what she did, but how can I explain Mrs. Ridder's action to-day? Mrs. Ridder is young and pretty, full of life and fun, and is also a doctor's wife. She complained to me that her son Frank did not come home promptly, that he was sometimes an hour on the way, and that she feared he was playing with the village children.

"He 's so headstrong," she said, "I simply cannot manage him. The only way is to frighten him well. Tell him that a black bear will catch him, do, Miss Davenport, so as to make him come home. He won't believe me, but he may listen to you."

I stared at her in utter amazement.

Here was a woman who calmly confessed that she had lost her son's confidence by lying to him, and who, in the same breath, urged the child's teacher to brutally terrorize him until reason should teach the child no longer to fear his teacher either, she, too, being a liar. And yet, this woman was afraid of the evil influence of the village children!

At first, I could not speak. I was afraid of what I might say. But at length a flood of pity welled up from my soul, and, taking her hand, I said: "I am sure that I can find some way of getting Frankie to go home promptly; but, of course, I do not wish to frighten him. Do you not think that would have a harmful influence upon him?"

"But what can you do?" she asked.

"I do not know now," I replied; "but there must be some right way."

She went away evidently thinking of what I had said. I must find some way now to help little Frank.

Tuesday.—To-day, after the other children had gone, I called Frank to me and said: "Did you ever see a steam car going along the track?" He was at once interested; and after a little conversation I led him to think that he would like to be an engine himself, and see how fast he could go from the school to his home. So I went out to the front gate with him and started him off. Away he went, tchoo! tchoo-ing! down the road at a great rate, his yellow curls floating out behind in place of the trailing steam.

Wednesday.—Yesterday afternoon I called on Mrs. Ridder and found that it had taken Frank only five minutes to reach home. She was much pleased with the result.

Monday (several weeks later).—

Frank goes home promptly every day now. Sometimes he is a horse and prances a great deal; or again, he pretends that he is a trolley car or a messenger boy or the doctor's gig. He evidently finds this more interesting than his former games.

Tuesday.—Some of the children still come with very dirty hands. I wonder if what Raphael Barber says is true,—that they must carry all the water from a brook two fields away, and that when the water is frozen they do not wash. I must have soap and towels here and have those children wash their faces and hands before school. Will visit the Barbers' and see.

Wednesday.—Florence James is certainly too self-conscious and bashful. I wonder what the trouble is! She is a perfect romp on the playground, among children of her own age, but before me she giggles and stammers. She has a bad influence on the other children because she does not do promptly and as a matter of course, what I ask her to do. Must visit her in her home.

Thursday.—My visit last night showed me the cause of Florence's misbehavior. She is noticed too much at home. She is always present in conversation. Her mother praises her hair, her eyes, her dress, before her face; tells of her "cute" ways when a baby; teases and entreats her to sing the kindergarten songs. Mrs. James is evidently ignorant of the harm she is doing. I hope a good opportunity will soon offer for me to suggest something different to her.

Friday.—To-day I had one of those struggles that make me sympathize with all who have souls to train and who feel that, after all, they themselves are but groping in the dark and must trust finally to their first instincts of love. My poor little Dennie was to-day like Jacob struggling with the Angel. I have so many children that I must insist on perfect and prompt obedience to the word of command, otherwise there would be endless confusion. To-day Dennie came in shivering with cold, from which his miserable clothes could not protect him, and holding firmly in one hand a marble. We sang and marched and said good morning, during which time Dennie was continually dropping the marble and scrambling under chairs and tables to recover it. So when we went to the tables, I said: "Dennie, let me put the marble here on my desk until after school," and held out my hand for it, never doubting that he would give it up immediately, since the other children often gave me things to keep for them. But Dennie shook his head and said: "No! no!" "Well, then, put it in your pocket," I replied, "for it must not be dropping on the floor all the time." But, alas! Dennie had no pocket in his ragged little jersey suit. "Then bring the marble here," I said, "and put it where you can get it again when you go home." But still he resisted. For a while I did not urge him, wishing to give him plenty of time to think the matter over. In the meantime I devoted my attention to the other children, and the marble again rolled on the floor. "What!"

said I, in pretended surprise, "is the marble not put up yet? Now take it, Dennie, and put it away while I count ten. If by that time you have not put it away, then I must take it, for it annoys us all."

Slowly and solemnly I counted ten, giving him all the time I could; and then I firmly and gently undid the little hand and put the marble high up with some other toys beyond his reach but where he could see it. Then the storm came. He shrieked with rage at the top of his lungs. He rushed at me and tried to bite me. He rushed to the door to go home but evidently thinking he would by so doing lose the marble altogether, he returned, passionately sobbing, and finally sinking into his chair with his eyes fixed on the marble. By and by I succeeded in distracting his attention with music and the gay balls. But often he would look at the marble and then at me with a cowed and sad look that cut me to the heart. In fact, I doubted greatly at what I had done; and as I looked at the dirty little "mig" on the desk, it became a most precious jewel, being, perhaps, the child's only plaything, his greatest treasure.

Of course, the other children had seen the whole performance; so, at the end of the morning, I was careful to let them all see when I returned the marble to Dennie, saying, as I did so, in a cheerful and matter-of-fact voice: "Here is your marble, Dennie; I have kept it safe for you." I shall never forget the look of wonder that came into the little face raised to mine, as the marble passed slowly from my hands into his. "Good-bye, dear," I said; but without a word he slowly walked away. Tiny little resolute man, defending your treasures from brute force, God bless you and help you to learn my meaning!

Monday.—I surely had doubts of ever seeing Dennie again; but to-day he marched into the kindergarten, said "Good morning," and held out his hand, in which was the precious marble, saying: "Will you take care of it for me?" How my heart leaped with joy, as I realized that he understood! But I merely said: "Of course I will, Dennie. See, I will put it right here; and do you come and ask for it when you are going home."

It seems as if, in Dennie's home, might must be right, for he does not appear to have been justly treated. I must try and find out about it.

Tuesday.—Bessie Thornton uses very bad language and is very rough. She is a veritable little street waif. I have seen her dodging in and out of the stores at night, with older children, trying to tease the Chinaman and the little tailor. Her mother works out by the day and troubles her head very little about Bessie. To-day I saw Bessie kicking on her door and sobbing with rage because she could not get it open. I called to her, and she said: "That woman (meaning her mother, I suppose) has gone away and locked the door and I can't get in for my dinner!"

"What would you have if you could get in?" I asked.

"Oh! a piece of bread," she said,

"What did you have for breakfast?" I asked. "Some bread and a cup of tea," she answered.

I took her home and had the satisfaction of seeing her eat a bowl of hot soup and a baked potato. I must talk to Mrs. Thornton. I shudder to think what Bessie may become in a few years under such treatment.

Thursday.—To-day I had a pleasant visit with Mrs. Drake, whose children, Annie and Susie, are with me. Mrs. Drake was much confused that I should catch her playing tag in the back yard with her children, but I was delighted to see a real mother. She showed me the children's toys,—such sensible dolls and balls and little stoves. Each child has a kitten, too, and they have plants which they tend with loving care. I wish some of the other mothers could see Mrs. Drake's nursery and talk with her. She is a house painter's wife.

Friday.—Albert did not wish to take his weaving mat home to-day. He had worked hard to finish it, and I could not understand why he did not care to carry it home as the other children did theirs. After some reluctance, he said that his mother did not care for these things and she gave them to baby to play with or let them be thrown in the scrap basket or fire. I gave him a box and a corner of the room where he could keep his things and he was delighted.

Monday.—Saturday I called on several of the mothers and was overwhelmed by the welcome bestowed upon me in every house. Every time I make such visits I understand my children better and enjoy my work with them more. I have made a mistake in thinking that Emma is stupid. She is only shy, and rather slow in grasping any new idea. In her own home she talks a great deal about the kindergarten, has taught her sister all the songs and games, and tries to imitate what we do at kindergarten, with bits of wood and paper at home. She takes a good deal of care of the baby and is very helpful and altogether different from what I had thought.

Tuesday.—The children bring the strangest things for lunch!—a yard of licorice which they get for a penny, mouldy cheese, unripe apples, cake, candy, pie. I wonder if children can eat everything, and if these mothers realize in the slightest degree what effect wholesome food has upon the child! I wish I could get all the mothers together and talk to them about it. I should like to know what they think about a good many things. It takes so long to go to each one separately.

Friday.—Only about one third of the children have any idea of the use of a handkerchief. Anything serves in its stead,—sleeves, petticoats, or hands. I must have some cheap handkerchiefs here and encourage the children to bring their own.

Tuesday.—These flying weeks of kindergarten have wrought a great change in my children while they *are* mine. They behave much better than at first. They are more frank, cleaner, and all have brightened up wonderfully. I wonder whether this shows at all in the homes. I should like to ask the mothers.

Monday.—To-day I saw quiet little Johnnie frightening a kitten. He evidently did not appreciate what he was doing. I succeeded in catching the kitten and, learning that it was a stray cat, I brought it to the kindergarten. Johnnie took care of it most faithfully after it was introduced to him as a friend, and offered to bring it some milk in a bottle.

Friday.—The kitten thrives, and gives the children great pleasure, especially when it solemnly mounts upon a chair and joins our morning circle. We have quite a menagerie, with the kitten, a lame bird, several caterpillars which are spinning cocoons in a box, a large green katydid, and the tadpoles in the big jar.

This morning I met a mother who said: "Your visit did me so much good,—I wish I could see you oftener."

I replied, "Yes; there are many things we could talk about that would help us both in caring for the children. I should enjoy seeing you often, but I have so little time. One call every two or three months is all I can make on each mother."

She was a good Scotch woman and very intelligent. Suddenly she said: "Supposen we all called on you? Then you could see us all together several times a month."

"That would be a fine idea," I said. "But you have even less time than I."

"That 's so," she replied; but she looked wistful. Now why could n't I invite all the mothers here once, anyway, and have some refreshments and give them a good time?

Several weeks later.—I have acted on my impulse and we have had what I hope will be one of many such pleasant meetings. How glad I was to see these mothers, to grasp their hands, to look into the weary faces, to introduce them to one another, to see the smiles appear as I talked of the children. We had tea and cake and I actually got them to learn a little song to teach to the children, and some few talked freely. They all seemed to enjoy the meeting very much and when they left, asked me to have another.

As Elizabeth Davenport wrote and read her kindergarten journal, she saw more and more the necessity of having the close friendship of the mothers. Problems kept arising which she could not solve without their help. When Mrs. Brewster spoke of mothers' meetings Elizabeth was delighted, and went to the principal of the school to ask him if she might use the kindergarten room for such a meeting, and spoke of her hope that the meetings would grow. He looked at her in surprise, and demanded: "What do you want to do that for?"

"For several reasons," she replied; "principally, to become better acquainted with the parents. I feel that a great deal of good may result from a closer union between parent and teacher."

"But, do you realize the added care and trouble?" asked the principal.

"Oh, yes; but it will certainly be a help in my work and lead to good results."

"Well, do as you please, Miss Davenport; but as for me I would n't touch trouble with a ten foot pole. By the way," he added with some curiosity, "what are you going to teach them?"

"I have not planned all that yet. So far, I have thought only of meeting to consult together; the mothers will teach me as much as I shall teach them," said Miss Davenport; and her heart sank a little, for she had hoped to have hearty coöperation from the teachers, never doubting that what so appealed to her would seem needed to them also.

"Well, it 's a good thing you are going to begin modestly, for you will probably get talked out soon," was the only reply made by the principal.

The first meeting was a social success anyway, but Miss Davenport wondered if after all she were competent to do this thing. There was already a club for women in the village, and once a week this club had lectures from various reformers in household science and kindred subjects. This, however, did not seem to satisfy them, and only a few of the kindergarten mothers attended. As Miss Davenport pondered, she suddenly saw the need and object of her own especial meetings. To get the mothers to talk about their own difficulties, their own homes and children, to make them do the work, that is, manage the meetings, provide the refreshments, discuss the subject, greet one another,—this would be her aim. Accordingly, she went to several mothers who could help in this way, and obtained enough money to buy cups and plates and spoons, an oil stove, teakettle, teapot, etc. These she put in the kindergarten closet, and, for the next meeting, asked her "German mother," for an apple cake, and another for the tea, sugar, and milk. Two other mothers were appointed to receive the guests, and still two more were invited to speak a few words on the subject for the day and so start the others. These were all chosen with great care. Elizabeth herself did everything and yet apparently nothing. The second meeting was felt to be even more profitable than the first.

Each meeting suggested to her the thought for the next. In choosing the subjects, she tried to keep in closest touch with the mothers' needs. To get the mothers to talk, to find out what they thought and how they governed, was her purpose. In an informal way, various vital subjects were discussed, such as, Punishment, Children's Lies, Bedtime, the Hours of Play, Cleanliness, Value of Time, Industry, Children's Rights, A Child's Christmas Presents, Children's Books, and so on. Every subject had an especial interest to some one. Again and again, the mothers learned to their surprise that almost every fault of the child could be traced back to themselves; and they began to be more critical of their own actions and habits.

One day when they were talking about correcting children, one mother said, as if she could contain herself no longer: "Be careful how you slap your baby's hands when he does anything naughty, for I know now that it was myself that taught my

boy to strike his brothers and sisters. Faith, I did n't mean it so; but he took it that I slapped him when he had anything *I* wanted, and he gave it up because I was so much bigger than he." Again, one day, the subject was the way in which children tell untruths; but the talk drifted back to the years when these mothers were children themselves, and, with blushes and laughter, they told some of their own shortcomings in truthfulness; and Miss Davenport gently led them to reasoning about why they made up stories and how they were punished, about whether the punishment was just or did any good. The conversation grew very lively and many anecdotes were told; but the mothers went away in a thoughtful mood, seeing their children's actions in a more sympathetic light as they looked through the glasses of their own childhood.

Again we will quote from the diary.

Monday.—What a help these mothers' meetings are! In the first place, they not only give rest and pleasure to the mothers, but they help them to help and to reason. Now if I notice a fault in any one child I have only to speak of it in a general way and soon it is corrected. The children are more prompt, and are quite clean; their clothes are mended, the lunch is simple and more wholesome. I cannot see why these good results are not worth the trouble, and why mothers' meetings would not be desirable throughout the school.

Wednesday.—To-day I had a pleasant surprise. The primary teacher came to borrow some of the song books, so as to teach her children some of the kindergarten songs. She also expressed a desire to attend one of the meetings. Of course, I was delighted, and told her to come and to extend the invitation to the mothers of all her children.

The primary teacher is a sensible and motherly young woman. She saw much that pleased her that first day and has since come in often to the kindergarten meetings. When the first kindergarten class went up into the primary room, it came to be quite the natural thing for them to go on with the kindergarten songs and finger plays, and even for us all to unite for games on rainy days. So a friendship grew between the mothers, the kindergartner, and the primary teacher. By and by the other teachers began to drop in, to attend the cheery little meetings; and they, also, saw how one could be a teacher and yet a friend, and how the something which they had feared might happen if they were too well acquainted with the mothers, was really a bogey that vanished when approached. One of the teachers in the higher grades, who taught well, said to Miss Davenport when asked to attend the meetings: "I feel that I can do better work the less I know of the peculiarities of my pupils. I want strict discipline. The children must be right "up to grade" and I must be severe. I feel that when they leave me at the end of the school day that 's the last I want to know of them until nine o'clock the next morning." At the end of the year the same teacher

said to Miss Davenport: "Elizabeth, it is only fair to you to say that our reading club and walking club, our pictures and plants, and the new interest and life that have come into my schoolroom, are due to the thoughts I have gained here. How brave you were, Elizabeth, to stand alone! But you shall stand alone no more, my dear, for we have been making beautiful plans for next year. We thought we would surprise you. All the parents are to be invited for separate or union meetings, and each of the teachers has promised to take charge of a meeting. I shall bring my stereopticon some evening and give a talk on my trip to Washington."

Elizabeth gave a joyful little cry and said, "Oh, how good that is! We 'll work together and each one take her own subject. You all know so much! How we shall all improve by helping one another in this way!"

So "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Elizabeth still works on patiently, earnestly, joyfully, thinking no sacrifice too great for her children. But all this, you must remember, happened in a little out-of-the-way country district, a long, oh! a very long way from here.

THE SILVER MOON.

By Angelina W. Wray.

O! Moon, silver Moon, you are shining so bright!
I wonder, dear Moon, what you 're watching to-night.
Do you watch the white clouds, like the ships, sailing by?
Do you watch the bright stars twinkle up in the sky?
The wee sleepy babies, so dimpled and small,
And the red rose asleep by the gray garden wall?

O! Moon, silver Moon, you are shining so bright!
I wonder, dear Moon, what you 're hearing to-night.
Do you hear the soft song that the little brook sings?
Do you hear the low rustle of fluttering wings?
The faint little chirp that the mother bird makes
When one of her baby birds startles and wakes?

O! Moon, silver Moon, send your tenderest light
On all the dear children who slumber to-night.
Look lovingly down from the dark midnight sky
And steadily shine while the hours go by;
And tell of Our Father who watches above
Protecting and keeping us all in His love.

AN OLD PICTURE OF MARIENTHAL,

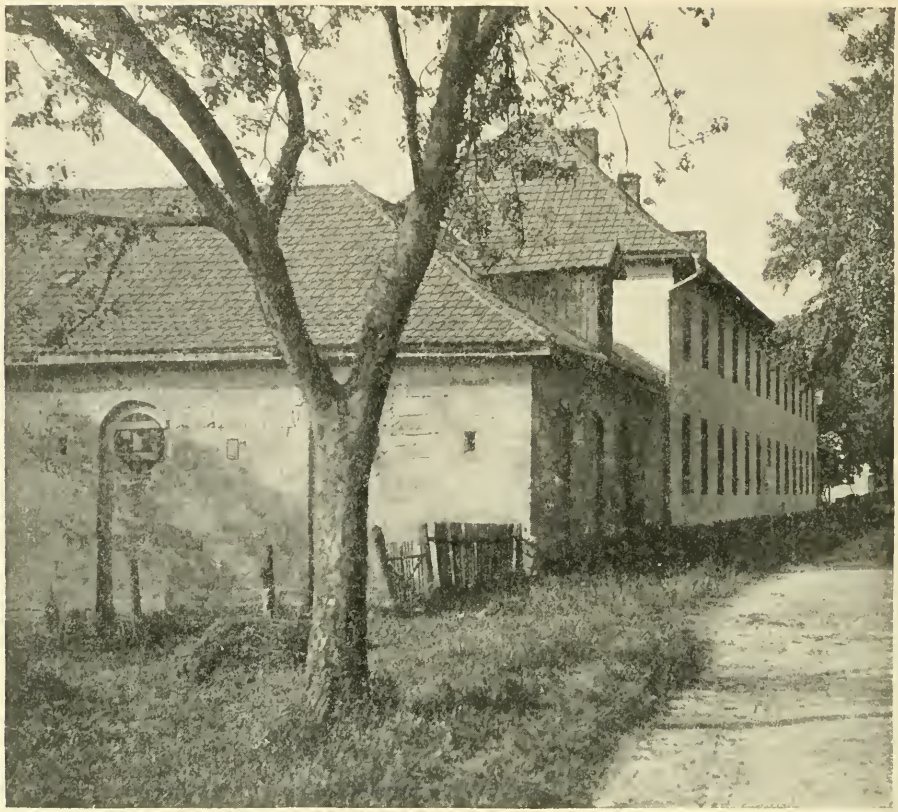
FROEBEL'S LAST RESIDENCE, 1850-1852.

By Eleonore Heerwart.

AMONG the relics which have come into my possession through the death of a dear friend, there is a picture of Marienthal, a little landscape, five and one half by three and one half inches, mounted on cardboard, without glass or frame, but carefully wrapped in tissue paper. It shows a group of trees to the left, under two of which—a lime and a chestnut—Froebel and his pupils are sitting. These pupils are young ladies, and among them, no doubt, is his second wife, for he had lately married (9th of June, 1851). Frau Luise Levin Froebel survived her husband until January 4, 1900, first carrying on his work and always feeling the near presence of his spirit about her. The middle and right side of the picture is filled by the long white house, a two-storied building with eleven windows in the upper row. The rooms of the second story were occupied by Froebel and his establishment. This last abode was given to Froebel by the Duke of Meiningen, the kind and thoughtful Madam Marenholtz having suggested to him that Froebel ought no longer to occupy a farmer's house in Liebenstein. Madam Marenholtz spent the summers of 1849-51 in Liebenstein, where she made the acquaintance of Froebel, becoming afterward his friend and ardent disciple. The front of the Marienthal house has been somewhat altered by the present owner, who has ornamented the windows by cornices, and the middle of the house by a balcony and porch; but the lawn and trees, silent witnesses of bygone days, are still the same as when Froebel played his games with the village children or taught the young ladies here in the open air. There is no special beauty of architecture, no grandeur about the place; but its simplicity made it a suitable home for him, whose life was spent for others and not devoted to his own comfort.

This picture will always remind us of the last two years of Froebel's life, which were spent at Marienthal; but the special print which has been given to me is of great interest, for it bears on the margin the names, written in pencil, of those faithful friends who had followed Froebel's call in that memorable year, 1851, and who had gathered round him in the days from September 27-29, to assure him of their allegiance to his cause.

Readers of his biography know that shortly before (August 7th), Froebel had received the news that kindergartens were prohibited in the kingdom of Prussia, under that narrow-minded minister, von Raumer, who apprehended danger to State,



Old Farmhouse in which Froebel Lived at Liebenstein.

Church, and Society from Froebel's doctrines. To explain this action, it must be remembered that one of Froebel's nephews, Julius Froebel, was a renowned and clever politician, who sat among the advanced party in the German Parliament in Frankfort-on-the-Main, 1848-49. His pew in St. Paul's church of that city may still be seen. Julius Froebel escaped being shot in Vienna, with other members of that Parliament, by the intervention of the Austrian minister, Prince of Windishgrätz. Another nephew, Karl, who had a flourishing school in Zurich, Switzerland, was induced by some leading ladies in Hamburg to take charge of a girls' high school in that city. This school was rather in advance of others of its time; but as it reflected some eccentric ideas held by those ladies it was ordered to be closed. Unfortunately von Rammer confused the kindergarten and Friedrich Froebel with this school and Julius Froebel, and the kindergarten was also put under a ban. (The very same ideas on educational and political matters, which in those days seemed so dangerous to Prussia, have long since been realized in Germany.)

To Froebel, the blow was very severe. In his 69th year, he saw his life long labor for the education and elevation of mankind apparently

crushed down by the mistake of one man. Madam Marenholtz, who heard the news from the Duke of Meiningen, with whom she was dining at the castle of Altenstein, thought at first that her illustrious host was joking; but she soon learned that the report was only too true. The duke showed her the interdict, published in a newspaper. Immediately after dinner Madam Marenholtz went down to Marienthal, where she found Froebel, who had already heard the news, sitting in his room talking it over with his wife.

Froebel wrote a plea to the Prussian Minister, stating that his system of education was based on religion, respect for law, and love of country; but this had no effect—the prohibition was not annulled. Nor was Froebel's letter to King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. any more successful, although Madam Marenholtz undertook its delivery in person. Kindergartens remained forbidden in Prussia until 1860, when Madam Marenholtz and several of her friends succeeded in gaining permission for their free existence from the new King Wilhelm and his ministry.

Instead of giving way to disappointment, Froebel invited a number of eminent men and faithful women to Liebenstein, where, in the dining-hall of the hotel, a memorable meeting took place, under the auspices of Dr. Peters, a prominent head-clergyman, and Diakonus Müller of Meiningen. It was a most encouraging day for Froebel. Surrounded by those who came to assure him of their approval, Froebel could not but feel hopeful about the ultimate victory of his cause in Germany, although on one occasion he had expressed his sorrow by saying: "If they will not recognize and help me in my fatherland, I shall go to America, where new life unfolds itself freely, and where a new education will find a fertile soil." At the advanced age of sixty-nine, he felt still vigorous to carry out his plans. It was, therefore, a great joy to Froebel when letter after letter arrived from his educational and philosophical friends, each friend promising to come to the meeting. Among the first arrivals appeared the celebrated pedagogue, Adolf Diesterweg, *Seminardirector* of Berlin; and soon came Middendorff from Keilhau. The program was prepared in the private rooms occupied by Madam Marenholtz in Liebenstein. Before the meeting took place, Rector Köhler of Corbach arrived. Many hopes rested on him in those days; but unfortunately he died too early to realize them. Then came Dr. Bruno Marquart of Dresden, one of the earliest pupils and best representatives of Froebel's cause. His wife was among the pupils in Marienthal, and he was the first who connected the kindergarten with the school. This he did in his institution. He was most self-sacrificing in working for Froebel.

Among others who attended this famous meeting were Drs. Georgius and Hermann Pösche of Baden (now living in Berlin); Dr. Karl Müller and Dr. Ule of Halle, editors of *Nature*, a well known periodical on natural history; Heinrich Hoffmann

of Hamburg; Stanzenberger, the composer of many of Froebel's songs; and many teachers of the neighboring towns and villages. At several sittings the Minister von Wydenbruck of Weimar was present. It was an assembly in which different classes were well represented by eminent men, and thus it was of great promise to Froebel's cause. Not least in importance were the ladies who carried Froebel's ideas out by practical work in many places and countries. Without their efforts, the kindergarten cause would, at that time, have been merely explained on paper. It was they who spread it beyond the localities where Froebel lived. Among the women, we find those (Madam Marenholtz at the head) who traveled and who introduced the kindergarten outside of Prussia. In some places they had the effect of the interdict to combat, especially in the minds of clerical and aristocratic people. The impression that there must have been something wrong in Froebel's system is only now vanishing from the minds of some people even in our own day; while there are still antagonists among the clergy and teachers.

The ladies who attended the meeting were Madam Marenholtz, Frau Schrader of Berlin), Julie Traberth, Froebel, Henriette Breymann (Frau Frau Opitz, Fräulein Krämer, Emma Bothmann, Frau Behrens, Minna Schellhorn, and others; and these have also written their names round the picture of Marienthal.

On September, the 27th, Diesterweg took the chair and reported first on the movement and progress in Berlin. Others followed giving accounts of the spread of the kindergartens in their cities and towns. Even the testimony of a Roman Catholic priest was given. He said: "The kindergarten is a plant grown out of the purest humanity, of true religiousness and deep Protestantism," etc. During the afternoon of the 27th, Froebel spoke at length about his principles and explained the Gifts and Occupations, which were exhibited before the audience. He gave a rich and manifold picture of their application to Art, beginning with simple elements.

The interest grew during the next day. Many of those present spoke. Dissenting voices gave way before the convincing words of Froebel's friends; and when in the afternoon Froebel conducted the children's games, every one admitted that body and soul were simultaneously exercised in happy play and movement. The evening saw them all united. Old and young joined in the games arranged by the young ladies and kindergarten teachers. Graceful movements and representations from nature and life were alternately performed. Song—the happy amalgamation of poetry and music—accompanied the movements. Joy was expressed on every face and the general thought was: "It is good to be here."

The third day, September 29th, saw them together in serious council about the best way of formulating Froebel's whole system of education. Dr. Peters proposed that Froebel should write a book, and this idea was

greatly favored. Diesterweg advised that a Guide for Kindergartners should be compiled. Froebel promised to perform these tasks if Middendorff would help him; but unfortunately the latter could not leave the mother-institution in Keilhau during the winter which followed, and Froebel had to work alone at the writing until the fatal weakness overtook him which terminated all his work on earth, June 21, 1852. The various chapters which he left behind were collected and edited by Dr. W. Lange, Middendorff's son-in-law, who published them in his third volume, called Pedagogics of the Kindergarten.

The September meeting did not close without an important declaration signed by nineteen of its members. (See below.)

The three days of exchange of thoughts, and of comfort to Froebel being over, all separated to go to their various homes. Whether all received a picture of Marienthal, I cannot say; but the one before me was treasured by Julie Traberth in Eisenach and will always be a precious memento, for it bears, besides the names which have been mentioned before, the signature of Froebel, in the following manner:—

Training Institution, Marienthal.

(Under this printed heading, Froebel wrote:—)

For the all-sided unity of life through the developing education of man.

Fr. Fr.
18 29 51.

IX.

Many of those faithful friends have been gathered above to join him in that unity of life which was his ideal on earth, while a few are living still, working in his spirit; so that of all can be said:—

"Faithful unto Death!"

DECLARATION.

1. Friedrich Froebel's plan is to awaken all-sidedly in the child the talents and powers which God has given him according to the principles of a developing education of mankind.

2. In accordance with this highest aim, he brings about: (*a*) The development of the physical powers by a continuous series of gymnastic exercises and movement games. (*b*) The exercise of the senses, especially the higher ones (the sense for form and for color), by "*Anschauungen*" of the most manifold kind; of the sense for sound, and the feeling for rhythm and time by corresponding songs and tunes. (*c*) The development of the active and creative instincts of children, as well as of their power of observation and conception by a series of exercises which Froebel presents in his Gifts and Occupations, invented by himself. (*d*) The awakening of the moral and religious feelings, the development of the emotions, by means of conversations and stories and especially through the companionship of the child with an educator (female) who has been trained and who understands how to direct the child in the manner here described. (*e*) The discarding of naughty habits and the adoption of childlike virtues on the part of children, by their living among other children in social circles and cheerful games.

We have recognized in all the aims and efforts of Froebel that not only

are there right principles and corresponding means, but that his leading thoughts are the result of a long series of pedagogical endeavors, and must be considered as a deep foundation of a practical education; that the application of this system helps in home education, and essentially advances school education by placing it on a solid basis; that the pedagogical insight and activity of mothers and women will be raised thereby; in short that (as a matter of course, because capable of further development) we believe Froebel's efforts and results are pure and free from every kind of so-called party spirit and that they must be regarded as an essential progression of theoretical and practical pedagogy. We are also convinced that on this basis,—that is, of an all-sided education,—a happier future would result and that those persons merit our thanks who devote themselves to the children and the youth of our nation, who help to introduce and further develop kindergartens and institutions for the training of kindergarten teachers (such as that at Marienthal, near Liebenstein) within the laws of the country.

This public declaration has no other purpose than to express the high esteem with which we are filled after obtaining a closer knowledge of Friedrich Froebel's System of Education, and to make known that we shall try to gain for it in the future a close, intelligent, and unprejudiced examination, and help to carry it forward so that it may be the blessing which it is so eminently fitted to be.

This public declaration was signed by nineteen celebrated pedagogues and philosophers, and the following remark was added in the public protocol:—

"We are unanimous in the opinion that the life which is awakened by Friedrich Froebel's Education is a *Christian* life. We do not think it necessary to mention this specially, but merely wish to prevent, by this remark, any misconception, as to Froebel's System being intended to serve an exclusive party."

IN HOLLAND.

By Alva Deane.

Clippity clap, clippity clap!
Two wooden shoes and a snug little cap,
Petticoats wide and hair braided neat,
Little Dutch Gretchen runs down the long street.

Rattlety bump, rattlety bump!
There goes a cart and a milk-boy so plump.
See the big milk cans: how polished and tall!
Bravo, old doggie! for dragging them all.

Chewing all day, chewing all day,
Black and white cattle in green pastures stray,
Up to their knees in the lush meadow grass,—
Fences of water the herd cannot pass.

Whirling around, whirling around,
In the great windmill the flour is ground,
While the white miller, with round, smiling face,
Turns the great sails to the windiest place.

Swift in and out, swift in and out,
Fisherwives mending the fishing-nets stout,
While the bold fishermen out on the main
Haul in their fish and then sail home again.

Gliding along, gliding along,
Pushed by a pole held in brawny arms strong,
With its wee cabin-house where the family stay,
The canal boat slips over the smooth water way.

Scepter and crown, scepter and crown!
Fair Wilhelmina of queenly renown
Sits on her throne in the stone palace grand,
And rules o'er her people with firm, gentle hand.

PROGRAM NOTES.

By Mina B. Colburn.

Lo, the winter is past. * *
The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.
Song of Solomon 2: 11, 12.

Topics.

MAPLE sugar making, sap in other trees. Swelling leaf buds, changing color of twigs. Returning birds. April showers and their helpfulness in nature's house cleaning and in softening the ground for plowing.

Preparation for Summer in and about the home: Putting away winter clothing, putting on lighter garments; Spring house cleaning,—repairing and freshening the woodwork, repapering, taking up and putting down carpets, hanging curtains, pictures, cleaning the dooryard; setting out trees, shrubs, vines; planting sweet peas, etc.; repairing walks; painting the house.

Simple mention of Friedrich Froebel's birthday.

Means of Presentation and Expression.

Songs.—O you Pussy Willow, See millions of bright raindrops (Walker and Jenks); *Many* birds have come again (Smith I.); The Bluebird (Neidlinger).

Piano.—Spring Song (Mendelssohn); The Raindrops (Music for the Child World. Hofer, vol. I.).

Rhythm.—Imitate movements of birds; fluttering sparrows, soaring gulls, darting swallows, flopping crows, hopping robins (body in standing position).

Review clapping, relying more and more upon the children.

Pictures.—Mother Play: Little Gardener, Millet; Feeding her Birds.

Stories.—How the Chipmunk got his Stripe (Cooke, Nature Myths); Hans and the Four Big Giants (Harrison, In Storyland).

Games.—Representative,—raking dooryard, setting trees, planting seeds; scrubbing, painting (sometimes accompany with folk song,—This is the way, etc.); Ball games,—pointing and rolling (definite direction); one child hide the ball, all the others search for it, each child sitting in place on circle when he has discovered the ball.

Definite work in distinguishing sound of solid and hollow things, of gong, bells, triangle, drum. London Bridge.

Skipping.—With individual skipping, in the song: I wish, dear little playmate (Hill). Continue skipping different rhythms.

Marching.—Horses drawing heavy loads. Marching without music. Some little fancy march.

Free Play.—Collections of pretty pebbles picked up after the showers.

Children have by this time been led to see so many possibilities for

free play that they have a wide range for individual choice. Ideas of social rights, and of prompt and orderly putting away of material, will have become strongly enough fixed to enable a nearer approach to true freedom during these periods.

Nature.—Walks, once a week, usually in table groups; definite object. Observe changes in trees (note daily one or two certain trees), grass, disappearance of frost, condition of roads, color of sky, clouds, gentler winds. Note various preparations in vicinity for Summer. Plant sweet peas, morning-glories, or similar seeds in the school yard. Sugar off; if possible, tap a maple tree in vicinity.

Beads and Pegs.—Emphasize the color violet, and the number nine. Review the number three.

Gifts.—Second: Moving houses. Construct pulleys to use in building. Fifth and Sixth: Houses, greenhouses, barns. Tablets: Designs for rugs, wall paper, etc. Sticks: Ladders, trellis for vines, lattice. Rings: Designs for lace curtains, etc.

Clay.—Sap buckets, pails, tool chest.

Sand.—Gardening.

Sewing.—An April (rain) card.

Drawing.—Tools used in repairing, garden utensils.

Painting.—Wash in violet frame for picture of Froebel. Blue sky and white clouds.

Cutting.—Hoe, rake, shovel, pails, umbrella, rubbers. In tissue paper, designs for lace curtains in doll's house.

Folding.—Several forms without dictation. Give attention to accuracy.

Weaving.—Construct crude loom. Use twine for warp and worsted for woof, make rugs for doll's house.

Other Handwork.—Make a crude bird-house of wood. Renovate the doll's house made last Fall, repainting and repapering as necessary.

Braid raffia (older children finer) and sew into doll's Summer hats.

A SONG OF MOTHER LOVE.

By Anna von Rydingsvaard.

When the little star looks out
Through the golden gate of the sky,
What is the sweetest thing down here
That meets her twinkling eye?
It is a helpless babe at rest,
Pressing its cheek to a mother's breast
In loving trust.

When the midnight moon sails slow
On the billowy crest of the sky,

What is the dearest thing down here
That meets her gentle eye?
It is a mother's tenderness,
Soothing the couch of restlessness
In loving care.

When the dawn in chariot red
Drives across the ridge of the sky,
What is the holiest thing down here
That meets her radiant eye?
It is the tear on a mother's face,
As kneeling, she seeks the throne of grace
In loving joy.

—*Selected.*

AMY'S CHICKENS.

By Helen Louise Webb.

BLACK BETTY was gone. Amy and her mother hunted all over the barn and called for her all around the barnyard; but Betty did not hear them and the eggs in her nest were getting chilled. It was the first time that Betty had ever had a nestful of eggs and she must have grown tired of sitting on them. She had been on the nest only a week when she left it; and Amy had heard her mother say that there would not be any chickens if Betty did not come back again very soon and keep the eggs warm. Amy felt anxious at this, for she had been thinking how nice it would be to have ten downy balls running around, instead of ten eggs lying quietly in the nest. So she thought, and thought, and thought, trying to find some way of keeping the eggs warm while Betty was gone. Then she asked her mother if she might have the eggs for her own if she would put them in a box filled with soft cotton and keep them nice and warm. Her mother said yes, but told her that it would be two weeks before any chickens were ready to come out of the shells, and that two weeks was a long time for a little girl to remember that the eggs must be kept very warm and where nothing would hurt them.

As Betty had not come home again, Amy got an empty box and was proud indeed to lay the ten white eggs snugly in the cotton, and to feel that they were *hers* and that after a while she

would have ten chickens! The next question that puzzled Amy was where she should put the box. She knew that it must be in a warm place; so she marched into the kitchen and put the box under the large stove. Then she was sure the eggs would be warm.

Amy looked at the box a long time and then ran out into the yard to play and to tell all the hens and ducks about Betty's eggs and that now they were hers. Toward evening, Amy began to think that the eggs might get cold in the night. She knew that the fire must go out in the night, because it had to be made every morning. After spending a long time again in thinking, she went to her own little room and got a comfortable from the bed. After carefully wrapping this around the box, she carried it oh! so gently into her room. There, on a chair beside Amy's bed, the box staid all night tightly covered up in the comfortable. In the morning, it was as carefully carried back to the kitchen. This was done every day, and Amy began to think that two weeks was a very long time. She would often look at the box and long for the time to come when the first little chicken would break its shell.

Betty came home again; but she did not seem to miss the eggs from her nest very much. If she did miss them at all, she seemed very well satisfied when Amy told her where they were and that she was taking care of them.

The days passed one by one until Amy's mother thought it would be best to just peep into the box and see how the eggs looked. Amy lifted the cover very carefully, and her mother loosened the cotton, and there lay the ten eggs just as white and still as ever! That night the box was not covered up so closely, for Amy's mother thought—well! what *do* you suppose she was thinking?—that there might be a little bill picking at the shell very soon! The next morning, when Amy got up, she went straight to the box and listened; and, sure enough! she heard a very soft, "peep! peep! peep!" Oh, was n't she happy! She ran to call her mother and together they lifted the first chicken out. All day Amy watched, and, one after another, the eggs were cracked open at the end, and out came the wee little chickens!

When six chickens had come out of the shells, Amy went to the barnyard and told all the hens about it. She found a very kind white hen with only four chickens who would take care of Amy's with her own. The next day the other four eggs in the box were opened by four little chickens, and Amy took these out, too, to the kind white hen, and watched them all run about after her. The white hen was very motherly and good to Amy's chickens and Amy fed them and talked to them every day. She thought that they were the loveliest chickens she had ever seen. They certainly were the happiest in all the large barnyard.

THE STORY OF THE WHITE PALACE.

By Minnie L. Littlefield.

ONCE upon a time there was a great king who could do great and wonderful things. And in the same country was a little boy named Rudolph.

Now Rudolph wanted, more than anything else, a beautiful house, all for his very own; and, although he was only five years old, he thought a great deal about it.

And the king knew it. And one day, when Rudolph was filling his little wagon with wood for his mother's kitchen fire, but thinking of the beautiful house he should one day have, he heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and there, riding toward him, was a knight! This knight was clad all in white and gold. He had a long white plume in the cap which he was gracefully lifting, and something white which looked like an envelope in his other hand.

The sound of the horses' hoofs brought Rudolph's mother to the door also. When the knight saw her, he handed her the envelope on which was the seal of the great king; and, smiling, he said: "A message from the king!" Then he lifted again his white-plumed hat, and his beautiful white horse bore him away, as though it had wings.

When Rudolph's mother read the message, she found, to her surprise, that it was for Rudolph; and she read it to him.

"Dear little Rudolph:" it said; "I have known and loved you all these years, and I know that you are trying to be brave and gentle and kind and loving. I am going away to a far country, and I am going to give you a beautiful white palace for your own. You will find many beautiful rooms in it, but you will find one room, in the center of the palace, different from the others. It has no window, except at the top, and whatever you say to me in that room I can always hear, and can answer. I want you to come into that room very often, and talk with me, especially if anything troubles you.

"Now there is one thing you must be very careful about. You must not touch anything that is unclean, or take any such thing into this beautiful palace; for if you do, the palace will begin to grow black, and will all blacken, and fall in ruins. Now go and be happy in the beautiful palace, and do not forget the little room where you can always talk with

Your king."

Never was a little boy so happy as Rudolph; and the next day he was walking up the beautiful white steps of the palace.

The palace was white without and within,—white as the purest marble, white as the beautiful soft snow; and it gleamed and sparkled in the sunshine, like white stones under spark-

ling water. Each room seemed more beautiful than the one before it. There was a room into which you could go, and you would hear the most wonderful music. All the music that was played or sung anywhere in the world you could hear in that room. Then there was a room where you could see most beautiful paintings,—pictures of all kinds; and every day these pictures were different, although you could call back any one you wanted at any time by wishing for it. Wandering through all the beautiful rooms, at last Rudolph came to the one the king had told him of. It seemed dark when Rudolph opened the door; but it grew lighter, and the light came from above. It was very still in the room. You could not hear the ticking of the clock, for there was no clock. You could hear no sound from without. Then Rudolph remembered what the king had said. "I wonder if he can really hear me," thought Rudolph. "He *said* he could, and everything is just as he said. I wonder if I shall have to speak loud. I 'll speak low first."

"King, dear king," said Rudolph, looking up toward the window. The light grew brighter above him. "Dear king," said Rudolph, "it is all very beautiful, but it is too beautiful for me; I am not good enough for it."

"If you are brave and pure and true, Rudolph, you will grow beautiful," said the king. "This house was made by a beautiful life that was lived in it, and it can only stay beautiful by having a beautiful life lived in it still. Do not fear, I will help you. If anything puzzles or troubles you, always come to me."

Many happy days passed. Rudolph's father and mother lived with him in the palace. Every day they found new treasures. They floated in boats on the lake. They rode in carriages and on beautiful horses. But one day something happened. Rudolph was looking out of one of the palace windows early in the morning. He was looking down on the fountains and the roses, the banks of lilies, the clean white stone walks. He saw something black on one of the white walks. It looked shiny and muddy, but he could see a flash of gold underneath.

"I must see what that is," he said, and ran down to where it lay on the white walk. The strange thing was so muddy that he could not make out what it was. "I must take it in and wash it," he said. It was so heavy that he had to drag it up the steps. It left a black mark. "That will wash off," thought Rudolph. He carried the strange thing into a room where there was a fountain of water. He placed it in the fountain. When the water had washed it, Rudolph saw that it was a snake; and it glided out of the water, and into the next room.

Rudolph followed. The snake still left a black mark wherever it went. When Rudolph came into the hall, he saw that the black line where he had brought the snake in had grown wider, was creeping out to the sides, was creeping up the walls. And Rudolph remembered! And then he remembered the little quiet room. He had been so busy boating and horse-

back riding, that he had not been in there for two or three days. He remembered that, too.

But now he went in. He closed the door tight. He told the king all about it. And the king heard. "Go," said the king, "you are forgiven. But you must be careful. Unclean things and evil things will try different ways to get in, but they cannot unless you bring them."

When Rudolph went out, the snake was gone. All the blackness which it had brought was gone also. The hall was white and dazzling. The pure white steps shone in the sunlight. No trace was left in the beautiful palace. But Rudolph always remembered. And he went often into the little room, and the king helped him. And he grew constantly more brave and loving and pure and true.

And when Rudolph had grown to be a man the people of that country wanted him made a knight. And he was. And they all loved him so that they spoke of him as the good knight, Sir Rudolph.

A QUEER HATCHING.

By Martha Young.

WE always felt serious on Easter Eve, we grandchildren. We always practiced our little Easter carols for the last time, on Easter Eve. This practicing was always done away off at the arbor in the far woodland,—an arbor that our aunts called *Sans Souci*. No one could hear our singing from there, and so on Easter morning we could surprise our Mothers all and all-our One Grandmother by singing the carols outside of their windows. Only our two younger aunts, who were not married and so not bothered about many things, were to know of our carols. They had to know, because they taught them to us. It was strange that the other grown-up people were so delightfully surprised every time, for we did just that way every year; but they were *so* surprised every Easter morning! And we were always *so* glad that we had so pleasantly surprised them!

As I said, we always felt serious on Easter Eve. On this Easter Eve we felt more serious than usual. There had always been, every Easter before this, the Egg-Hunt. That came just after the singing of the carols outside the windows. After we had so delightfully surprised the grown people, we were *always* delightfully surprised ourselves by finding, in all sorts of unsuspected places, the eggs that the Easter Hen had laid. Sometimes we found them, beautiful eggs of all colors, in the box-bushes that grew around and around the cir-

cular bed, in the midst of which stood the sun-dial. Sometimes we found them deep in beds of moss and fern by the side of the brook that ran through the back of Grandmother's garden. Sometimes even, the boys (for four of us grandchildren were boys and six of us were girls) had climbed up into a tree and there found big, bright-colored eggs in the last-year's nest left by the mocking-birds. So no matter how serious we had felt on every other Easter Eve before this, we could then cheer ourselves up by thinking about the Egg-Hunt on the morrow.

But on this Easter Eve Grandmother had said,—she had just a minute ago said it,—"No, there will be no Easter Eggs. These children are too old for Easter Eggs."

Well, well! Grandmother always spoke the truth; whatever Grandmother said, that thing would surely happen or had already happened.

Well, well! Something had happened to us, and until that minute we had not known it! We had grown too old for Easter Eggs!

We sat in a row on the top step of the long broad steps that led from the flower-garden to the broad piazza on which the parlor French-windows opened. We sat in a row looking at the budding lilies and feeling very serious.

Judge spoke first: "It is very strange," he said, "that we all grew too old at once."

"How do you mean?" asked Doc, who did not think either so much or so fast as Judge did.

"Well, you see," said Judge, "you are nearly fourteen; and Willy-boy, he is only four."

"Oh, I see," said Doc, "and right at once we are *all* too old!"

"Well, it is that way," said Amy. "It is obliged to be that way with Easter Eggs, because Grandmother has said so."

"Of course," said Judge. "Of course it is the way. But it is strange."

"It seems strange to us," said Em, "because it has never happened to us before."

"It is that way with things when they are new," said Caro. "Now Mother says that War seems strange to her, with everybody—all the men-people—doing nothing, nothing at all but having Battles. But that does n't seem strange to me. What else could they, the men, be doing? Mother says that War does n't seem strange to us because we can't remember very far back and have only known War; and Mother says that she has known Peace."

"Well," said Doc; "the way to do is just to get used to things."

Then Ted, who was little and round, and not very much older than Willy-boy, said: "Let 's play 'I Spy' in the yard till Grandma makes Dilsey ring our Go-To-Bed-Bell."

So we all ran into the yard to hide, all but Doc. He had to be First Counter. He sat on the corner of the bottom step (that was the Base) and shut his eyes. He had to count a hundred before he could open his eyes and begin to look for us in our hiding places. We told him to count a hundred just straight along, loud, by

ones,—not by tens, nor by fives, nor by the very fast way: "Ten! ten! double ten! forty-five! and fifteen!"

So we played "I Spy" until our Go-To-Bed-Bell rang, and the next morning we were up bright and early to sing our carols outside the windows.

We sang at Grandmother's window the last one. We sang our best and brightest carol there.

No sooner had we done singing than Dilsey, Grandmother's own black maid, who had been peeping at us between the curtains of Grandmother's window, came to the door of Grandmother's room, and flung it open wide, and said:—

"Little ladies and gentlemen! Ole Miss, y'all's Grandma, says: 'Come in'!"

We were amazed. Was Grandmother ready for us to come to say good morning to her so early as this? We looked one at another, one at another,—all ten of us, one at another.

Then Dilsey laughed and said again: "Ole Miss say y'all come in. I 'spec' de Easter Hen done hatch."

And we went in.

And we *were* surprised, for there on Grandmother's round table were ten of the queerest birds we had ever seen!

There was a hollow tree trunk built of bark; and just in front of the hollow tree were two owls. Their grayish wings were close to their sides, and they were looking toward each other. Then there was a tiny rail-fence built of bits of kindling-wood, and on the top rail of the fence sat two black buzzards, buzzards with humped-up shoulders, for all the world like real buzzards! Then on the ground (which was represented by the top of the table), there was a turkey cock with a broad-spread tail and flared-out wings; and opposite to him was a peacock with his tail spread like a fan and his wings flared out. There was also a deep china saucer with water in it, and—would you believe it?—a snow-white swan floated on the water! Over on one side of the table was a white gander, and beside him—an old gray goose. And from a suspended thread, an eagle, poised on open wings, hung over all the rest of the queer birds!

It was indeed a queer hatching.

We stood, all ten of us, around the table and looked at the strange birds with wondering eyes.

"Each take one," said Grandmother, "and see how they are made."

"Made!" we cried. Each one of us ten grandchildren cried: "Made!"

"Take them and run away," said Grandmother. And we did.

How do you think those birds were made?

They were Easter Eggs after all! The eggs were dyed or painted in different colors. Those that were made into buzzards were black; those that were made into owls were gray; the turkey-cock one was brown; the peacock, blue; and so on through the list. Each egg was colored to match the bird it was to represent. The wings, the tails, and the heads and necks were made of different colored bits of tissue papers, folded and twisted into the right shapes. The birds all had bead eyes sewed in. The legs

and feet of the birds were made of matches wound with yellow silk thread, and these were glued on with sealing-wax, as were the wings, tails, and heads of folded tissue paper.

When we had all ten of us admired and enjoyed our birds greatly, Doc said: "I am glad we are too old for Easter Eggs."

And Ted said: "And I am glad we all grew too old at just one time, all ten of us together."

A CHICAGO PUBLIC SCHOOL KINDERGARTEN.

By Geneva Mary Clippinger.

As the visitor enters the Carter Public School, a large circle, partly full of orderly, well-behaved children, greets her eyes. A jolly game with the bean bags and rubber balls is being enjoyed, chiefly by boys; the girls are sitting more demurely in their chairs, playing with dolls and looking at picture books. Among the books was one of the large copies of the Mother Plays.

The play with the bags and balls becomes somewhat too active, from the kindergartner's standpoint, and one chord on the piano sends the children at once to their places without further direction. But the action then vents itself through the lips and fingers. Many of the children chatter among themselves, absorbed in little tales of seemingly deep interest; others play various finger games, catalogued and uncatalogued, Bean Porridge Hot being the most popular. Two soft chords come from the piano, and perfect quiet and attention is secured.

Then while the pianist plays very softly, for two or three minutes, the hands are folded and *all* of the forty little children are as quiet as mice. After this the kindergartners and some of the children bow their heads while the prayer, "Now before we work to-day," is spoken. A devotional hymn follows, and then a child is asked to choose a song.

He chooses the Knight song from Miss Blow's edition of the Mother Plays, and whispers his choice to the pianist, who plays two notes of the song, the other children guessing what the song is, from these two notes. The children are asked to sing alone, and this they do exceedingly well. They know all the words of the long song and sing it with feeling,—singing softly and sadly about the bad child and gayly and happily about the good one. The next child chooses the Cuckoo song from the same edition of the Mother Plays, the other children being again able to guess the song after two notes are played on the piano. Then follow the Busy Blacksmith, with vigorous motions; Thumbs and Fingers say Good Morning, in a more gentle man-

ner; and Jacky Frost, from the Eleanor Smith Primer, apparently a general favorite.

The kindergartner then elicits from the children the story told the day before, with the following result:—

"Ulysses was a great, wise, strong man, and lived in Greece, a little bit of a country with lots of mountains and islands. Ulysses lived on an island—a place with water all around."

"I 've been in water barefooted!" said one little child whose interest in things personal was deeper than in Ulysses.

"But the water here was too deep for that," said the kindergartner, deftly turning the thought back again to the main subject.

"There were giants on the mountains, and the king of the giants was called Jove; and there was a very wise lady, named Pallas Athene, who lived with him and who loved and helped Ulysses; and then there was a giant called Hermes, who could run faster than anyone else,—and there he was upon the piano!

"And there was some one who carried the sun around every day."

"*I* know! he was Apollo, and he 's going around to-day!"

"And Vulcan, who was a very strong giant,—

"Yes! and Wulcan he was lame and could n't go very fast, and made wheels and armor and things for the giants!"

And then one little boy told the important part of the story: "One night when Ulysses was in bed he heard a little voice (that was Pallas Athene) say to him: 'You must go to war!' He did n't want to go; he wanted to stay at home with his baby. But the little voice kept telling him to go, 'cause they could n't win the war without him."

More of the story of Ulysses is narrated but the point is reached in the voice of Pallas Athene calling to him, since the subject of the month is the Inner Voice of Conscience. This subject has been led up to through the study of heroes and heroism, beginning with George Washington and going on to heroes of other countries.

At the end of the story as recalled from the day before, the kindergartner explains in a few simple words that the Greeks did not have the knowledge of our Heavenly Father which we have, and that they did not worship in churches but in temples. She first describes the temples and then shows pictures of them.

"And sometimes there were beautiful borders which went all around the top of the temples," says the kindergartner, going to the board; and when all are attentively watching her she draws several border designs, beginning with the simple Greek key pattern and eliciting exclamations of sincere admiration from the children.

As she returns to her place, two chords bring all the children to their feet in a very soldierly fashion. Grasping the backs of the chairs (instead of the seats as is preferred in many kindergartens) they march to the tables and put the chairs in place there. Again at a given signal, they

start, without further direction, and march around the tables, ending in the circle. All hold hands, and one child leads in the Snail game. When the line is wound up, the child says, "Halt!" and all halt immediately, no direction being given by the kindergartner. Then the leader begins to unwind, each child waiting in absolute quiet for his turn to march, and all marching in perfect order. Some rather intricate marching exercises follow this, all being directed by the child and requiring very little intervention on the part of the kindergartner, only the babies occasionally losing their way in the difficult exercises through which their little leader takes them.

When the marching is finished, the children gather around their four tables, all talking about the border designs on the board and deciding upon the material with which these can be reproduced.

At the first table, the children have the Fourth Gift given to them. Each box is put two inches from the edge of the table and, with painstaking direction, is turned, the lid drawn out, the box lifted off, and the Gift placed evenly upon the table,—all with exact unity of action. Then a well developed sequence illustrating the story of Ulysses is dictated in the same careful way.

At the second table the children make a simple Greek key design with two-inch sticks, directed.

At the third table, after a careful scrutiny of the design on the board, the children make the more elaborate pattern with one, two, and three inch sticks. This, also, is carefully dictated.

At the fourth table, tablets are used. A border design is made, the change of corners, center, etc., being dictated by the kindergartner.

At the second and fourth tables, a few moments of free play are permitted.

A signal from the piano gives warning to all that it is time to put the work away. In the case of the Fourth Gift, this is done with much earnest dictating. The sticks are piled in orderly fashion according to their length, and the tablets according to their color.

Another signal, and all the children fold their hands and become perfectly quiet. At the third, all rise and go to the circle. Here they divide into four circles and each plays Equal Measure. Then, while forming the big circle again, they sing "Merrily, merrily let us form our ring"; and then, "Oh, look at our Alice who shows us the game." Alice comes to the middle and trots around the circle, and all guess that she wishes to play the Knight game. Their guess is right; so Alice chooses ten gallant knights, who go out of the room while the other children gather on one side of the room in the orderly fashion which characterizes all their movements. The children who have remained in the room sit upon the floor, holding imaginary babies in their arms. As the music begins, the knights come galloping gayly in and stand in a line facing the other children. The groups sing alternately, as arranged in Miss Blow's edition

of the Mother Plays. The knights ride away gayly from the good child, but walk slowly, with downcast eyes, from the bad one. While they are away, the reformation takes place. As the child has become good and happy, the fond mother hides him at her side, and when the knights come galloping back refuses to let them have him. So they ride away again waving good-bye.

Again we sing, this time, "Oh, look at our Agnes"; and as she flies around the ring they guess the Cuckoo game, which is entered upon with much glee. Agnes chooses a mother and child, she herself being the cuckoo. The mother sits in a chair in the center, the child kneeling at her feet with his head in her lap, fast asleep.

The other children form themselves into five small circles representing summer-houses. The cuckoo hides in one of the houses, the children closing up around her so that she cannot be seen. As the song is sung the child awakens, and when it is finished he calls: "Cuckoo!" the cuckoo answers: "Cuckoo!" and this is kept up until the child finds the cuckoo from the sound of the voice. Then the child and the cuckoo choose some one else to take their places, and the game is continued, the cuckoo sometimes hiding in the summer-houses, sometimes in the closet, and sometimes in the hall.

Another child is sung to, and she goes into the center and tramps her feet; the others guess the skipping game. She chooses three children, who stand with her in the center, back to back; and as they sing, "Let your feet tramp! tramp! Let your hands clap! clap!" they each choose a partner and skip. At the end of the skip the eight choose partners; then the sixteen; and so on, until all are skipping.

Then they all sit down upon the floor, a big cross-legged circle, and at once clamor for the "keep it rolling" game. An eight-inch rubber ball is rolled into the ring and knocked about vigorously by the anxious little hands; for if it once stops rolling the game is ended. It is a very exciting game and we all want to join in it.

When this game finally ends, the children belonging to the first table go with their teacher into the center of the ring and make the smallest possible circle. Those belonging to the second table form a circle just around the first, holding hands tightly; those belonging to the third table, around these; and to the fourth, outside all. Then all raise their clasped hands as in the Pigeon House game. Some flying music is played, and the "pigeons" in the very center creep out and fly to the first table. The second set follows, then the third and the fourth, when all are standing behind their chairs waiting for the signal to sit. When this signal comes they sit down, and while quiet music is being played, they rest their heads upon the tables for some moments.

When they are aroused, the children at the first table are given five-strip mats which they weave under the careful direction of their teacher. The children at the second table go to work upon some partly finished larger

mats. Those at the third are sewing squares, triangles, horizontal and perpendicular lines on 10 x 10 cards, with big needles and zephyrs; these also are partly finished. The children at the fourth table are given leaves from a magazine from which they carefully cut out the pictures. The cutting is done on the margin line, and the pictures are mounted upon practice paper. This work, the kindergartner explains to the visitor, is preparatory to cutting border designs later. But in itself it seems to afford the children more pleasure than any of the other work.

Finally comes the chord on the piano which tells the children to put the work away; and as each child finishes, he takes his chair and comes to the circle. When all are gathered there again, they sit in unbroken quiet for a few moments, and then are permitted to choose a game. London Bridge is Falling Down is the one chosen. It is played just as children have always played it, and with as much pleasure as children have always felt in it. The "tug-of-war" part is played energetically but not roughly, and is most exciting.

When this game is finished, the decision is made by all that there shall be no talking to-day while getting the wraps; so one group of children at a time goes and comes in silence with its load, and in a short time all are clad and sitting quietly in their chairs waiting for their good-bye bows.

"Now our work is over," is sung happily, and the bowing begins. The kindergartner bows first to the assistants, then to the children; the children shake hands with the kindergartner, then go out of the room and away home.

Miss Barber is the director of this kindergarten and Miss Davol the first assistant. The kindergarten is under the supervision of the Chicago Kindergarten College, and all the teachers are its graduates or pupils.

AN OLD BEGINNER.

By John Mervin Hull.

"WAIT till you come to forty year," wails Thackeray, as if that were the age when the world grows gray and all enjoyments vanish. But it was long after "forty year," and in the midst of the horrors of nervous prostration that the beautiful kingdom of the birds was opened to me and I was presented with the freedom of their city. It was midwinter. I could neither sleep, eat, read, write, or converse in any normal fashion, and a few chords of music would throw me into the profoundest melancholy. I could walk about a little, but what could I do to keep my mind from preying upon itself? I was in my old home in

Ludlow, Vt., for a few months, and Miss B——, a teacher in the academy there, said a few words to me about the pleasure she was receiving from the study of the birds. That was the beginning of it. I began gradually to look up instead of down, and behold! there were the birds. Of course the birds have been about me all my life, but as the man in the Bible saw men as trees walking, so I saw the birds as leaves falling. I could not have named on sight more than half a dozen of the smaller birds.

The first one to greet me was the blue jay. I knew him before. "Hi, there!" he shouted, "you beginning to take notice? Good thing. Gee-whiz! there comes the butcher with my meat. See you later. Hi, there, suet!" But I soon discovered some quiet little fellows that I had never seen before. They ran up the tree and down the tree, over the limb, along the limb and under the limb, and played hide and seek with me among the twigs. I asked Miss B—— what they were and she invited me to a reception at her home; she had a box nailed against the corner of the barn, with some bits of meat in it, and said the birds would receive there. They fluttered near and then fluttered away again and we could n't understand it until I looked around the corner and saw Miss B's Sir Thomas crouching there. At our urgent request he withdrew, and I soon learned to distinguish my new little friends as the red-breasted nuthatch, the white-breasted nuthatch, and the chickadee. A few weeks later a flock of birds appeared in the village which attracted a good deal of attention. They kept pretty well together, they were about the size of a robin, they had thick bills like a parrot, and they walked along the house-gutters and cleaned out all the old maple keys to be found there. They were pine grosbeaks. Most people said they had never seen such birds before. But one man said to me, "When I was in the deep woods choppin' I see one of them birds ketch one of these 'ere little sparrers, and he tore it all to pieces an' et it up." I doubt the woodman's identification of the birds. I cannot find that a grosbeak ever does such things. It sounds more like a shrike or butcher bird.

On the 12th of March I returned to my home in Weston, Mass. Being still unable to have anything to do with the affairs of men, I continued to seek the acquaintance of the birds. I got a bird book, my neighbor lent me an excellent opera glass, I sallied forth into the March wind, which was soon to be defeated by the sunshine, and soon made my first identification all by my own alone self. A flock of little birds flew into a fir-tree and made little sociable sounds very much like the contented peeping of a brood of chickens under their mother's wings. I began to watch them and flutter the leaves of my book, and they all flew away to another tree. Then I kept quiet, and they flew down under the fir tree, and began to pick and peep like chickens again. I crept up carefully and saw that some of them had bright red crowns, and in a few minutes I was well acquainted with the redpoll linnets. You cannot

imagine how much pleasure there is in such a discovery until you have made it for yourself, and the beauty of it is, that it is a pleasure which is free to everybody who can get into the fields and woods.

As the spring birds came along, I identified some of them, and a good many I failed to name, of course. They would n't let such a stumbler come near enough to them, and some little fellows persistently stuck to the tops of the trees. But another spring is coming. There was one rascal as big as a robin that led me a pretty chase. He did not fly, but I followed him through the brush till I lost my hat and my glasses. He was brownish, or greenish, or yellowish, according to the way the sun shone, and he tipped me a wink as he left, as much as to say, "You 'll have to get somebody to introduce you, I don't speak to strangers." The flicker blew his rapid note many times before he let me see him. It is a continual mystery to me how I lived in the midst of these sights and sounds all my life and never noticed them before, and many of you who read this are doing the same thing. And then one day the flicker came and stood in an old apple tree only a few feet from me and piped his quick note, and I saw his scarlet collar, and his black vest, and all the glory that is underneath his wings. It was about the same time that I made the acquaintance of the song sparrow, and he is my friend for life. He is no touchy tenor who has to be carefully persuaded, or no song. He sings just as clearly and even more cheerily in the rain than when the sky is blue: the little brown button on his vest is the badge of the sunshine society, and he is always a comforter wherever he goes.

For me the element of mystery among the birds was supplied by the cedar birds. I first saw them as I sat beneath a maple in a pasture where many young cedars were springing up. I did not hear them nor see them when they came, but suddenly they were silently there. No satin was ever so soft or pearl so exquisitely tinted as their breasts. Seven of them sat as close together as they could on a small limb. It seemed as if they took delight in each other's society, but nobody said a word. But though they acted so dove-like, their crests erect, and sharp eyes connected by a black band gave them a look as if they had a reserve of fierceness for use in an emergency. Suddenly, without a note, these silent ones vanished among the cedars, and later I caught sight of some of them silently picking the cedar berries.

I found an element of comedy, too, among the birds. The first time I thought of laughing at a bird was when I saw a purple grackle try to sing. I found him in the top of an old apple tree not more than fifteen feet high. He slowly ruffled his dark feathers, and turned on me a yellow eye. I suppose he had one more eye on the other side of his head, but he appeared to have no use for it. As I watched him he stretched out one leg, spread out one wing and his tail, and apparently choked to death. But he recovered, and immediately tried it again: until it dawned upon me

that I was in the presence of an ornithological De Reszke, at least in his own estimation, and I restrained my emotions in order not to hurt his feelings.

But I think I had the most fun with a pair of barred owls. I found them in some dark woods of tall pines. I visited them nearly every day, and when he was not fighting crows or blue jays the male would sit on a high limb and look at me reproachfully as if he would ask, "Why does the white man follow me path?" The female would appear, I knew not whence, when I walked through a certain part of the wood. At last I sat down one day and waited till she came back, and I saw her go into a hollow tree. After that I would try to see how near I could get to the tree without disturbing her. A few times she did not come out until I tapped on the tree. When she did come out, she entirely disapproved of me, and said so. I never knew before how accurate Uncle Remus was when he represented the owl as saying, "Who cooks for you? Who cooks for you all?"

On the 11th of May we went to Whitefield, N. H., about two thousand feet above sea level. Who do you suppose was the first to greet me there? The little song sparrow, almost the only migrant bird that had arrived at that latitude and altitude. So I had the privilege of welcoming the birds over again as they came along. When the trees had leaves the size of a mouse's ear, I sat one afternoon in a sunny southwest corner near the woods. Then I saw a myriad of little birds flitting from tree to tree, and of such coloring as I never dreamed existed outside of the tropics. I had to learn that these were the warblers, and that they were not migrant here as they are farther south, for this was their breeding ground. They are fascinating but elusive.

* * * *

I take a deep interest in the literature about birds, though I sometimes wish that Mr. Torrey and the other writers would not be so irritatingly nonchalant in mentioning what rare birds they see whenever they look around. It must be that they have Sam Weller's "pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power," or else, like 'Rastus on parade, all the birds turn out when they go to walk. But I shall be best pleased with this piece if it leads any to see that without youth and without scientific knowledge they may enter in through the gates of a new world of beauty and enjoyment.

—*Boston Transcript.*

"When it comes to a question between a man and a dollar, I am on the side of the man, every time."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

IN MY GARDEN AT EASTER.

By Henrietta R. Eliot.

You died last year, dear Daffodils,
Upon this very spot.
No hand has touched the place since then;
How is it that you live again,
Death and decay forgot?

The yellow bells all silent hung.
I to myself replied:
They "live again"? Ah! no, not so;
If, all unsown, they bud and blow,
They never really died!

—*The Christian Register.*

NATURE'S GOOD MORNING.

By Bessie C. Davis.

Brightly shines the sun on high,
Now the birds may northward fly;
Trees in dresses new are seen,
Shining leaves of dainty green.
Little flowers wake from sleep;
Spring has called, and up they peep.
All the world is glad and gay
For spring has brought a fair new day.

Note.—The children in a certain kindergarten having used Nature's Good Night (in Song Stories, Hill) as an Autumn game, were supplied with this companion stanza and have enjoyed playing the game of Spring's Awakening which these words (sung to Miss Hill's music) suggested to them.

EASTER CAROL.

Words and music by CARO A. DUGAN.

1. Spring flow - ers are op - 'ning Their hearts to the sun, Spring birds car - ol
2. The church bells are ring - ing To wel - come the day, And we, too, will

gai - ly, Brooks ripple and run, For Eas-ter is here, Glad Eas-ter is here!
car - ol, And joy - ful - ly say That Eas-ter is here, Glad Eas-ter is here!

GOOD-BYE SONG.

EMILY WOODMAN. Folk-song.

1. All our work is put a - way, All our songs are sung to - day,
2. To our friends and play - mates gay Who have shared our hap - py day,

O - ver now is all our play, Let us say good - bye.
Now be - fore we go a - way, Let us say good - bye.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE I. K. U. AND CHICAGO (April 10-13) should be a combination irresistible to kindergartners. Study the strong and varied program; reflect on the magic of "together-ness"; consider the merciful reduction in railroad rates granted to the I. K. U. travelers; and then, with Chicago's motto, "I will" in your heart, obstacles will vanish and you will take your way to the convention, where every professional kindergartner belongs if it is possible for her to be there. Apathetic stay-at-homes are apathetic only because they stay at home. "I can't afford not to afford it," is the word of those who have tested the profit derived from these annual I. K. U. conventions.

And don't forget to take with you the Kindergartner's Directory of Chicago, published as Supplement of the KINDERGARTEN REVIEW for March.

THE NAMES OF PESTALOZZI AND FROEBEL are perhaps more closely linked together in our thoughts than any other two names in the educational line of succession. Froebel discovered himself to be "a born teacher," as we say, when he took charge of his first class, a class of boys in Gruener's school at Frankfort; but he also discovered what some "born teachers" do not,—and that was, that natural aptitude was not sufficient. Pestalozzi's fame as an educator had reached Froebel long before this; and now, associated with two teachers who had studied with Pestalozzi, it was to this new prophet of popular education that Froebel naturally turned.

The memory of his first brief observation visit of a couple of weeks to Pestalozzi's school inclined Froebel to spend a longer period there, and this he did in 1808, entering the Yverdun school with three boys of whom he was the tutor, and making a close study of Pestalozzi's methods for two years. What a teacher and what a pupil to come together! How reciprocal must have been the giving and the getting! How alike are the two in their passionate devotion to education and in many of their ideas concerning the what, how, and why

of teaching; and yet how strongly variant was Froebel as his mind, accepting Pestalozzi's discoveries, worked more and more toward the idea of development as the aim of education, of a lordly self-activity behind the ministering senses. Pestalozzi made available and transcended much of what Comenius had thought out over a century before. Froebel likewise handed on Pestalozzi's findings, with transcendent contributions of his own.

A LITTLE WAVE OF GRATIFICATION rippled through the office of KINDERGARTEN REVIEW last month, owing to the many speedy inquiries which came from appreciative subscribers concerning their somewhat belated March numbers. This testimony of lively interest is gratifying because it indicates that KINDERGARTEN REVIEW is a valued friend whose coming is anticipated as bringing timely help. The fact that the inquiries began to pour in very soon after the usual date of issue also testifies to the customary punctuality of the REVIEW.

We regret any inconvenience which the slight delay may have caused; but the issuing of a sixteen page supplement of carefully gathered information takes time. Doubtless our readers felt fully compensated when their March REVIEWS, with the unexpected supplements, arrived.

APROPOS of A January Summer School (the account of which appears in another part of the REVIEW) a little anecdote about Miss Hooper may be allowable. In England there are the Gilchrist scholarships, which offer a fine opportunity for travel and study to teachers of various higher grades. Miss Hooper, a kindergarten training teacher, thought that she would like to obtain one of these scholarships, if possible, and, having duly prepared herself for it, presented herself at a proper time for examination. "But," said the examiners, somewhat surprised, "these scholarships have never been granted to kindergartners." "Then," responded Miss Hooper, "may I not be the first to receive one? May not kindergartners be eligible in future?" The right of examination was accorded, and the new candidate obtained a good standing. Then came the question of the country or countries to be visited. "There is much to learn from the kindergartens and primary schools in America," suggested the enterprising winner of the scholarship; "I should like to go to Canada and the United States." "But," again said the awarders, "these scholarships have never been granted for America. European countries have hitherto been chosen." "And yet, it is the American kindergartens and schools that I particularly wish

to observe," urged the new claimant. Whereupon, after proper deliberation, the open-minded authorities established their second new precedent, and Miss Hooper made her trip to Canada and the United States, studying and observing faithfully, and making friends who will watch her Australian career with sincere interest.

A JANUARY SUMMER SCHOOL AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

WE Victorians have reason to be proud of some aspects of our education system. It may, of course, be much improved, and it has perhaps deserved much of the severe criticism of the past two years, but there can be only one opinion regarding the good work done in the country schools. Unlike the bush schools of some of the other States, those of Victoria have no concession made to them as regards either the quantity or quality of the work to be done. Our smallest schools, with all their disadvantages, must come up to the standard required in our most favored districts. That they succeed in doing this is owing greatly to the energy and enthusiasm of the men and women who cheerfully take up the monotonous and wearisome work of country teaching. The people of our large towns do not realize fully enough the hardships and makeshifts and utter absence of ordinary comforts which are inseparable from pioneering life in the back country. They do not realize that the prosperity of our towns is dependent on the pluck and energy of the farmer and the miner who are leading cheerless, drab-tinted lives, subduing the wilderness and carving out homes for future generations of Victorians. Side by side with the pioneer selectors goes the school teacher. Victorians can boast that wherever ten or twelve children can be gathered together there will you find the State school teacher. Our school system is a concomitant of our land system. Life in the bush is bearable to the prudent selector who knows that his babes may have the advantage of a good education brought to their very doors. And so it has been wisely and generously decreed that the teacher must go out side by side with our advanced guard of civilization, with the pioneers of the mallee and of the Otway forest, with the miners in the far off mountain mining camps, to the boundary riders' huts and to the loneliest lighthouse station on our coasts. The teacher of the bush school must learn to live simply and to lack comfort. His outlook is often a most monotonous and dispiriting one. And it

speaks volumes in praise of our country teachers when we find men and women, brought up in better surroundings in towns, cheerfully accepting the hard lot of the settlers and keeping their enthusiasm for their calling fresh and vigorous. It requires a love of one's work for a comfortably nurtured girl to accept life cheerfully in a galvanized iron hut in the mallee, with an interior temperature of 110 degrees, with no bath supply, and a summer diet of hard bread and meat, *sans* vegetables, *sans* fruit and salads, *sans* everything which makes a meal in summer eatable.

The Summer School for teachers in remote districts is a part of a scheme for extending the usefulness of the Education department's training system. Since January of last year, the department has been organizing its forces, with the result that it now has an excellently equipped training college re-established under Mr. Frank Tate, M.A., as principal, with a very complete staff of teachers; and in addition it has a staff of specialists engaged in order to introduce to our system certain new subjects necessary. Drawing is to be brought forward into a prominent place in the curriculum, not only as an educative subject in itself, but because it is a necessary basis for the after work of technical training. Accordingly, Mr. Carew-Smyth, art inspector, has been busy delivering lectures and otherwise instructing teachers during the year in this valuable subject. With the view of introducing the methods of the kindergarten into our elementary classes, Miss Eva Hooper was engaged to come out from England and organize such work in Victoria. Similarly the work of manual training was intrusted to Mr. John Byatt, who has been brought out to Victoria to instruct the teachers in methods of cardboard work, wood and iron work, and other forms of hand and eye training. Mrs. Fawcett-Story has for some time been engaged in establishing cookery centers, with very marked success. The past year has, as regards this formative work, been a very busy one, and the Training College as a head center of the metropolitan work has been in constant use, affording facilities to Melbourne teachers. Classes have also been established in Bendigo, Ballarat, and Geelong. The problem of reaching teachers in remote parts of the colony suggested the holiday school. The department was requested to grant the teachers facilities for traveling, and the specialists undertook to instruct the teachers during their holidays if there were a sufficient number of applicants. It was suggested that one hundred and twenty teachers should, if possible, be enrolled. Despite the facts that teachers had to pay their own traveling, hotel, and other expenses, and give up their holiday, the responses to the invitation were upwards of six hundred and fifty, so that there was a real difficulty of selection. Preference was given to teachers in remote parts, and the result was that men were present from the uttermost corners of Victoria. The man from Snowy River, the man from Mildura,

the man from the mallee, the man from the Murray, were all there—no district was unrepresented. One girl had spent four or five days and £8 in getting from her usual field of action, and several had come two and three days' journey. The prescribed one hundred and twenty was finally expanded to embrace, provisionally, two hundred teacher-pupils—the surplus over the one hundred and twenty having to be content with occupying the place of onlookers when it came to practical demonstrations. Each teacher had designated by letter the class she or he wished to belong to, so that due preparation was made for everybody.

When the summer school was first proposed, many among "the powers that be" waxed quite facetious on the subject. "As if teachers or anybody else would be likely to give up their holidays in the hottest part of the year and attend classes!" But these facetious persons have learned something of human nature since then!

The college itself is a fine structure standing in the University grounds. It was built at an expenditure of about £35,000 during the years 1888-1891, but, although magnificently equipped and doing useful work, it was closed by the operation of the retrenchment policy of the Patterson Government. The result of this action is still felt in teaching circles. At the beginning of 1900 it was reopened under new regulations, and was again handsomely and substantially furnished. Standing as it does in the middle of what is now fast becoming a beautifully kept garden, it is a building of which the teachers may well be proud. A fine gymnasium and a tennis court afford facilities for physical exercise, while there are dozens of pleasant nooks in the grounds in which to pass an idle hour. When the college is in session there are fifty students accommodated in residence, and by no means the least important part of the training is the corporate college life. It was in some sense an eye-opener to the country teachers to be accommodated at the Training College; and the library, the educational museum, and the science laboratory were filled before and after lectures with interested students anxious to make the most of their advantages.

The formation of this Summer School was due to Mr. Frank Tate, the principal of the Training College for teachers, and to Miss Eva Hooper, to whom has been committed the organization of public kindergartens in Victoria. Mr. Tate gave lectures on the Principles of Education during the course. These lectures created much enthusiasm, and were attended by a crowded audience, not only of summer school students, but of outside teachers. In his course of lectures Mr. Tate emphasized the cardinal principles of what has been called the new education. He insisted that the method of education must be in harmony with the known laws of mind, which he demonstrated, and that there must be a strong basis of reality in all school work. If the work proceeds on natural method, and is made to touch realities in the child's experience, instead of being,

as too much so-called instruction is, the memorizing of facts and formulæ having no concern with actualities in child life, there would be generated the first germs of an interest which, properly cultivated, would lead to a permanent interest in knowledge—the great test of educational work. The lectures were very fully illustrated by sketch lessons and by apparatus from the college educational museum.

Mr. P. M. Carew-Smyth, art inspector of schools, gave a course of lectures on Drawing. One lecture was on Drawing for Infant Classes and was much appreciated. After the lectures the teachers met in four classes for practical instruction.

"If good pupils make good teachers, these men should certainly earn the gratitude of the State, as anything more interested than their appearance as they demonstrated curves and angles it has rarely been my lot to see," said one observer.

A great deal of practical work was done each day in the subject of manual training, clay modeling, domestic economy, and physical science. These classes were all very popular, and the method followed in all cases was learning to do by doing. Miss Eva Hooper conducted classes in introductory kindergarten work, in which the teachers were greatly interested.

That a course of lectures in cookery by Mrs. Fawcett-Storey, supplemented by demonstrations by Miss Storey, would be popular, goes without saying. Each day a large attendance at the Working Men's College followed the work eagerly, and the introduction of this necessary work to State schools is undoubtedly advanced a stage by the result of the Summer School.

Since the Queensberry street State school opened its initial cookery class under Mrs. Storey's administration, eleven other big schools have followed suit.

Manual training is a new subject in State primary education in Victoria, and the greatest curiosity prevailed amongst the teachers as to what was expected of them. From the commencement of Mr. Byatt's lessons, the teachers showed the warmest interest, and when they saw how readily and how simply beautiful forms grew out of the paper-cutting which they were practicing, they quickly came to the conclusion that here at least was a subject destined to make school a place of delight. Of course mature fingers were stiff at first and middle-aged eyes lacked keenness; but the inexorable Mr. Byatt insisted on perfect accuracy of cutting, perfect finish of adjustment, and the improvement was wonderful. This work will be taken up at once by the teachers.

A revolution is taking place in methods of teaching elementary science. The method of discovery is in the early stages superseding the lecture method. Each child is to be placed before simple apparatus and trained to make close observation and simple inference. Mr. J. T. Saxton, B.A., had an easy task to interest the teachers in this presentation of their work, but a busy one in keeping them

all usefully employed experimenting. It is hoped that as a result of his work the teachers will be able to teach the new syllabus of science lessons rationally and successfully.

Most interesting was it to look at the rows of keen and eager faces in the class rooms while different lectures were being given and different technical work done. After seeing the audiences at these different courses, one can realize how thoroughly such a Summer School is appreciated by those teachers who are by force of circumstances out of touch with the other men and women who are devoting their lives to instructing the rising generation.

The work of the week suffered some pleasant interruptions by reason of several entertainments. On Tuesday, the 15th, Miss Hooper entertained the kindergarten class at an At Home at the Austral Salon. With the same enthusiasm with which they entered into work, the various teachers entered into play; and the same remark applies to the afternoon tea in the Botanical Gardens, at which Mrs. Storey entertained her pupils.

The Summer School was visited often by prominent educationists from this and other States and by the executive officers of the department. The Minister of Education, Mr. Gurr, showed a warm interest in the work, and assured the teachers that he fully appreciated the sacrifice they had made in giving up their holiday to attend the school. As a compliment to the teachers, an excursion to Fern Tree Gully was arranged by the department to which they invited the Summer School. Mr. Bagge, Secretary for Education, assisted by Mr. Holland, inspector-general, had charge of the arrangements, and the picnic was a most enjoyable one. Before separating, the teachers expressed their most cordial feelings towards the department, and spoke highly of the interest shown in the Summer School by Messrs. Bagge and Holland.

—*The Leader,* Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

THE LITTLE SEED SPEAKS.

By Elizabeth Hargrove Caulkins.

I 'm nothing but a little seed, so small and brown and dry;
But I 'll surprise you, little children, sometime,—by and by!
Just plant me in the earth some day, and use your water-pot,
(A sunny place, I like the best; where it is warm, not hot;)
Then watch me as the days go by, and you will love to see
How I put out my little leaves, as green as green can be.
And later, if I grow quite well and if God gives me power,
I 'll send you forth, as best I may, a lovely, pure white flower!

SCRAPS FROM A DIARY.

By Bonny's Mother.

WE only catch an occasional glimpse of the workings of a little child's mind, but often from some chance remark, some fault committed, some error in the use of words, we gain an insight that helps us in the interpretation of much that happens in many children's lives. We see in one attempted peace-making, far more than in many formal apologies. We see in one unconscious and partial utterance of a longing felt, more than many well-rounded sentences could tell us of the inward pain of which young hearts are capable.

In the following quotations from a real baby's diary, there are merely a few "snap shots" of mental and spiritual action, shown not to tell what one baby has done or said, but as a hint of what many may be doing.

July 14.—Our Bonny is twenty months old. She was sitting to-day in her auntie's lap, listening to a band of music in the distance. "What does the music say?" asked her aunt. Bonny sat perfectly still, looking at her aunt intently but making no sound, and the question was repeated several times. Finally, she slowly raised and lowered her arms, at the same time opening and shutting her fingers,—all in time to the music. It was the rhythm that appealed to her most strongly.

July 30.—Our little girl, usually so gentle, insisted this afternoon on striking at me with her rubber horses. After saying "No, no," without effect, I took the horses from her and put them out of reach. She looked at them and said: "Wan' horsie!" a number of times; then she went quietly to the bookcase, picked up something, held it behind her and walked slowly toward me with the most roguish look. When close to me she drew her hand forward and threw a block at me, laughing as she did so. I talked to her and, taking something soft, tied her little wrists together. She whimpered for a minute or two, then, going again to the bookcase, took her china dog, as well as she could in her poor little tied hands, and laid it gently in my lap, saying very sweetly: "Nice doggie!" She then did the same with her sheep saying: "Baa seep, Mudder." She showed so plainly that she meant no further harm and would play gently, that I untied the dear little hands, and she sat down contentedly on the floor playing in her usual happy way the rest of the afternoon.

June 6 (one year later).—How Bonny has missed her little cousins, who were with us for two weeks! Hardly a day has passed since they left us, three weeks ago, that she has not talked of them. At first, it was really pitiful. She would start some play with blocks, dolls, or cars, but would soon come crying to me, with the oft-repeated "I want Edward and

John." Now the grief is not so keen; but still, almost every day as we dress to go out, she wants to know if we are going to see her cousins, and at most unexpected times remarks: "Edward and John *were* here, once," or "Edward and John went away in the choo-choo tars." Even a three-year-old has griefs which force expression, and call for sympathy.

July 22.—Some days ago I told our little girl a story about her aunts and myself when we were little girls. At the end she asked: "Where are the little girls now?" I said that I was one of them, Aunt A—— was one, and Aunt M—— was the other. "No, I don't mean that; I mean where are the *little girls?*" Again I repeated my explanation, and again she said almost indignantly: "No, where are the *little girls?*" and once more I explained. She sat silent a long while, and then began: "Did you ride on the sled?" "Did you take off your shoes and stockings?" "Did your mother scold you?" "Did your feet hurt?" And so, point by point, went over the story as if to adjust her ideas to the fact of mother being one of the little girls.

August 20 (one year later).—While doing some little thing for Bonny, she said: "When you die and come back again, a little baby, I am going to do that for you, just the way you do for me."*

December 4.—Bonny asked, "Am I the Heavenly Father's little girl?" "Is father his little boy?" "Is grandma his little girl?" "Are you his little girl?" "Is Uncle P—— his little boy?" and so on concerning most of the people with whom she is familiar. Her conception of fatherhood is a father with a little child.

January 21.—How funny little folks may be when they do not mean to be funny! I remarked to Bonny's father that something he had said to her "did not seem to be comprehended." Shortly after, she said something was not "compresided"; and then, thinking that not quite right, said: "No, not that! What did *you* say? Oh yes, compre-ended."

February 6.—Bonny woke in the night, sick. After I had made her comfortable and gone back to my bed, she said: "I think I hear a robin singing." "It may be a sparrow talking in his sleep; there are no robins about," I answered.

"Oh, yes, I guess it was a sparrow." Then after a while, "Does 'birds' mean all kinds of birds?"

"Yes."

"Sparrows are birds, are n't they?"

"Yes."

"Robins are birds, are n't they?"

"Yes."

"Orioles are birds, are n't they?"

"Yes."

"Canaries are birds, are n't they?"

"Yes."

"Redbirds are birds, are n't they?" they?"

"Yes."

"All birds have wings, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Chickens have wings, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Are chickens birds?"

*Sully gives similar instances. See extracts at the close of this article.

"Yes."

"Are they really relations of birds?" not fully accepting my unqualified assent.

"Yes."

"*Really* are they relations of birds?"

"Yes."

And here she either dropped asleep or dropped the subject, for I heard no more.

February 11.—Bonny paid me a very sweet tribute to-day. Aunt —— was teasing her about what happens when she is naughty. (Why do some grown people think that that is a pleasant subject for conversation? Do they enjoy references in public to their own shortcomings and punishments?) Well, presently another aunt asked: "How do you know when you are naughty?" and she answered: "Sometimes I don't know, 'cept Mother gets sorry." When I was told of this, afterwards, I felt as if my efforts had been successful when "sorry" seemed the natural word to use and not "cross."

February 20.—I have been worrying somewhat lately over Bonny's answering in a very unpleasant way when asked to do anything. I felt that I could not have her speak as she did; and yet talking and even punishing seemed to have no effect. She has also been rather slow lately in obeying. On thinking the situation over, I found that I myself was getting into the habit of speaking sharply and loudly when not promptly obeyed, and that then would follow her unpleasing answer. I had not noticed my own error, until what seemed to me a grievous fault in her attracted my attention to it. So one evening we talked it all over. She agreed to try to obey gently spoken commands promptly, and not to wait for a second telling; and we both agreed to try to talk gently and politely all the time. We have had no trouble since. Truly our Master was right, when he advised us to take the beam out of our own eye, before trying to get the mote from our brother's.

Extracts from Sully's Studies of Childhood, page 105:

"In carrying out my inquiries into this region of childish ideas (respecting growth and birth) I lighted quite unexpectedly on the queer notion that towards the end of life there is a reverse process of shrinkage. The first instance of this was supplied me by the Worcester Collection of Thoughts. A little girl of three once said to her mother: 'When I am a big girl and you are a little girl, I shall whip you just as you have whipped me now.' At first one is disposed to think that this child must have heard of Mr. Anstey's amusing story *Vice Versâ*. Yet this idea seems too improbable; and I have since found that she is not by any means the only one who has entertained the idea. A little boy that I know, when about three and a half years old, used often to say to his mother with perfect seriousness of manner; 'When I am big then you will be little; then I will carry you about and dress you and put you to sleep.'

"I happened to mention this fact at a meeting of mothers and teachers, when I received further evidence of

this tendency of child-thought. One lady whom I know could recollect quite clearly that when a little girl she was promised by her aunt some treasures,—trinkets, I fancy,—when she grew up; and that she at once turned to her aunt and promised her that she would then give her in exchange all her dolls, as, by that time, she (the aunt) would be a little girl. Another case narrated was that of a little girl of three and a half years, who, when her elder brother and sister spoke to her about getting big, rejoined: 'What will you do when you are little?' A third case mentioned was that of a child asking about some old person of her acquaintance: 'When will she begin to get small?' I have since obtained corroboratory instances from parents and teachers of infant classes. Thus, a lady writes that a little girl, a cousin of hers aged four, to whom she was reading something about an old woman, asked: 'Do people turn back into babies when they get quite old?'

"What, it may be asked, does this queer idea of shrinkage in old age mean? By what quaint, zigzag movement of childish thought was the notion reached? I cannot learn that there was any such idea in primitive folk-lore, and this suggests that children may find their way to it, in part at least, by the suggestions of older people's words. A child may, no doubt, notice that older people stoop, and look small; and the fairy book with little old women may strengthen the tendency to think of shrinkage. But I cannot bring myself to believe that this would suffice to produce the idea in so many cases.

"That there is much in what the little folk hear us say fitted to raise in their minds an idea of shrinking back into child-form is certain. Many children must, at some time or another, have overheard their elders speaking of old, feeble people getting childish; and we must remember that even the attributive 'silly' applied to old people might lead a child to infer a return to childhood; for if there is one thing that children—true, unsophisticated children—believe in, it is the all-knowingness of grown-ups as contrasted with the know-nothingness of themselves. * * * * But I suspect that there is a further source of this characteristic product of early thought, involving still more of the child's philosophizing. As we have seen, a child cannot accept an absolute beginning of things, and we shall presently find that he is equally incapable of believing in an absolute ending. He knows that we begin our earthly life as babies. Well, the babies must come from something, and when we die we must pass into something. What more natural, then, than the idea of a rhythmical alternation of cycles of existence, babies passing into grown-ups, and these again into babies, and so the race kept going? Does this seem too far-fetched an explanation? I think it will be found less so if it is remembered that according to our way of instructing these active little brains, people are brought to earth as babies in angels' arms, and that when they die they are taken back also in angels' arms. Now as the angel remains of constant size—for this their pictures vouch—it follows that old people, when they are dead at least, must have shriveled up to nursable dimensions; and as the child, when he philosophizes, knows nothing of miraculous or cataclasmic changes, he naturally supposes that this shriveling up is gradual like that of flowers and other things when they fade."

AESOP IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

By Mary F. Hall.

THE fable is a fine test of the child's power to collect the essential truth of language which cannot be taken literally.

The fables of Æsop are assigned to a date when the subject of all literature, as well as other forms of art, was man, his qualities, character, and destiny; and it has remained unrivaled as a luminous, searching "character sketch" of an isolated human attribute. Its artistic portraiture of an abstract quality, by a few simple lines which give essential facts in strong relief, has made its wit and wisdom serviceable in pointing a moral in other literature as well as in our common intercourse with each other.

Its themes are universal and for this reason often the favorite themes of Grimm and Andersen as well as of the great novelists of all times.

Its method of illustrating an isolated virtue or vice with photographic exactness and then contrasting *what it is* forcibly with *the thing it is not* makes it as effective in moral force as the parable or the simple allegories.

Vice is thus shown to be hateful, or at least unprofitable; for it must be confessed that the virtue of some of the fables is merely prudential. This, however, does not disqualify them for usefulness to those who are most open to an appeal to self-interest.

Fables unquestionably exhibit general attributes of character and conditions of living in a very searching light. No elaboration of detail detracts from the strength of the outlines. Many fables, however, show phases of life that little children do not yet know. Such as show adult greed, duplicity, and perfidy, if they are understood, must shock the sensibility and the sweet trustfulness of the average young child. Some others, like The Fox and the Stork, are readily understood, but the very obvious "tit-for-tat" or other objectionable lesson does not harmonize with the Golden Rule.

Many of them, however, exhibit the beauty of plain, simple virtues, or the weakness of cowardice, deception, mean excuses, and other faults to which children are prone, in a striking manner and without that taunting home-thrust, either wholly or partly expressed, of: "Thus you see, dear children," by way of conclusion, which ever takes away the force of a moral lesson. For this reason, carefully chosen fables are adapted to many uses in the schoolroom.

Selected fables show very strikingly the progressive character of both virtue and vice. As a study of the psychology of selfishness in concrete forms the following selections from Æsop are suggested:—

Selfishness, in thoughtlessness, or a comparatively simple form, in The Porcupine and the Snakes; a grow-

ing tendency to disregard the rights of others, in The Arab and the Camel; selfishness developed into a conscienceless and calculating spirit which exacts hard and thankless service of its tools, in The Cat and the Monkey; selfishness confessing itself and justifying its cruelty, in The Wolf and the Lamb; and its latest and last form, where its heartlessness and cruelty is disguised, for greater effectiveness, by a claim or appearance of sanctimony, in The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.

Other similar studies are easily made. Many fables illustrate some essentially childish fault. Some of these give a lesson teaching the need of self-dependence; as, Hercules and the Cart Driver, and The Lark and Her Young Ones. Indolent over-confidence and its results are shown by The Hare and the Tortoise. The folly of a premature counting of chickens is seen in The Milk Maid; vanity as self-laudation or in listening to the flattery of others, in The Ox and the Frog, The Peacock and the Crane, and The Crow who lost his Cheese; the wisdom of yielding to the inevitable—a very important and difficult lesson for children and the childish—is taught by The Oak and the Willow; gentleness as a quiet force in opposition to a blustering self-assertion is beautifully shown by The Wind and the Sun; while the lesson of mutual helpfulness is taught in The Blind Man and the Lame Man and The Lion and the Mouse.

The Ant and the Grasshopper and The Goose that laid the Golden Egg show improvidence and sacrificing the future to a present gratification; The Little Mouse that feared the rooster but admired and praised the soft, purring cat, shows how easily the unsophisticated who would "see the world" are often deceived by appearances.

Different motives for deceiving others and the prevalent thought of society upon such deception are shown by The Jackdaw and the Doves, The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing, and The Boy who cried "Wolf!" The first shows a desire for easy and cheap success, the second black-hearted treachery disguised as innocence, and the third the discomfiture of a practical joker.

The Ass in the Lion's Skin is a picture of the cowardice of a braggart; Sour Grapes, of disingenuousness; The Dog in the Manger, malice; The Boy and the Frogs, cruelty to the weak and helpless; The Fly and the Horse, conceit.

Ingratitude is made odious by The Viper killing the man who warmed it in his bosom; while the force of unity is shown by The Bundle of Sticks.

Some of these same lessons, taught in a different manner, are found in the Wesselhoeft stories, Mrs. Stowe's Queer Little People, and other books for children; while a more complex and careful elaboration of the same themes is seen in Thackeray, Dickens, and the works of the great story-writers and poets. A comparison of the art used in these different forms is interesting work for the literature class.

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Earth, Sky, and Air in Song. Book I. By W. H. Neidlinger, with pictures by Walter Bobbett. American Book Company, New York.

The idea which Mr. Neidlinger has endeavored to embody here is one to delight a kindergartner. It is, to make for children beyond kindergarten age, lively, expressive, and musically beautiful songs on subjects kindred to those which the children have been singing about in kindergarten. The title affords abundant scope as to subject and is not a misnomer. There are songs about such natural objects and phenomena as attract a child most,—tide, rainbow, sun, wind, seasons, thunder, etc. There are songs connected with man as workman and man's inventions,—the plowman, blacksmith, miner, lumberman, the cable and telegraph; and one little song, Baby's Face, has pictures of Frown, Snarl, and Temper, which would certainly drive these individuals away from any child's proximity.

Mr. Neidlinger has the belief that verse, song, and picture should be integral parts of one whole. He thinks that the children, when singing, should have related pictures to look at; that the music should be moulded to suit the words; and that the words should be on subjects that children are interested in and humorous, when possible. Every closer approximation to this ideal of perfect unity of verse, music, and picture in children's songs is a round gained in our educational ladder; and it is Mr. Neidlinger's desire that his book should be accepted as educational. The pictures are by an artist, the music by a musician; but the poet who should have been in the combination, where, oh! where was he? For a snarled skein of color and rhyme we commend this:

"Old Winter's coat is made of *white*
All trimmed with bits of *brown*,
And young Spring's *gown* is *green* and *brown*
With lace of yellow *green*.
And Summer wears a darker *green*
With flowers on the *gown;*
But Autumn wears a gorgeous coat
The prettiest ever *seen*," etc.

And this for poetry! Other passages bringing out different faults might be quoted, but this serves to show that the poetic sense is sadly lacking in the book's verse-maker. Nor can the plea be made that humor and good poetic form are incompatible. Shade of Hood, forbid! But humor in a garb of true verse is one thing, and in a suit of badly-cut, poorly sewn poetic material is another.

The New Education Illustrated. By Edith Westcott and Frances B. Johnson. Complete in Sixteen Numbers. $0.30 each; $1.00 for three numbers; $5.00 for the set.

This is a noteworthy departure in educational publishing. The New Education Illustrated is a series of pamphlets large enough in size to accommodate 7 x 9 pictures illustrating the methods used in the schools of Washington, D. C., of *learning through real experience-getting.* The pictures are of unusual perfection and are as full of suggestion as an egg is of meat. They show *how to do it,* as Edward Everett Hale would say; how to carry out practically the better and freer ideas regarding teaching with which we have been inspired. They also show that as yet it is only the exceptional and not the average teacher who is capable of doing this sort of teaching, although it is the sort of teaching which the future is bound to favor. The numbers have each a special subject: Primary Education, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Institutional Life, Nature Study, Physical Culture, School Games, Sewing, Cooking, Manual Training, Drawing and Clay Modeling, Laboratory Work in High School, I. and II., High School Athletics, Normal School Work. Any teacher of any grade will delight in and gain ideas from this series. The amount of text accompanying the illustrations is small, but racy and original and brimful of wisdom.

The Story of the Ages. By Ida Brown. B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va. $0.35.

"It is far better to show young pupils the way to scientific knowledge than to impart it to them ready made." Our criticism of The Story of the Ages is that it is quite out of the line of the new

education, and that it is an attempt to give children in concentrated form what their minds are not yet sufficiently developed to receive. The "fairy story" and instruction parts form merely an oil-and-water mixture, as children would readily perceive. The book is illustrated, and is designed for supplementary reading in grammar grades.

THE APPEAL OF THE CHILD. By Henry Churchill King. L. D. Harkness, Oberlin, O. $0.25.

This small white-covered pamphlet of 72 pages contains two sermons or addresses delivered by Professor King before graduating classes of the Oberlin Kindergarten Training School. The first is entitled Reverence for Childhood and has for sub-headings: "Despise not the qualities of the child; despise not his person; despise not his worth." The second is entitled The Divine Training for Child-Ministry. Both have evidently been beloved in the hearing, for their publication is the result of requests. In speeding the kindergartners forth upon their new way, Professor King (professor of philosophy in Oberlin College) has given them, in few heartfelt words, a stock of thought on which they may often meditate to advantage, and which tempts to meditation. The addresses are practical as all uplifting and enlightening things are practical. As a simple gift,—instead of a card, for instance,—to a kindergarten friend, why not send one of these?

THE HEART OF THE ANCIENT WOOD. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston. $1.50.

"No finer forest story has been written than this," says the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* and many readers whom we have known attest its really unique charm. The forest and its wild inhabitants are about you as you read; and so great is the spell which the whole book, with its dominating human interest, casts over you, that you are under this influence long after the volume itself has been laid aside. The main feature in the story is that God-given rulership of man over the lower creation, evinced by the fearless child Miranda, and possessed so little by mankind in general because the spirit of man has as yet laid so little claim to it. Stirrings of such potentiality are felt by the sympathetic reader, but he is more than willing that the practical assertion of mankind's rulership shall be made vicariously by the few to whom forest life is a possibility. Now that our educated men of gentle heart are living more and more in nature's remoter haunts, this spiritual dominance will be more exercised and will be thus increased. The eagle story in Wilderness Ways, by W. J. Long, exemplifies this same strange power of spiritual conquest possessed by man over other animals. Every time a wood dweller calls it forth and exercises it he strengthens that power in the race and impresses it upon the lower creatures.

The characters in The Heart of the Ancient Wood are strongly drawn, and the writing itself is Mr. Roberts' best, combining delicate beauty, a simplicity which is the choice product of art, and a forcefulness which comes from mastery of life. Miranda and her mother and Kroof, the bear, stand out vividly against their background of Canadian forest life, and we heartily recommend their acquaintance. The book has a very tasteful cover, fine illustrations, excellent paper and type,—all those exterior qualifications which enhance its suitability for a gift book. It is not, of course, a story for young children; but a boy and his grandmother of eighty took equal delight in it at Christmas time.

THE TAYLOR SCHOOL READERS. FIRST READER. By Frances Lillian Taylor. Werner School Book Co., New York.

One of the good points of this reader is the amount of sensible matter, specially interesting to school children, which it contains. Another is the variety and future availability of the vocabulary gained through it. There are many bright colored pictures and many more in black and white. Among the latter, those representing children are evidently taken from life, a plan which does not wholly commend itself.

The cover is of a neat light-brown color, with red lilies upon it. The type is clear, of pleasant blackness, and well spaced.

"Up, up in the sky
The little birds fly,"

has four illustrations of interest to a teacher but calculated to take the children's minds entirely off of the *birds* and bird actions and fix them upon *their own method of representation.* On the whole, however ,the book has received commendation from experts.

Star-Land. By Robert S. Ball. Ginn & Co., Boston. $1.25.

Professor Ball (professor of astronomy in University of Cambridge, England) gave the substance of these chapters in London, as talks to young people about the wonders of the heavens; and those of us, whether young or old, who seek a simple telling of the great facts of the physical heavens and earth will be glad to know of such a book as this, which clothes these facts in untechnical language and makes them thoroughly comprehensible. The knowledge given is sound and fundamental. The illustrations add their share to the general lucidity. The present edition is new and revised.

Seven Little Sisters, who live on the Round Ball that floats in the Air. By Jane Andrews. Ginn & Co., Boston. $0.75.

A new edition is here offered of this child's classic. The new pictures show the seven little sisters as lovable bits of humanity, each one fairly representative of its own type (though more difference in their pictured complexions would have been an improvement) and placed in its proper environment. Like Johanna Spyri's Heidi, this book is a perennial spring of joy to children, gratifying at once the social instincts of their hearts and their desire to know more of "the wide world and all that dwell therein."

Goops and How to be Them. By Gelett Burgess. With ninety illustrations by the author. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. $1.50.

"A Manual of Manners for Polite Infants, Inculcating many Juvenile Virtues, both by Precept and Example." Thus reads the sub-title of the Goops, and the introduction advises:—

"When you 've finished with the Book,
At your conduct take a Look;
Ask yourself upon the Spot:
Are you Goop, or are you Not?
For although it 's fun to see them,
It is Terrible to Be them!"

Struwwelpeter's patronymic has never been given in history, but he must have been a Goop. Time has flown since Peter's youth and ours, and he must have emigrated to America and reared here a family worthy to succeed him in literature for the young. Put Gelett Burgess's Goops on the nursery bookshelf and you will have some fun with it. The children will laugh and learn, and quote and train each other, and parental life will be weeded of half its nagging "don'ts." Blessed be humor! especially that rare humor which is for little girls and boys. One jolly present for next Christmas can be provided by a forehanded purchase of Goops for your children or child friends. If you don't buy it now, make a memorandum of it:—and don't lose the memorandum! It is a large, handsome book, well worth its cost.

King Kindness and the Witch and Other Stories. By Helen Wells. Illustrated by Louise A. Shrimpton. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y. $0.50.

These are good little stories in many respects. They are lively and interesting certainly, and were written to entertain the children of Band of Mercy gatherings and to train them in kindly feelings.

The slang and puns, while tickling the children's fancy temporarily perhaps, prevent the book from being a really choice one. The pictures are delightful.

How to Study Nature in Elementary Schools. By John D. Wilson. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y. $0.50.

The aim of this "flexible manual for teachers" is to help them to cultivate in themselves and their children the habit of original observation and original thought. "Many teachers are jobbers in second-hand knowledge," says Mr. Wilson, trenchantly. A bit of advice culled further on from a talk to the teacher is: "Do not make nature study an excuse for filling your windows with a lot of unsightly boxes and tin cans filled with ragged, sickly plants." Mr. Wilson is principal of the Putnam school in Syracuse, where nature study has long received attention. The book is a small one and consists largely of suggestive questions and outlines. The publications from this house are very apt to be on paper of very poor quality, and this one is no exception; but the print is good.

Fairies and Folk of Ireland. By William Henry Frost. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

On the thread of a pretty story of his own conceiving, a genial writer for boys and girls has strung together Irish fairy legends of quaint and vivacious character. The whole is a charming commingling of possible fact and most impossible

fancy, of good common sense and delightful nonsense. In "A Chapter that you can skip," the author shows a happy way that he has of talking to his youthful readers as well as of amusing them by his story telling power.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

Notes on Foreign Schools (illustrated). By Wilbur S. Jackman. The Spirit of the Age in Education. By George H. Martin. Educational Review, March.

Sight Tests of Chicago School Children. By Charles C. Krauskopf. Child-Study Monthly, February.

The English Language in America. By Brander Mathews. Scribner's Magazine, March.

Examinations. By Henry Lincoln Clapp.

An Educational Problem. By Ella M. Powers. Education, March.

Photographic Processes as Educational Aids. By Frank R. Fraprie. Photo-Era, March.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va. The Story of the Ages. By Ida Brown. $0.35.

Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago. The White Flame. By Mary A. Cornelius. $1.25.

Ginn and Co., Boston. Primary Picture Cards.

The Abbey Press, 114 Fifth Ave., New York. Bobtail Dixie. By Abbie N. Smith. $1.00.

Werner School Book Company, New York. The Arithmetic Primer. By Frank H. Hall. $0.25.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Mothers' Conference. The Eastern Kindergarten Association held its seventy-second meeting in Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, February 19.

The meeting took the form of a mothers' conference and many mothers from mothers' clubs, also mothers of the kindergarten children, were guests for the afternoon. The subjects and speakers were as follows: The Child's Claim to Justice, Mrs. James A. Beatley; The Bringing Down of the Child, Miss Emilie Poulsson. Mrs. Clarence Meleney of Brooklyn, who was to have spoken, was detained at home on account of illness in her family.

Music was rendered by Miss Garland's pupils in a most charming manner and many songs were quite new to the kindergarten world.

At the close of the meeting the annual offering to the Elizabeth Peabody House was taken.

The hall was completely filled and the mothers and teachers listened most attentively to the addresses given.

Miss Poulsson gave parents much to reflect upon in her paper, and all who listened felt much sympathy for the little child so frequently misunderstood by those nearest him.

Mrs. Beatley spoke from her own experience largely, and the kindergartners were glad to listen to the subject of justice from a mother's point of view.

L. A. Flagg, *Cor. Sec.*

Glens Falls, New York.

Annual Meeting. The Saratoga and Vicinity Branch of the I. K. U. held its annual meeting at Glens Falls, N. Y., Saturday, March 2, and elected the following officers: Miss Myra Holmes, Saratoga, president; Miss Alice Banker, Fort Edward, vice-president; Miss Margaret Williams, Sandy Hill, secretary and treasurer.

Mrs. Franklin Chase of Syracuse spoke informally to the kindergartners in the morning on Prenatal Influence.

A luncheon was served by the Glens Falls kindergartners to their guests at one o'clock, after which Mrs. Chase addressed the general public on the subject of a More Enlightened Motherhood.

She urged the formation of mothers' clubs, where the special needs of the child and the proper methods for training could be freely discussed and where there could be an interchange of views.

Brooklyn, New York.

Conference of Mothers' Clubs.

A conference of mothers' clubs and parents' societies was held in Association Hall, March 14. Miss Fanniebelle Curtis, director of kindergartens in the public schools, presided at the conference and an address of welcome was made by Mrs. Clarence E. Meleney, chairman of the mothers' committee of the International Kindergarten Union. Dr. Luther Gulick, principal of the high school of Pratt Institute, delivered an address on the Differences in Character between Boys and Girls, and Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper, president of the Brooklyn Women's Club, read a paper on The Relation of the Mothers' Club to the School. Miss Mary H. Watermann, supervisor of the Free Kindergarten Association, spoke on The Annual Play Festival of the Kindergarten Children at Prospect Park.

The conference was held under the auspices of the kindergarten section of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. This movement is the outgrowth of the kindergarten work in Brooklyn. In connection with the kindergartens of the Free Kindergarten Association there are fifteen of these mothers' clubs and parents' societies. There are also at present twenty societies connected with the Brooklyn public schools, and two other organizations, one connected with the Froebel Academy, known as the Froebel Society, and another, the Stuyvesant Heights Mothers' Club.

Manchester, New Hampshire.

Two New Kindergartens.

The board of managers of the Manchester Kindergarten Association held a meeting March 5, at the home of Mrs. Henry W. Boutwell on Union street. It was there decided that the association shall undertake two kindergartens, one public and one private.

The private kindergarten will be entirely supported by tuition fees of pupils, which will not exceed one dollar a week, conveyance to and from the school not included, and by a guarantee fund raised by private subscription. The first term will commence about the middle of April.

The public kindergarten will be established in the fall and will be supported by the annual dues of the association, special contributions and any surplus which may remain in the treasury of the private kindergarten after the demands of that school have been met.

Bangor, Maine.

Growth of the Kindergarten.

During the construction of the new school building on Elm street, one of the four rooms was reserved and fitted up for an additional kindergarten. When the building was opened for occupancy on the morning of February 25, twenty-five little ones were on hand. One week later this kindergarten had thirty-four pupils.

Bangor now has five kindergartens in active operation so situated as to accommodate in a fairly impartial manner the different portions of the community. When the new building goes up in Ward Second, another kindergarten room must be included in the plans.

The value of the training given the children in the kindergarten is becoming more and more appreciated. The child of five years who enters the grades without having had the advantages of the kindergarten is seriously handicapped.

The appointment of Miss Brown as supervisor of kindergartens is being justified by good results.

Philadelphia,

The course of lectures on the Divine Comedy by Dante, given by Prof. Edward Howard Griggs before the Philadelphia Branch of the International Kindergarten Union, has been completed. These lectures have proved of much value to our members, giving them added insight into their work, and assisting in the study of the various individuals under their care. Dante, as Professor Griggs makes clear, gives an excellent standard by which we may judge of the comparative values of vices and virtues. Recognizing then the danger which lurks in certain seemingly unimportant faults, the mother or teacher will waste no time before trying, as Froebel advises, "to find the originally good source, the originally good side, of the human being that has been repressed, disturbed, or misled into the shortcoming, and then foster, build up, and properly guide this good side."

This course on the study of a master-

piece in literature has been such a success that the society is making arrangements for a course of twelve lectures on Goethe's Faust, to be given by Professor Griggs early next year.

At the December meeting, Miss Anna W. Williams read a paper on Dante, which was a help to the better understanding of the above course. She is also leading a class, open to all members, on the study of the Divine Comedy, and the application of its lessons to kindergarten work.

Z. N. Parker,
Corresponding Secretary.

INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION.

Program of the Eighth annual meeting, Chicago, April 10, 11, 12, and 13, 1901. Headquarters, Chicago Woman's Club, 203-207 Michigan avenue.

Wednesday evening, April 10, 8 *o'clock,* Central Music Hall: Addresses of Welcome, Chairman Local Committee, Mr. E. C. Cooley, Superintendent Chicago Public Schools; Mr. O. T. Bright, Superintendent Schools Cook County. Response by President of the International Kindergarten Union, Miss C. T. Haven, of New York Ethical Culture Schools; Addresses, Some Misconceptions of the Kindergarten, Miss Laura Fisher, Supervisor Boston Public Kindergartens; Egoism and Altruism, as Organic Aspects of Education, Dr. Arnold Tompkins, Principal Chicago Normal School.

Thursday, April 11, 10 *o'clock,* University Hall, Fine Arts Building: Reports of Delegates, Reading of Foreign Letters, Appointment of Committees. Intermission for luncheon.

Thursday, 2 *p. m.,* Rooms of Woman's Club, Fine Arts Building: Round Tables; Stories; led by Miss Mary McCulloch, St. Louis. Topics for discussion: I. By what should a kindergartner be guided in her choice of stories? 2. What are the essential characteristics of a good story for little children? 3. How may the gift of story telling be cultivated? 4. Story telling illustrated with a few simple stories.

Program; led by Miss Geraldine O'Grady, New York. Topics:

1. Will you give briefly the characteristic points of what you consider the most satisfactory program you have made or used?

2. What elements do you find remaining alike in your programs of successive years? What do you find modified? What added? What eliminated?

3. Will you discuss one selective principle which you find valuable in organizing time or materials?

4. How do you harmonize the giving of general normal or typical experiences with the variations of particular environments? How far do you believe in making either point give way to the other?

5. What do you consider the normally desirable experiences of child-life?

6. If you have worked entirely without a program and consider you have been successful, will you describe some of your work and compare different stages of it?

7. Can progression and continuity in Gift and Occupation work be secured, while providing for the reproduction of daily experiences? How far do you believe in sacrificing either point?

8. In a large kindergarten do you plan your program with the younger or older children in mind? How would you recommend varying or changing it for either?

For Supervisors Only:—

9. In discussing work with young kindergartners, what do you find to be their chief difficulties, or most common faults?

10. If you are working with a group of kindergartners whose experience varies from several years to that only of the training school, what do you find the best way of meeting their needs of help, in planning work?

11. Do you ever find the plans of work in kindergarten and first grade overlapping? What do you think is the cause, and the remedy for this?

Supervision; led by Miss Fanniebelle Curtis, Brooklyn. Topics: 1. The relation of supervisor and training teacher.

2. The kindergarten in the public school. 3. The problems of the supervisor of kindergartens connected with associations and societies. 4. The kindergarten program. Shall the supervisor plan the general program?

Thursday evening, 8 *o'clock,* Chicago Woman's Club Rooms: Reception to delegates and friends of the International Kindergarten Union.

Friday, 10 *o'clock,* Assembly Hall, Fine Arts Building: The Committee on Training Classes, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, chairman, will hold an Open Conference on the Simplification of Work in Training School and Kindergarten. Discussion opened by Miss Graeff, of Cleveland. Intermission for luncheon.

Friday, 2 *p. m.,* University Hall, Fine Arts Building: Addresses, The Kindergarten and the School, Dr. Wm. N. Hailmann, Superintendent Schools, Dayton, Ohio; The Science of Education, its history and present outlook, Col. Francis W. Parker, Chicago Institute: business meeting at 4 o'clock. Resolutions and announcements.

Saturday, April 13, 10.30 *o'clock.* Hull House, 335 S. Halsted street: Conference, The Place of the Kindergarten in Settlement Work. Speakers, Miss Jane Addams, Hull House; Miss Mary McDowell, University Settlement; Prof. Graham Taylor, Chicago Commons. Closing business and announcements.

The sessions will begin punctually at the hour stated, and the president urges that all will concur with her in making the exercises prompt and decisive.

Directory of Places of Meeting:—

Fine Arts Building, 203-207 Michigan avenue; Chicago Woman's Club, 9th floor; University Hall, 1st floor; Assembly Hall, 10th floor. This building can be easily reached from Van Buren street station Illinois Central R. R.; Cottage Grove, Indiana avenue and W. Van Buren street surface cars; also Metropolitan, Northwestern and South Side elevated roads stopping at Van Buren and State streets.

Central Music Hall, corner State and Randolph streets. Take any surface or elevated road, asking conductor to stop at nearest point to State and Randolph. (All car lines come within one block.)

Hull House, corner Polk and Halsted streets. Take S. Halsted street cars at Van Buren and Dearborn or Adams and Dearborn streets, stopping at door of Hull House. Metropolitan elevated stops at Halsted street, walk three blocks south to Polk street.

Directories of Chicago Kindergartens can be secured at headquarters.

Transportation, Eva B. Whitmore, Chairman.

1. Tickets at full fare for the going journey may be secured within three days (exclusive of Sunday) prior to and during the first three days of the meeting. The advertised dates of the meeting are from April 10 to 13, consequently you can obtain your tickets not earlier than April 6, nor later than April 12. Be sure that when purchasing your going ticket, you request a certificate. Do not make the mistake of asking for a receipt.

2. Present yourself at the railroad station for ticket and certificate at least thirty minutes before departure of train.

3. Certificates are not kept at all stations. If you inquire at your station you will find out whether certificates and through tickets can be obtained to place of meeting. If not, agent will inform you at what station they can be obtained. You can purchase a local ticket thence, and there take up a certificate and through ticket.

4. On your arrival at the meeting, present your certificate to Miss Bertha Payne.

5. It has been arranged that the special agent of the Railway Associations will be in attendance to validate certificates on April 12. You are advised of this, because if you arrive at the meeting and leave for home again prior to the special agent's arrival, you cannot have the benefit of the reduction on the home journey. Similarly, if you arrive at the meeting later than April 12, after the special agent has left, you cannot have your certificate validated or the reduction returning.

6. If the necessary minimum (100) is in attendance, and your certificate is duly validated, you will be entitled, up to April 17, to a continuous passage ticket to your destination by the route over which you make the going journey, at one third the limited fare.

For further information, address Chairman Transportation Committee, Room 640, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Hotel and Boarding Accommodations, Mary Jean Miller, Chairman.

Delegates and visitors may apply to

Mr. C. H. Rhoades, care *Times-Herald,* Chicago, Ill., who will furnish all information in regard to rooms and board. Every application should state whether a single or a double room is required, the length of time the room will be needed, the price you wish to pay, and whether meals are desired at the same place.

European plan: Four in room, $0.50 each; two in room, $1.00 each; one in room, $1.50 per day. Better accommodations if desired.

American plan, $1.50 per day and up.

ALICE H. PUTNAM,

Chairman Local Executive Committee.

TRIBUTES TO MISS BRYAN.

As representatives of the Kindergarten Alumnæ Club of Louisville, Ky., appointed at a called meeting Wednesday, March 6, 1901, we desire to express the sorrow and deep sense of loss which we feel individually and as an organization in the departure of Anna E. Bryan to the higher life, February 21, 1901.

Her inspiration, insight into character, and belief in the ability of all her pupils stimulated them to hopeful, happy effort, thus giving an impetus to earnest conscientious work, not only in their profession, but in their daily lives. Young women of the Southland and many in Northern homes miss her presence today, but her influence will ever live with them.

Miss Bryan had a deep love for little children, and worked always for the practical benefits to childhood from the application of Froebel's laws. We feel humbly grateful for the noble work she has done for the kindergarten and the kindergartner.

Her plea was ever for function before form; spirit rather than letter. Her message to the kindergartners of Louisville when she left them was, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Blessed as we were with her presence and leadership for a number of years, her lovely character and noble spirit are well known to us, and we keenly feel her loss to the work with which she identified herself.

As a club we extend our heartfelt sympathy to those she loves, her family, and the Chicago Free Kindergarten Association.

In loving appreciation of the good work she has done, it was resolved to perpetuate her memory in founding and maintaining a free scholarship in the training class of the Louisville Free Kindergarten Association, this scholarship to be called the "Anna E. Bryan Memorial Scholarship."

It was resolved that a copy of this tribute be sent to each member of the alumnæ of the Louisville Free Kindergarten Association, to the kindergarten periodicals, to the Louisville daily papers, to her family, and that it be spread on the minutes of our Kindergarten Alumnæ Club.

Mary D. Hill, Chairman, Annie E. Moore, Margaret Byers, Emma Hast, Elizabeth Fulton, Elizabeth Akin, Zerelda Huckeby Prosser, Finie M. Burton, Patty S. Hill, Liebe Jones Boggess.

The directors of the Louisville Free Kindergarten Association, through Mrs. Harry Whiteside, vice-president, prepared the following memorial to Miss Bryan, who was the founder of the kindergarten system in Louisville:—

"In the spring of 1887, Mrs. J. R. Clark and a number of other ladies connected with the industrial school of Holcombe Mission decided to open a free kindergarten for neglected children. For a few months the work was conducted by a young woman from Cincinnati. There was, however, no permanent organization. In the fall of the same year, 1887, Miss Anna E. Bryan was engaged to take charge of the work under the chartered Louisville Free Kindergarten Association. The first permanent kindergarten was opened in Holcombe Mission building, on Jefferson street. At first Miss Bryan had charge of the kindergarten in the morning, and of the training class, which she organized, in the afternoon. Later, the rapidly growing work made it

necessary to relieve her of the morning work, and she then became superintendent of the Louisville Training Class for Kindergarten Teachers. This class soon came to have a national reputation and to-day numbers among its pupils women who hail, not only from the United States, but from foreign countries as well.

"Miss Bryan came to her new field of labor charged with a zeal and enthusiasm that kept the emotion and interest of the public awake, through many years of uncertainty, until the work was firmly established here. The field was a difficult one. Few persons in Louisville thirteen years ago believed in kindergarten work —either as an economic charity or a legitimate factor in education, either of which is accepted to-day without question.

"It was due to Miss Bryan's charm of personality, magnetism as a teacher, and devotion to her calling, as well as to the many devoted women who have given their services, and the many generous citizens who have given their money to the great work, that the kindergarten grew from its small beginning to its present magnitude. The Louisville Free Kindergarten is Miss Bryan's truest monument.

"In 1893, Miss Bryan accepted a call to superintend the kindergartens of Armour Institute, knowing that she left the work here in the worthy hands of her successor, the present superintendent. At the time of her death she was one of the faculty of the Training School under the Chicago Free Kindergarten Association. Here large numbers of pupils came in direct contact with her and daily felt the quickening touch of the genuine teacher. She was frank, brave, hopeful, earnest—one of those

'Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace
For needy, suffering lives in lowliest place.'

"All is said when we say of her, as of Victor Hugo: she 'loved God and little children.'"

EDUCATIONAL NEWS.

Portland, Oregon, has adopted kindergartens as part of its public school system and levied a special tax for their support. As in many other cities, a kindergarten association first paved the way by establishing and maintaining the child gardens until public opinion was enough in their favor to demand their incorporation into the public school system. The association has been working fifteen years. The city's acceptance of kindergartens was greatly helped by a campaign pamphlet written by Miss Valentine Pritchard and published by the association. It was entitled, Kindergarten as an Organic Part of the Public School System of America.

The Froebel Society of Fall River, Mass., is one of those small bodies with a big spirit, which may be counted on for more energy than many a larger association. It has now enrolled itself among the givers to the Froebel Memorial House and the gift is hereby acknowledged and will be forwarded to Germany. Are there not other small societies which can send a dollar or more as a token of interest in the Memorial and for the sake of having a part in the offering which will represent American kindergartens? Contributions may be sent to the Editors of KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, Waban, Mass., and will be duly acknowledged and forwarded.

Chicago children who are chronically ill, or those too crippled to attend school are visited in their homes by trained kindergartners, sent out from Hull House. Older children receive some manual training and instruction in common school branches, although some visits are given wholly to entertainment and reading aloud. During the last five years, from ten to twenty children have been visited about three times a week. These children live in all parts of the city. Most of the names are received through the Visiting Nurses' Association, the hospitals, and the Bureau of Charities. The work is now organized

under the charge of the Society for Visiting and Teaching Crippled Children.

The committee recently appointed by the school board to consider the establishment of kindergartens in Baltimore, Md., has decided in their favor and has recommended that a kindergarten be placed in each one of the twenty-five school groups. This will go into effect, presumably, at the opening of the next school year. The members of the committee on kindergartens are the Rev. Dr. Rosenau, Colonel Cunningham, and Mr. Phillips.

In January, 1901, a few earnest, thoughtful women of Fulton, Ky., organized a "home circle" for the betterment of homes and the community. They now not only are doing successful club work along the lines of child culture and domestic science, but have established a flourishing private kindergarten and one free kindergarten. Miss M. B. Crowder, formerly of Texarkana, Texas, superintends the kindergarten work. The officers of the circle are Mrs. E. M. Waits, president; Mrs. W. P. Murrell, secretary and treasurer; Miss M. B. Crowder, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Mott Ayres, librarian.

The Chicago Kindergarten Club met on Saturday, March 9, with Miss Anne Allen as leader of the group having the program in charge for the afternoon. The subject was Æsthetics, and papers or short talks were given on the Ideal Nursery and on the Decoration of Nurseries and Kindergartens; also on Textiles and Painting, and on Music and Rhythm, Dramatic Art and Stories. This group was fortunate in securing Mrs. Crosby Adams to talk on Music for Children, and Mrs. Gudrun Thomsen on Stories. Mrs. Thomsen told several stories of the kind to tell and some of the kind not to tell, and Mrs. Adams illustrated her talk with her bells and also with the piano.

LIZZIE WHITCOMBE, *Cor. Sec.*

At Altoona, Pa., Miss Hotchkin has removed her kindergarten from 620 Sixth avenue to 2514 West Chestnut avenue. The class reopened April 1.

Dr. Mary E. Law has been appointed on the Toledo Charter Commission to revise the city charter. Two ladies were appointed on a committee of fifty.

The Colorado State Teachers' Association recently adopted a resolution requesting that the Colorado representatives in Congress be asked to employ their best endeavor to urge Congress to reorganize the Bureau of Education upon broader lines, erecting it into an independent department on a plane with the Bureau of Labor, and giving proper compensation to the Commissioner of Education. This is a good example for other important organizations to follow.

Prof. John Dewey, of the University of Chicago, has been lecturing in some of the eastern cities. His lectures, especially the one on School Work and Every Day Experience, have been much enjoyed.

During the last week in January Mr. Carnegie promised $260,000 for a public library at Syracuse and $50,000 for a library at Lewiston, Maine. Sixty-nine cities in the United States have Carnegie libraries. The donor will add many more. He does not favor small communities, believing in the greatest good for the greatest number. His total gifts to libraries now aggregate $5,169,-100; to institutions of learning, $6,405,-000; to institutions in England and Scotland, $4,238,665, and to various objects, $428,200.

Armour Institute, it is said, will be made the nucleus of a great technical school, and is to be affiliated with either the University of Chicago or Northwestern University. Philip D. Armour before his death arranged for the future of the Institute and his will provides an endowment of $1,000,000 for it.

Mrs. Louise Pollock of Washington, D. C., is giving her twenty-second course of ten lessons on the care of young children. These lessons are free to any who have the care of children. They are based upon Froebel's Kindergarten Philosophy for Children from the age of three months until old enough to attend the kindergarten.

The Pittsfield, Mass., school committee has voted to appropriate $1,000 for the establishment of a kindergarten. For some years this matter has been annually before the school board, and has been defeated. The election of new members of the school committee this year has changed the vote of the committee.

The free kindergarten at Helena, Mont., opened March 5, in the Sheridan school building. About twelve children were in attendance, but owing to the depth of the snow, not as many were present as will be later. Miss Retta Clark is in charge and under her able supervision the kindergarten promises to be even more successful than it was last year. Only half day sessions are held, in the forenoon. The kindergarten is under the supervision of the Ladies'

Society of the First Unitarian church.

Miss Edith M. Near, a graduate of the Boston Kindergarten Normal School, and a teacher of two years' successful experience, has charge of a kindergarten which Mrs. Charles L. Chalfant opened at her home on Station street, Norwalk, O., March 18.

Mrs. West has a private kindergarten and normal training class at 5089 Page avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

There are five kindergartens connected with the Lansingburgh, N. Y., public schools. At the Whipple school, Miss Anna P. Cairns is principal and Miss Laura Ransom, assistant; at the Comstock school, Miss Sara Gill, principal, and Miss Edith H. Kinny, assistant; at the Powers school, Mrs. Fannie Ott, principal, and Miss Bertha McCollough, assistant; at the Leonard school, Miss Reichard, principal, and Miss Lillian Young, assistant; at the Haskell school, Miss Frances D. Gillespie, principal, and Miss Kathryn Barnes, assistant.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., Kindergarten Union held its monthly meeting March 12, in Adelphi College. Miss Curtis presided and Miss Florence Wood read a paper on The Games of the Kindergarten, the playing of which games in illustration was led by Miss Wood.

A kindergarten was opened at Hyannis, Mass., March 11, at the residence of Mrs. Henrietta Chase, corner of Main street and Railroad avenue, in charge of Miss Dora M. Baker, of West Yarmouth.

Miss Marie Brooks has opened a kindergarten at her home on West Main street, Cambridge, N. Y.

The kindergarten department of Miss Rebeka Browne's school, at Newcastle, Pa., was opened March 4, under the direction of Miss Lillian Street.

Miss Mellie Huntington, of Sandusky, O., has accepted the directorship of a kindergarten at Honolulu.

The paper of Dr. Jenny B. Merrill on Children's Gardens, which was published in KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, September, 1898, has been reprinted by Milton Bradley Company at the request of the Garden Committee of the Kraus Alumni Association. Copies will be distributed to those interested at the Chicago meeting of the I. K. U. There is a growing interest in this subject.

The Kindergarten alumnæ of the New Orleans, La., Normal School held its regular monthly meeting at the school on a recent afternoon, with the following officers present: Miss Margaret Rykoski, president; Miss Anna Pierson, vice-president; Miss Phala Lyons, treasurer; Miss Tessie Seeman, secretary. The alumnæ has taken up a further study of Froebel's Mother Plays and dissertations were read by Miss Ruth Bowman on Taste Song; Miss Kate Eastman, Grass Mowing; Miss Aline Ferry, Tick-Tack. Every year the alumnæ entertains at a reception, which is always also the occasion of the class presentation to the school of some gift — a picture, bust, or some artistic reminder of the class. Arrangements for this reception were discussed at the above meeting, but just what form the reception will take has not been decided. Class 1901 will make a presentation and there will be musical features, the entertainment promising to be of its usual happy nature.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

JAPANESE CHILD LEARNING TO WRITE.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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THE FACETIOUS ATTITUDE TOWARD CHILDREN.

By May H. Prentice.

A TINY, red-faced atom, scowling, gasping, clinging with tenacious and utter helplessness to the first finger offered, whether of friend or foe; an existence which might be ended by the pressure of a thumb and finger. Over against this existence—the universe.

Within a few short days this atom is making demands upon the universe; not humbly pleading, but endeavoring to compel submission to its desires.

Darwin says: "Mother-love is that instinct which leads the mother to overrate the importance of her own offspring." Yet the tenderest and proudest mother smiles as she endeavors to divert the attention, and thus cause a relaxation of the muscles of angry Master Baby. Is not the sane view of this manifestation on his part necessarily a humorous one?

Nevertheless—

Years ago I knew a tiny kindergarten girl,—four years old, she was. One day she was naughty, and she and her little chair were banished to that cold and penal Siberia of the kindergarten—outside the circle. Work finished, all the other children said happy good-byes and went away, leaving only the little offender. Very impressively the kindergartner talked to her, and Katie listened without a sign. Concluding, the young woman waited for a word from the child. It was rather startling, when it came. Stamping her tiny foot upon the floor, and setting her face like a flint: "Miss Williams," she announced, "I am doin' to be badder yet!"

Funny? Of course. But from such a ridiculous there is but one step to the sublime of man's naked will without defense or covert, defying consequences; of man's individu-

ality asserting itself, yes, and maintaining itself, against the universe. When this conception is grasped by the mind, the humor fades.

Superficial thinking, however, sees only incongruity. To it, *will* in so tiny and helpless a creature is absurd. To old-time thought, it was not absurd only because it was wicked.

In the thought of the child's choices, wishes, desires, and self-directed actions as absurd, as incongruous with his place in the scale of being, as the result of chance and having their outcome determined by chance,—in this thought, I say, unformulated but existent, originates the facetious attitude toward the child. To those who hold it, kindly people often, the child is a creature of unexplainable caprice, and, above everything, amusing.

There are certain elements which make practical jokes, as a rule, obnoxious. They are: Implied superiority on the part of the joker, and embarrassing ignorance, defect, or weakness on the part of the victim (note that victim is the accepted word); hence the ludicrous mental confusion or shame of the latter.

In a greater or less degree these elements are present in the facetious treatment of children, and are seldom altogether absent from the most good-natured fun that is "poked at" them. All of these were present in the following instance in which the thoroughly good-natured adult had the wind taken out of his sails (the figure is apt) in a most unexpected manner. A little friend of mine aged four, a quick-witted child, was traveling with his mother, and with his toys was occupying a double seat in a sparsely-filled coach. A commercial traveler, who, it chanced, was a ventriloquist, in search of amusement joined the child. After a little conversation there was the sound of a bird singing. C. looked up puzzled, then his face cleared and he went on with his play. Again the sound, but C. gave no heed. "Don't you hear my bird?" said the "drummer," a little piqued. "Miau! miau! miau!" said the child, promptly; "if you don't look out my cat will eat up your bird!" The man's assumption of superiority was unfounded.

Harmless and good-tempered as this little joke was, you see its success rested entirely upon the three elements pointed out.

In many, and the worst, of the jokes (?) which originate in the habitual facetious attitude toward children, another element is added to or substituted for shame or mental confusion;—namely: fear, sometimes amounting to terror.

The following harrowing incident (which I would gladly omit were it not for the unmeasured evil which comes to timid and sensitive children through foolish jesting) occurred last year. A little seven-year-old girl was watching a servant prepare a turkey for roasting. "That," said the servant girl, and doubtless smiled to see the child's eyes grow large, "is the way they bake babies in New York." That night the child's parents were wakened by her screams of: "Mary is going to bake little brother! Oh, don't let her bake little brother!"

She lived two weeks, never regaining her reason, and then died, literally frightened to death.

So horrifying an occurrence is happily rare; but childhood is largely inarticulate, and who does not remember some specter of terror, a product of the facetiousness of grown folks, which hung over his childhood? Oftenest the specter is a very misty one, half-feared, half-enjoyed; but the unbroken silence of childhood as to its deep feelings leaves always an uncertainty as to whether the child's feeling is not one of terror.

Our broad-shouldered, big-hearted captain laughed as he looked at his pretty, slender, dark-eyed daughter one day this summer on Lake Superior. "I used to tell her I got her from the Indians," he said; "and when we would see a boat-load of them coming I would say: 'There 's your real father and mother coming to get you;' and then she would run to the cabin and hide." Here was a most loving father, and a brave and healthy child, who more than half knew that her father was joking. But—grown folks were queer; the story might be true; it was best to be on the safe side!

The joke based on some peculiarity of the child's appearance is as cruel as it is common. This is Laurence Hutton's experience as given in his charming book, "A Boy I knew, and Four Dogs": "Nobody except The Boy knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously, and with no thought of hurting his feelings, caused him by the fun they poked at his nose, at his fiery locks, and at his unhandiness. He fancied that passers-by pitied him as he walked or played in the streets, and he sincerely pitied himself as a youth destined to grow up into an awkward, tactless, stupid man, at whom the world would laugh so long as his life lasted." And Mr. Hutton's boyhood experience is not exceptional. Possibly, indeed, the child studying the mirror, sadly acquiescing in the supposed views of his relatives, is further accused of vanity!

A keen student of childhood may usually know at the end of five minutes' observation of a child whether he has been treated always with sweet seriousness, or whether he has been often the object or the conscious subject of facetious remark. The latter circumstance is betrayed by many tokens, among them awkwardness, shrinking shyness, and buffoonery. The first two, in somewhat varied forms, *may* be the product of frequent and severe fault-finding; the last is almost surely the result of being laughed at.

And, strange as it may seem, the buffoon is sometimes a self-defensive development of the shrinking, sensitive child. What good teacher does not know, and, knowing, fold into the tenderest place in her heart and wrap about with steadiest sweet courtesy, the big boy whom fate or fault has lodged among smaller children, and who has blundered against the laughter of others until, in a sore and desperate effort to save his self-respect, he has shielded himself in such an armor of pretended mistakes and pretended desire to be laughed at as only

a loving heart and a keen eye can penetrate?

The child whose revelations of his feelings, whose attempts to express his spiritual conceptions, become the subject of laughter and amused comment in his hearing must almost inevitably become flippant unless he proudly shuts himself up in childish reserve.

It is amusing when Three-year-old, in his desire for something intelligible, varies the "Amen" of his evening prayer with "A man-*and* a horse!" But to the thoughtful mind the idea is conveyed that he has been taught vain repetitions such as the heathen use. And if this burst of originality is greeted with laughter, be sure that Three-year-old will endeavor to evolve something more which will gain applause.

Playfulness has a part, and a valuable one, in the development of the child; but this playfulness shown toward him must never overleap the bounds, which he is so little able to guard, of respect for his personality.

And certainly students of Froebel will not forget that life is *one;* that, because the child is Man in germ, the purposed thing is much more important than the incongruous apparent result; and so we will hide deep the smiles over the giant purpose of the tiny boy, over the crude lines of the drawing which stand for so much, over the naïve statement in which the child's frank soul lies bare; and we will ponder these things in our hearts.

KATE GREENAWAY CHILDREN.

By Edith H. Kinney.

The years can bring to them no care or change,
Still in immortal merriment they range
Through daisy-dotted meadows, hand in hand,
The gayest folk that dwell in picture-land.
To some fantastic rhyme or story set,
A-down the page they lightly pirouette,
With ribbons all a-flutter on their caps,
And fingers flinging posies from their laps.
Like blossoms found in lanes of long ago
And gardens that our dear youth used to know,
Are these fair children in their quaint array.
For their sweet sake, for many and many a day,
Remembered in our hearts her name shall be,
Whose fancy fashioned childhood's Arcady!

SUMMER KINDERGARTEN IN PUEBLO, COLORADO.

By Louise W. Hodge.

THE summer kindergarten, unlike the kindergarten movement itself, won at its inception the approval and sanction of the greatest educators of the country, as embodying the true spirit of its founder and coinciding with the progressive spirit of this day in the educational world.

The fact that educators have been so ready to accept this new phase of kindergartening, and that the kindergartens themselves all over the country have undergone in the past few years such marked changes, would indicate either that the educational world is becoming more perceptive and less conservative regarding the introduction of new and radical ideas into the schools, or else that the kindergartens themselves have been at fault in the past and are beginning to awaken to a realization of their imperfections and to a better understanding of their mission. Probably both are true; certainly the new attitude of the schools to the kindergarten opens up vast fields of which we had never dreamed.

Although the summer kindergartens are in existence in some of the large cities, the movement in that direction has not been very widespread. The spirit, however, has been fostered by the reports from this work, and is showing results in many places. In the cities where summer kindergartens are carried on, they are in the nature of vacation schools, being considered as an extra session of the school year. District No. 20 of Pueblo, Colorado, has been somewhat unique in adopting the summer kindergarten as a part of its session, the school year in the kindergarten extending from April until the following Christmas holidays, when occurs the three months' vacation. Supt. J. F. Keating of that city tried this plan as an experiment this past year, and it was deemed so successful that it has been established as a regular feature of the school work of that city.

The reasons for this innovation have been twofold. In Colorado, where the climatic conditions are such that there is comparatively very little severe or unpleasant weather during the year, a disagreeable day is a signal for the children, especially those of tender years, to stay at home, either because such a day is unusual or because the child is unprepared for it. The weather of the three months following Christmas being the most inclement of the year, attendance is very irregular and, as a consequence, very unsatisfactory work is obtained. By means of the summer session the child is able to attend kindergarten

PLANTING AND WATERING.

regularly in consecutive months. Sickness also is considerably less in summer than in winter, and the question of warm clothing does not stand in the way. Many a barefoot boy and poorly clad girl attended my summer kindergarten who could not have come in the winter months. So we may say in the first place that it is but giving the child his rights in making it possible for him to attend kindergarten his allotted time.

The negative side, however, is of the lesser importance, for the outdoor life possible with the summer kindergarten gives an unequaled opportunity for that cultivation of the love of nature and of observation which are justly considered of high value.

Let me give you an idea of the work as carried out in our kindergartens this past summer. There were three kindergartens in which the experiment was tried, two of these in poor districts. In connection with each was a garden of some proportion, marked off into sections which were worked individually by the children. In two cases a portion of the school ground was fenced in and used for this purpose; in the third, a neighbor donated a portion of her yard to which a private entrance was made. The city gave the water for our use. The children were provided with hoes, rakes, and sprinkling cans; and no prouder set of children could be found anywhere than the little "Farmer Brigade" as they started out with their tools ready for work.

After talking about the seeds and learning to recognize the different kinds, each child prepared his own plot of ground and planted in it two rows of vegetables and two rows of flowers of his own choosing. The morning after the planting of the seeds, on reaching my kindergarten (which was one of those in the poorer districts), I found a small boy down on his knees in front of his garden digging "to see if the seeds had growed any." His lesson of patience was a hard one, but was well rewarded in

time. I found that it was true of him, as of many others, that "Beauty cannot create a new heart but it can greatly change a disposition." The children entered with the greatest enthusiasm into the gardening, and, after a few bitter lessons, learned to recognize and distinguish the weeds and the good plants. The habits of the insects which frequented the gardens were a subject for study; and when the children learned to know them, the caterpillars, worms, ants, bees, and butterflies found tender treatment at their hands.

"See My Radishes!"

Our vegetables served us as lunches on our excursions and we kept a market of our own, where we sold turnips, radishes, lettuce, beets, squashes and carrots. The sum gained from this profitable business in one kindergarten was used at the suggestion of the children to buy a handsome silk flag for the room. In another kindergarten, the pumpkins grown in the garden were stored until Thanksgiving time, when one of the mothers made some of them into pies as a rare treat for the children. One can readily imagine their delight in eating pies made from the pumpkins which they had planted and cared for, and with what fervor they sang the last line of the good old Thanksgiving song, "Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!"

Another interesting feature of our summer work was the excursions, sometimes on the street cars, sometimes on hayracks, and sometimes walking to the parks and farms, where the children ran and played and saw nature and life as they had never seen them before. One of the chief results gained from these trips was their modeling in clay and sand, on their return, what they had seen, and the living over again their experiences in their play. While studying bees in one kindergarten, an excursion was made to a farm a few miles outside of the city where were to be found many bee colonies. Their small houses, their modes of living and their habits as observed in that community were a revelation to those children who had only seen an

occasional bee from which they had run in fear.

Indeed, all life seemed to take on a new and wonderful meaning to the children as they watched it and talked about it; and often a small boy or girl would be seen in the dirt following with his eyes some tiny insect. The intelligence or instinct of the insects seemed to inspire the children with wonder and with love for all life. I recall one occasion when a small lad who had been watching an ant laboring with a large piece of food finally looked up at me with a very thoughtful expression and said: "I wish I knew where he wanted to take it; I 'd just put it there myself!" At another time a little girl ran to open a large yellow flower on a squash vine growing in our garden, so that the bee would find the honey in it easier, as she said. Is this not the Christ spirit, shown in the strong caring for the weak?

Indoors the work was mostly free hand in clay, cardboard modeling, painting and cutting. In one kindergarten a doll's house was made and furnished by the children. Out of doors there were sand piles and seesaws of which the children never tired. The morning circle was often held out under the trees, where stories were told and songs were sung of the life about them. Our work, too, was frequently carried outside. This freedom of the outdoor life led to a spirit of companionship between the teachers and the children which permitted us to understand their individual natures and to study them better than we could have done in the schoolroom.

I think I may say that I have never seen so little unpleasantness of any kind among children as there was during all the summer session even in the warmest weather. This was due, I believe, to their keen enjoyment of the outdoor life and to the character of the work; and when one thinks of the homes from which some of the children came,—homes with few rooms and those hot and crowded during the summer months,—and the playmates they might have had when there was little of good to occupy their minds, it seems as though the summer kindergarten were indeed a blessing to these children. Although lasting but a half day, what they hear and see and do fills them with pure thoughts for the rest of the day. Many of the children visited the gardens in the afternoons and brought their playmates to see them.

Already we are planning for next summer's work, confident that a start has been made in the right direction.

"We work for the good of the whole."

"Se tu segui tua stella
Non puoi fallire a glorioso porto." —*Dante.*

(If thou followest thy star, thou canst not fail of a glorious port.)

—*Mottoes of an English Kindergarten Training School.*

WHEN THE SILVERY ROBIN.

By I. Gertrude Menard.

I.

When the silvery robin
Pipes unto the Spring,
Little silver brooklets
Stir and wake and sing;
Cowslips in the meadow
Show their buds of gold;
Violets pale and tender
Curling leaves unfold;
All the drear, brown landscape
Grows a blushing thing,
When the silvery robin
Pipes unto the Spring.

II.

When the silvery robin
Pipes unto the Spring,
Winds from dreamy reaches
Wide their odors fling;
Morns grow red and gladsome,
Noons are warm and sweet,
Sunsets long and lovely
Make the day complete.
Each awakening moment
Richer charm doth bring,
When the silvery robin
Pipes unto the Spring.

III.

When the silvery robin
Pipes unto the Spring,
Gone are gloom and shadow,
Gone the Winter's sting.
Every nook and hollow
Hides a happy heart,
Every secret byway
Keeps a joy apart;
Time that lagged so sorely,
Flies on happy wing,
When the silvery robin
Pipes unto the Spring.

—*Boston Transcript.*

PROGRAM NOTES.

By Mina B. Colburn.

MAY.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

— *Browning.*

TOPICS.

MAYDAY. Spring flowers, their beauty of form and color, their fragrance. The blossoming fruit trees. Birds (two or three known to children)—their song, habits, style of nest-building.

Water,—a life giving agent, refreshing the plants and the thirsty people, filling the streams, thus giving new life to birds, wild creatures of the wood, and barnyard animals, —horses, cows, sheep, ducks, chickens. Animals that live in the water, —fishes, pollywogs.

Sunshine,—its work in making the seeds and plants grow, in drying walks, clothes, etc.

The farmer,—his work as seen about the school or in children's visits to the farm; his tools,—plow, rake, hoe, etc.

Memorial day,—a hint merely as to its significance.

Means of Presentation and Expression.

Songs.—All the birds have come again (Smith, No. 1); Dandelion, Feeding the Chickens (Knowlton); One Little Sparrow, Little Yellow-Head (Neidlinger); Our Country Friends (Tomlins).

Piano.—Birds in the Woods, The Barnyard (Characteristic Scenes and Sketches, Hofer).

Rhythm.—Continue bird movements. Represent movements characteristic of see-saw, jumping rope, swinging, walking on stilts. Expect greater accuracy in clapping and skipping.

Stories.—Rhœcus. The Ugly Duckling (Andersen); The Nest of Many Colors. (In the Child's World, Poulsson.)

Pictures.—Mother Play—Bird's Nest; Barnyard Gate. Millet, The Sower.

Games.—Representative—growing flowers, nest building, plowing, planting, ducks, chickens. Give special attention to imitating sounds made by animals, including in these sounds a few common bird calls (tone production). Let the children practice recognizing each other by their voices.

Sense games—emphasizing smell and sound. Tossing balls into a box.

Skipping.—Maypole skip.—Two concentric circles moving in opposite directions.

Marching.—Special attention to straight lines and square corners. Going under bridge or arch. Represent out-of-door rambles.

Free Play.—Make every effort to have a swing, see-saw, and big sand pile, out of doors.

Nature.—Many purposive walks and out-of-door sense lessons. If possible, visit a brook and the woods. Gather flowers and take or send to the hospital or to sick friends. Watch for birds and insects. Notice rapid growth of grass. Buy milk, set, and skim it; churn cream; salt the butter and work it. (Use fruit can for churn, and improvise a dasher.)

Beads and Pegs.—Arrange colors in prismatic order without dictation.

Gifts.—First: Flowers, birds. Second: Construct a make-believe pump. Third and Sixth: Buildings with overhanging eaves, where birds may nest.

Clay.—Birds' nests. Drinking cups.

Sand.—The stream, banks, hills.

Sewing.—Border of curved lines around card with picture of chickens.

Drawing.—Houses with windows, doors, eaves. Barns. Trees with birds' nests. Crocuses. Grass.

Painting.—Grass. Dandelions. Tulips.

Cutting.—Objects suggested by Morning Talk.

Cardboard Modeling.—May baskets. (Slit the bottom in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch strips and weave in colored strips of paper.) Chicken coops. (Use wooden slats across ends.)

Pasting.—Scrapbooks illustrating Spring work.

Weaving.—May basket of reeds or willow twigs.

Other Handwork.—Æolian harp. (Directions for making, Jackman's Nature Study, p. 366.) Older children make dolls' hammocks.

THE SLOW LITTLE MUD TURTLE.*

By Clara D. Pierson,

Author of *Among the Forest People*, *Among the Farmyard People*, *Etc.*

WHEN the twenty little Mud Turtles broke their egg shells one hot summer day, and poked their way up through the warm sand in which they had been buried, they looked almost as much alike as so many raindrops. The Mother Turtle, who was sunning herself on the bank near by, said to her friends, "Why! There are my children! Did you ever see a finer family? I believe I will go over and speak to them."

Most of the young Mud Turtles crawled quickly out of the sand and

*Copyright Clara D. Pierson, 1900.

broken shells, and began drying themselves in the sunshine. One slow little fellow stopped to look at the broken shells, stubbed one of his front toes on a large piece, and then sat down until his toe should stop aching. "Wait for me!" he called out to his brothers and sisters. "I 'm coming in a minute."

The other little Turtles did wait, but when the slow little fellow's toe was comfortable again and he started toward them, he met a very interesting Snail and talked a while with him. "Come on," said the Biggest Little Turtle. "Don't let 's wait any longer. He can catch up."

So they sprawled along until they came to a place where they could sit in a row on an old log, and they climbed up on it and sat just close enough together and not at all too close. Then the Slow Little Turtle came hurrying over the sand with a rather cross look in his eyes, and, putting his feet down a little harder than he needed to—quite as though he were out of patience about something—"Why did n't you Turtles wait for me?" he grumbled. "I was coming right along."

Just then the Mother Turtle came up. "Good morning," said she. "I believe you are my children?"

The little Mud Turtles looked at each other and did n't say a word. This was not because they were rude or bashful, but because they did not know what to say. And that, you know, was quite right; for unless one has something worth saying, it is far better to say nothing at all.

She drew a long Mud Turtle breath and answered her own question. "Yes," she said, "you certainly are, for I saw you scrambling out of the sand a little while ago, and you came from the very place where I laid my eggs and covered them during the first really warm nights this year. I was telling your father only yesterday that it was about time for you to hatch. The sun has been so hot lately that I was sure you would do well."

The Mother Turtle stretched her head this way and that until there was hardly a wrinkle left in her neck-skin,—she was so eager to see them all. "Why are you not up here with your brothers and sisters?" she asked suddenly of the Slow Little Turtle, who was trying to make a place for himself on the log.

"They did n't wait for me," he said. "I was coming right along, but they would n't wait. I think they 're just as mea"—

The Mother Turtle raised one of her forefeet until all five of its toes with their strong claws were pointing at him. She also raised her head as far as her upper shell would let her. "So you *are* the one," she said. "I thought you were when I heard you trying to make the others wait. It is too bad."

She looked so stern that the Slow Little Turtle did n't dare finish what he had begun to say, yet down in his little Turtle heart he thought, "Now they are going to catch it!" He was sure his mother was going to scold the other Turtle children for leaving him. He wanted to see what they would do, so he looked out of his right eye at the ten brothers and sisters on

that side, and out of his left eye at the nine brothers and sisters on that side. He could do this very easily, because his eyes were not on the front of his head like those of some people, but one on each side.

"I have raised families of young Turtles every year," said the Mother Turtle. "The first year I had only a few children, the next year I had more, and so it has gone—every year a few more children than the year before—until now I never know quite how many I do have. But there is always one Slow Little Turtle who lags behind and wants the others to wait for him. That makes him miss his share of good things, and then he is quite certain to be cross and to think that it is somebody else's fault."

The Slow Little Turtle felt the ten brothers and sisters on his right side looking at him out of their left eyes, and the nine brothers and sisters on his left side looking at him out of their right eyes. He drew in his head and his tail and his legs, until all that they could see was his rounded upper shell, his shell side-walls, and the yellow edge of his flat lower shell. He would have liked to draw them in too, but, of course, he could n't do that.

"I did hope," said the Mother Turtle, "that I might have one family without such a child in it. I cannot help loving even a slow child who is cross, if he is hatched from one of my eggs; yet it makes me sad—very, very sad."

"Try to get over this," she said to the Slow Little Turtle, "before it is too late. And you," she added, turning to his brothers and sisters, "must be patient with him. We shall not have him with us long."

"What do you mean?" asked the Slow Little Turtle, peeping out from between his shells. "I 'm not going away."

"You do not want to," said his mother, "but you will not be with us long unless you learn to keep up with the rest. Something always happens to pond people who are too slow. I cannot tell you what it will be, yet it is sure to be something. I remember so well my first slow child—and how he"— She began to cry, and since she could not easily get her forefeet to her eyes, she sprawled to the pond and swam off with only her head and a little of her upper shell showing above the water.

The Slow Little Turtle was really frightened by what his mother had said, and for a few days he tried to keep up with the others. Nothing happened to him, and so he grew careless and made people wait for him just because he was not quite ready to go with them, or because he wanted to do this or look at that or to talk to some other person. He was a very trying little Turtle, yet his mother loved him and did not like it when the rest called him a Land Tortoise. It is all right, you know, to be a Land Tortoise when your father and mother are Land Tortoises; and these cousins of the Turtles look so much like them that some people cannot tell them apart. That is because they forget that the Tortoises live on land, have higher back shells, and move very, very slowly. Turtles live more in

the water, and can move very quickly if they will. This is why other Turtles sometimes make fun of a slow brother by calling him a Land Tortoise.

One beautiful sunshiny afternoon, when most of the twenty little Turtles were sitting on a floating log by the edge of the pond, their mother was with some of her friends on another log near by. She looked often at her children, and thought how handsome their rounded-up back shells were in the sunshine with the little red and yellow markings showing on the black. She could see their strong little pointed tails too, and their webbed feet with a stout claw on each toe. She was so proud that she could not help talking about them. "Is there any sight more beautiful," she said, "than a row of good little Turtles?"

"Yes," said a fine old fellow who was floating near her, "a row of their mothers." He was a Turtle whom she had never liked very well, but now she began to think that he was rather agreeable, after all. She was just noticing how beautifully the skin wrinkled on his neck, when she heard a splash and saw two terrible great two-legged animals wading into the pond from the shore.

"Boys!" she cried, "boys!" and she sprawled off the end of her log and slid into the water, all her friends following her. The Biggest Little Turtle saw these great animals coming toward him. He sprawled off the end of his log and slid into the water, and all his brothers and sisters followed him except the Slow Little Turtle. "Wait for me," he said, "I 'm coming in just a min"—

Then one of these great animals stooped over and picked him up, and held him bottom side uppermost and rapped on that side, which was flat, and on the other side, which was rounded, and stared at him with two great eyes. Next the other great animal took him and turned him over and rapped on his shells and stared at him. The poor Slow Little Turtle drew in his head and tail and legs and kept very, very still. He wished that he had side-pieces of shell all around now, instead of just one on each side between his legs. He was thinking over and over, "Something has happened! Something has happened!" And he knew that back in the pond his mother would be trying to find him, but in vain.

The boys carried him to the edge of the meadow and put him down on the grass. He lay perfectly still for a long, long time, and when he thought they had forgotten about him he tried to run away. Then they laughed and picked him up again, and one of them took something sharp and shiny and cut marks into his upper shell. This did not really give him pain, yet, as he said afterward, "It hurts almost as much to think you are going to be hurt as it does to be hurt."

It was not until the sun went down that the boys let the Slow Little Turtle go. Then he was very, very tired, but he wanted so much to get back to his home in the pond that he started at once by moonlight. This was the first time he had ever seen the moon, for, except when they are lay-

ing eggs, Turtles usually sleep at night. He was not quite sure which way he should go, and if it had not been for the kindness of the Tree Frog he might never have seen his brothers and sisters again.

The Tree Frog hopped along ahead to show the way, and the Turtle followed until they reached a place from which they could see the pond. "Good night," said the Tree Frog. "You can find your way now."

"Good night," said the Turtle. "I wish I might help you sometime."

"Never mind me," said the Tree Frog. "Help somebody else and it will be all right." He hopped back toward his home, and for a long time afterward the Turtle heard his cheerful "Pukr-r-rup! Pukr-r-rup!" sounding over the dewy grass and through the still air. At the edge of the pond the Slow Little Turtle found his nineteen brothers and sisters sound asleep. "I 'm here!" he cried joyfully, poking first one and then another of them with his head.

The Biggest Little Turtle moved without awakening. "I tell you I 'm not hungry," he murmured. "I don't want to get up." And again he fell fast asleep.

So the Slow Little Turtle did not disturb him, but cuddled inside his two shells and went to sleep also. He was so tired that he did not awaken until the sun was high in the sky. When he did open his eyes, his relatives were sitting around looking at him, and he remembered all that had happened before he slept. "Does my shell look very bad?" he cried. "I wish I could see it. Oh, I am so glad to get back! I 'll never be slow again. Never! never!"

His mother came and leaned her shell lovingly against his. "If you will only learn to keep up with your brothers and sisters," she said, "I shall not be sorry that the boys carried you off."

"You just wait and see," said the Slow Little Turtle. And he was as good as his word. After that he was always the first to slip from the log to the water if anything scared them; and when, one day, a strange Turtle from another pond came to visit, he said to the Turtles who had always lived there, "Why do you call that young fellow with the marked shell 'The Slow Little Turtle'? He is the quickest one in his family."

The pond people looked at each other and laughed. "That is queer," they said. "After this we will call him 'The Quick Little Turtle.' "

That made him very happy; and when, once in a while, somebody forgot, and by mistake called him 'The Quick Slow Little Turtle' he said he rather liked it, because it showed that a Turtle need n't keep his faults if he did have them.

OUR PET TURTLE.

By Julia F. Grice.

Our turtle crawls on four stout legs,
He spreads his twenty toes;
His home he carries everywhere,—
It goes just where he goes.

It has a rounded roof above,
Below, a good flat floor.
He never puts the windows down,
And never shuts the door!

He draws his head and feet all in
As snug as snug can be
When night comes on, or if he fears
Some harmful thing to see.

The garden is his summer home,
And then he daily feeds.
But in the winter he is housed,
Then, food he never needs.

But water is the thing he loves;
He almost begs a drink,
And knows the spigot where it runs,
(The giver, too, I think).

He walks the house as free and bold
As though he owned it all,—
In kitchen, parlor, dining-room,
And through the great, long hall.

And visitors oft start and shrink,
When suddenly they 've met
This "unexpected, cumbrous thing,"—
Our much loved, favored pet!

A STORY OF LIGHTS.

By Harriet S. Warren.

ONE night when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You give so little light compared with the sun!"

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into each other and some one might get hurt."

"That 's true," said the bird; and away he flew. Then he came near a gas light, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give even as much light as the electric light!"

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here, some one might fail to see it and fall."

"That 's true," said the bird; and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give even as much light as the gas light."

"I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can."

"That 's true," said the bird; and away he flew.

But again his sharp eyes spied a light,—a tiny candle light in a nursery window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "Your light is so small! You do not give even as much as a lamp."

"I do the best I can," said the candle; "and I can be easily carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night, or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can."

"That 's true," said the bird; and away he flew, thinking as he saw the many lights, here and there, little and great, "All are helpers!"

There were in the United States, according to the census of 1890, 4,810,180 children between the ages of three and six—a number nearly half as great as the number of persons actually attending school during the census year. If all these children were in kindergartens, allowing one kindergartner for every twenty children, an army of some 240,000 kindergartners would be required—more than two thirds as many as the whole number of school teachers in 1890.—*Max West, in The Outlook.*

FRIENDS OF THE WOODS.

By Mary L. Lodor.

DOROTHY and Constance made a house and garden in the woods. The rooms were marked by rows of pebbles and the garden was filled with the shy wood-flowers. Did you ever make such a playhouse? Sensitive plant, wild geranium, and pennyroyal all grew in the woods, and Dorothy and little Constance had planted some of each in their garden. Dorothy said she liked them better than the "tame" flowers they had in their garden near mother's roses. The little girls watered the plants every day, knowing that they needed much water until firmly rooted.

After the garden was finished Dorothy thought they would gather nuts and put them in one of the rooms of the wood playhouse. The express wagon was dragged from the house and the search for nuts began. It was rather slow work, because Dorothy would call to Constance to be careful of the ferns and not to step on them, and then Constance would look up and see Dorothy near a bed of partridge berry and would tell her to look out for the vine with its pretty berries. You see these little sisters loved all the wild things. Although it was still warm summer time, several hickory nuts, walnuts, and acorns had fallen, and the children filled the wagon half full and drew it to the playhouse. The nuts made a large pile and Constance laughed and clapped her hands. They would have such fun when mother came out and sat in her steamer chair near her little girls!

Away they ran for more treasures. The wild rose bushes had lost all their pretty pink flowers, but the flowers had left some red things on the stem that would be just what they wanted for vases and jars. If you do not know these beauties that the roses leave behind them, watch a rosebush and you will see.

Dorothy found more acorns under the oak tree, and she showed Constance how they could use them for dishes. They made the cunningest cups and saucers you ever did see. You should have seen how pretty the house looked when these were added.

Mother called, and the children ran to show her the way to the new playhouse. It was always such fun to show things to mother. Often it made her think of when she was a little girl, and then little Constance would sit in her lap and Dorothy on the arm of the chair, and mother would begin with that delightful—"Once upon a time when I was a little girl." To-day, after she had admired all the

rooms in the house, the acorn dishes, and the red vases, and the plants in the garden, she told of a playhouse which she and her brother had when they were children. It was made of big wooden boxes, big enough for them both to get inside of; and one birthday a tiny stove was put in for a surprise. Mother told them of the first time the stove was used. She and her brother gathered apples from the orchard and put them on to cook, and then ran away to find treasures for their house. They stopped to watch the brown hen with her ten little chicks, and when they went back to the house the apples were burnt brown! The burnt apples had to be thrown away, but they brought fresh ones from the orchard, and then took turns in watching until these were roasted.

Mother told, too, how she brought her dolls out, and found that they all had to have new dresses. She worked hard to make a pink dress for Mabel, the precious jointed doll; and when the dress was done, the sleeves were so small that they would not go on at all. Although this all happened so long ago, she remembered very well how she felt when the sleeves had to be taken out;—sleeves are so hard for a little girl to make. At this part of the story Constance gave mother a hug, and Dorothy's eyes were full of sympathy. After this little pause, mother told how, when the dolls were all dressed, they gave a tea party. All the pets came, Tabby the cat, Rover the dog, and Madge the tame crow. Dorothy and Constance wanted to hear all that the company did; and when the story was ended, the shadows were growing long and it was time for the sunset walk.

The next day it rained, and the playhouse could not be visited; but the second day was bright and sunshiny. Mother, Dorothy, and Constance hurried to the woods. The rain had helped the plants. Mother thought that they would now surely grow in their new home. The red vases and the brown dishes were just as the little girls had left them but not a nut was to be seen. The children stared in surprise, and then ran around looking for them, thinking that the wind must have blown them away. Not one was to be seen!

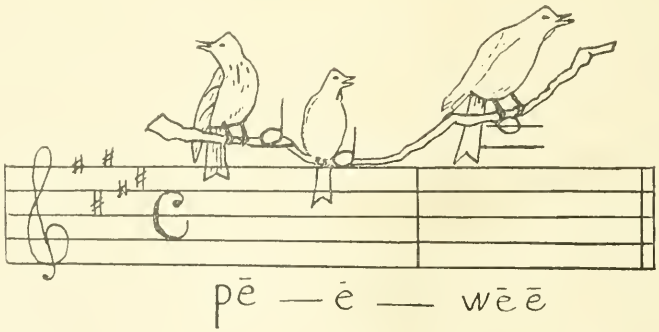
In the early morning, while the children were still asleep, a little friend dressed in soft gray fur had visited the house in the woods, and, finding the nuts much to his taste, had carried off every one. Dorothy guessed in a minute what had happened. "Oh, mother!" she said, "a little squirrel has found our nuts and carried them home to the babies! Connie, Connie, let us begin right away to find more! Let us leave some here every day for the dear things." And so they did; and the squirrels got so tame that they would come very near while the sisters were playing in the woods.

Do you want to hear about some other friends of the little girls,—friends dressed in feathers, not fur? Sit right close to me and you shall hear.

The summerhouse was near the little girls' playhouse and garden; and one day, after the little girls had

been playing, they went into the summerhouse with mother to rest. Mother sat in the big rocking chair, little Constance in her lap, and the big sister on a chair close to mother's. They were tired enough to sit very quietly; and while they were so quiet a tiny bird dressed in gray flew to the oak tree just outside of the summerhouse. He rested on a bare branch, so that they had a good look at him. They kept as quiet as quiet could be, and so he did not fly away, but turned his head this way and that, his bright eyes watching and his tiny tail moving up and down. Then he darted away and was back again in an instant, and rested on the same branch again. This time the watchers saw his dainty white breast; but he gave them only a look and away he was again, and then back once more on the branch. This he did a third time; then he sang his soft, low song of Pe-e-wee, Pe-e-wee. The children knew when they heard this, that he was the little bird they had often heard singing in the woods. The green leaves had hidden him when there, but they remembered what their mother had told them about the Pee-wee. She had said that this little singer was a cousin of the Phœbes that had built their nest over the front door of the house where the children lived, but that he liked the green woods for a home better than bridges or porches. Dorothy said, "The Pee-wee looks like his cousin. He has a gray coat, a white breast, and a bobbing tail, but he is smaller and not so fluffy."

Then they all told what they remembered of the Phœbes. Would you like to hear that story too? I can tell it to you, but it had better wait until to-morrow; for the sunset time is here again and we want to walk out and watch the beautiful colors in the sky and the little birds getting ready for bed.



SPRINGTIME JOY.

By H. Grace Parsons.

Spring is here, O children dear!
So we 'll sing and sing,
Clap our hands so joyfully,
All to welcome Spring.
Do you hear the pretty birds
Singing in the trees,
Happy as they greet the Spring,
Flying where they please?

Do you see the great warm sun
Shining in the sky?
And the white and fleecy clouds
That go sailing by?
Do you hear the April rain
Falling all around?
Soon it finds the thirsty roots
Underneath the ground.

Now the little lovely flowers
In the woods are seen,
Pink and white and blue and gold,
With their leaves of green.
Softly blows the good South Wind,
See the flowers bow!
See the yellow butterflies
Dart among them now!

Oh! how many lovely things
On this earth of ours!
Birds and bees and butterflies,
Sunshine, rain, and flowers!
So we 'll clap our hands and sing,
Little children dear,
Thankful that our God above
Sends the Springtime here.

CARPENTRY IN ONE KINDERGARTEN.

By Abby N. Norton.

WE were fortunate in our surroundings. Our rooms had been redeemed from other uses and were newly fitted up for the kindergarten, so the traces of the carpenter's work were quite fresh. In our Gift work during the fall there were many references to the workmen who had prepared our rooms for us, especially to the carpenter. After the Christmas holidays, we began to lead the thoughts of the children out beyond the family and home, to the various helpers who contribute to the comfort of the home and kindergarten. At Thanksgiving we had talked of the farmer and all that we owed to him; and then, as the sleighing was good, we turned our attention first to the blacksmith, and again to the carpenter. By degrees, in our morning talks, the children traced the wood which formed our tables, floors, and chairs, back to the tree in the forest; afterward, with our Gifts and Occupations, we worked out the changes which the wood had undergone.

The trees were represented by the cylinders of the Second Gift placed one upon another. These trees were cut down and sawed into logs, the logs being hauled to the river, and floated down the stream to the sawmill, which was built of cubes. (This was mostly group work.) The mill was provided with a wheel crudely fashioned from a spool with floatboards attached so that the wheel would turn around when water was allowed to run over it.

Next, a lumber yard was arranged, and the bricks of the Fourth Gift were piled in different ways for the seasoning of the lumber. Then the carpenter's shop claimed our attention. Pictures of the various tools were made from cubes, bricks, tablets, and sticks. But the greatest delight was in the use of the tools themselves. Taking the carpenter's song in Kindergarten Chimes as the basis of our work, we gave the children experience of most of the work mentioned in the first two stanzas. They planed some of the rough boards left from the floors, "and round and round with this good tool" (bit and brace) they bored "a hole straight through." They were delighted to look through the hole or to put a finger in, and find how smooth the hole was.

One morning the children were furnished with some long, smooth boards, four inches wide and half an inch thick. These they sawed into pieces,—some five, some ten inches long. Another board, a little wider, was sawed into eleven-inch pieces. This took several days, for the regular Gift and Occupation work went on as usual. When the boards were all of the desired length, the children

handled them freely and planned how they might use them. Some of the boards were given to each child, to be put together in such shape as he or she pleased. Soon came the suggestion from different parts of the circle: "We might make a box!" They were told that they might try.

In a short time one child fitted together the sides and ends of a box, but was unable to see the next step. Another child had meantime achieved the same result with another set of boards, while still another, looking on, proposed adding the bottom of the box. The first workman passed the work along to the last. At first he put the largest board on top; then, laying it upon the floor, he placed the others upon it for the sides and ends of the box. The attention of all the children had been attracted to him, and now all eagerly exclaimed: "He has made a box! Can't we have some nails to fasten it?" The nails and hammer were brought, and with a little help the children planned the order of putting the pieces together. Before the close of another week, three boxes had been made and filled with soil for the seed-sowing. Before the summer vacation had arrived, corn, beans, peas, and nasturtiums were growing thriftily in the children's garden boxes.

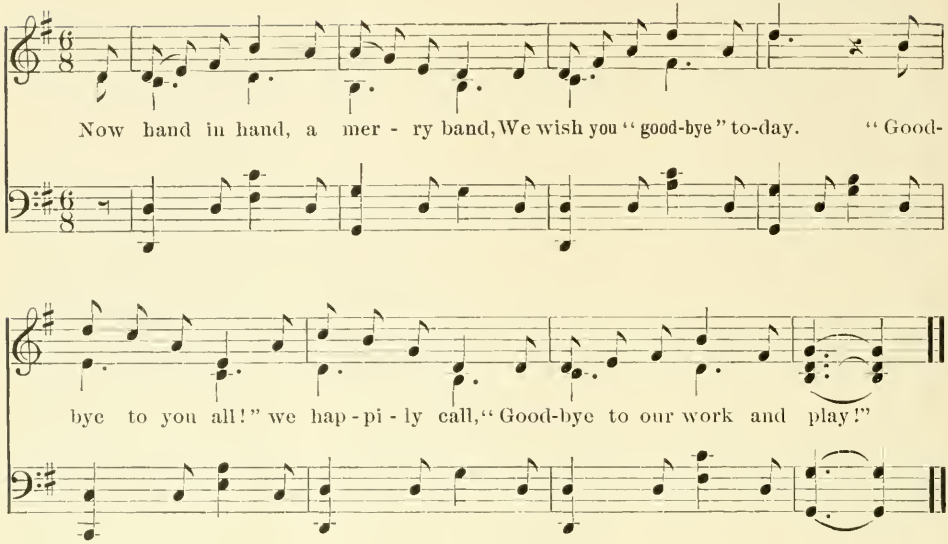
This was ten years ago. Every year since, we have had similar experiences; and each year it has been interesting to note the same gain of strength and expertness through the handling of the tools, and the growing power to drive the nails straight and strong. Every year the garden boxes have been made, and different suggestions for the use of the pieces left over have been followed. One year a chair was fashioned for the kindergarten doll. For each of the past two years a small sled has been made. The four runners were shaped with a jackknife by the older children, and the upright posts were fastened into holes which they had bored. These sleds have been used in the sand-box to haul the logs from the woods to the stream, down which they were to float to the sawmill, which was built upon the opposite bank.

In speaking of the little ones we love
Our souls grow warm and tender. Young-of-Years
So helpless seems, yet valiant;—trusting all
It sees, and putting faith in the Unseen;
Deeming the whole cold-hearted, outer world
A mother-embrace, a bosom for its sleep.

—*Richard Burton.*

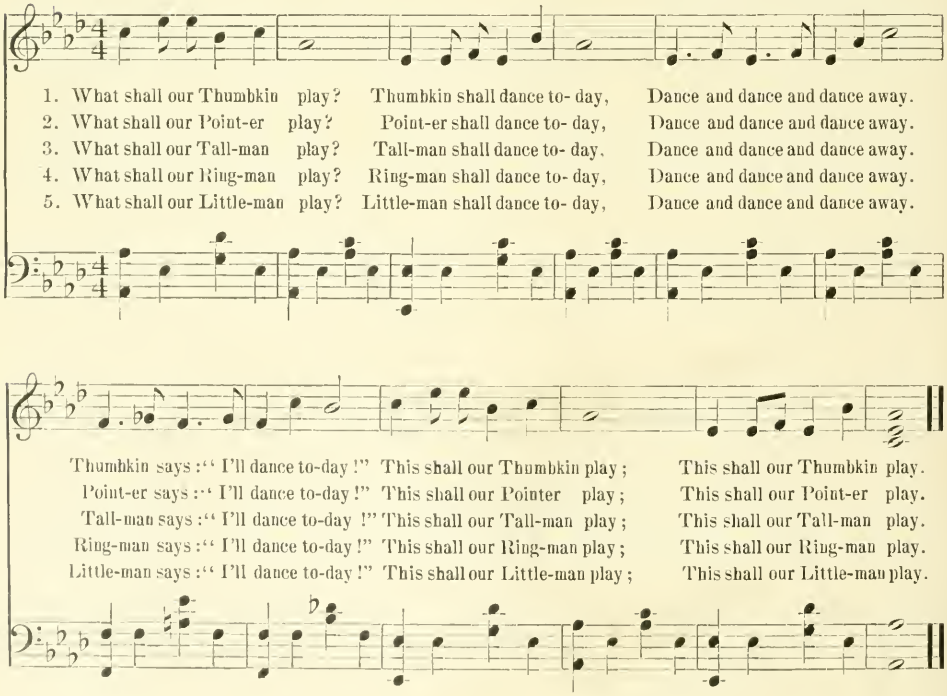
PARTING SONG.

Words and music by
ANNIE B. WINCHESTER.



FINGERS AT PLAY.

Words and music by
ANNIE B. WINCHESTER.



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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

OPEN the door; let in the air!
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day:
If our door is wide open, it may come this way!
Open the door!

—*Selected.*

"Go in anywhere—there is good fighting all along the line!" said the commanding officer to a subordinate, who dashed up with his battalion and asked where he should locate his troops. The kindergartner or any other intelligent friend of children will find plenty of occasion for taking up the cudgels against forces in our present civilization which are demoralizing to children. A daily paper in one of the cities of this enlightened land (for very shame we withhold the city's name) began to give prizes to the school children for sending to the newspaper items of criminal news! A kindergartner sent the editor a letter of protest and the harmful plan was immediately given up.

THE PESTALOZZI PORTRAIT. Our readers will enjoy sharing with us the few facts which we have been able to obtain concerning the beautiful portrait of Pestalozzi published in our April number. Mr. Frederick Hollyer of London writes us that the photograph published by him was taken some seven years or so ago from a picture now held as a very precious possession in Sweden. This original was loaned as a great favor to a fervent admirer of the Swiss master, for reproduction in England. Mr. Hollyer's copy is thus a very special one, and we are fortunate in having had accorded to us the privilege of presenting to our readers so beautiful a rarity. Our privilege is limited, however, to the use of the picture as a REVIEW frontispiece, and we can furnish no detached copies; but persons desiring to procure one of the English photographs (platinotypes, somewhat larger than our frontispiece, price three shillings and sixpence, prepaid), can do so by addressing Frederick Hollyer, Esq., 9 Pembroke Square, Kensington, W., England.

Dresden was recently the scene of a pretty little educational drama, described in the pages of *Kindergarten,* one of our highly esteemed German exchanges, edited by Prof. Dr. Eugen Pappenheim of Berlin. An address had just been made by a highly cultivated orator at a public meeting, upon the subject: "Are the Froebelian kindergartens to be considered as a blessing?" and in the development of his theme the speaker had made it clearly evident to those present that his standpoint was that of an antagonist. He considered these "play-schools" detrimental to the public. They destroyed family life. He even went so far as to say that they made the mothers shiftless and lazy.

When he closed, a breathless silence reigned over the hall for a few moments. All the fathers and mothers who sat there, and who sent their children to the kindergarten, had certainly not expected this sort of thing!

Suddenly one of the mothers rose. "I must speak," said she, in trembling tones, which were scarcely audible.

Her husband, who sat next to her, clutched her by the dress. "What are you going to do?" he gasped, all in a fluster at her strange conduct. "You can't make a speech. People who are going to do that have to learn how!"

"Never mind," said she, simply, "let me go on. The dear God will surely help me." She began to speak, at first falteringly, then in clearer and more rapid tones:—

"I am a mother and I have a child in kindergarten. You may all ask my husband whether I am shiftless and lazy! I iron all day for other people. My little Mary used to sit by me in the ironing room, until she was four years old. What else could I do with the child? I did n't dare to let her out on the street where the electric cars were running all day long. And I had n't any time to play with her. So my little girl sat most of the time quietly by the window and looked out. It cut me to the soul, for I knew how much the child was missing. Besides, she was always so pale, although I certainly took good care of her and gave her plenty of good food to eat.

"One day on his way home from work, my husband heard about the kindergarten. I thought it was the good God who had told him about it! The very next day I took my little Mary by the hand and we went to the kindergarten. We were just in the nick of time for they gave her the last place they had. Oh! I can't describe to you how happy I was then!

"At first, Mary cried every day when she had to say good-bye to me;

but now she won't let anything keep her at home. Her pale cheeks have become rosy. Her dull eyes are now bright. And how my husband and I enjoy all the good that the child is getting! She has not only learned to play but to work also. She does n't sit doing nothing nowadays when she is at home; she is always busy at something. And we know just what the young lady in the kindergarten means when she says that it is altogether a mistake to speak of the kindergarten as only a 'play-school.' Kindergarten is the right name for it. That is what Froebel wanted it called.

"Ah! and those good kindergartners there,—how much excellent advice have they already given us mothers! We know them, and we love them all. Many a mother who used to hate patching and mending now sits up late at night putting the children's clothes nicely in order, so that they won't have to be pinned up in kindergarten, and so that the children won't have to keep all the time saying: 'Mother, I can't go to kindergarten so ragged as this!' 'Mother, I don't want to wear such a dirty apron!' 'Mother, I must always have a handkerchief!' "

The humble woman stopped speaking and sat down. Her husband took her hand and silently pressed it, while all through the hall was heard a murmur of assenting applause. A glance at the audience revealed plainly that not only did they agree with every word which she had uttered, but that the deepest feelings of their hearts were stirred.

During the recital of the simple story, the principal speaker had observed with amazement the effect which it produced. Nor had the homely words, spoken with such clear understanding, and in the warm tone of full conviction, failed to make a strong impression on his own mind and heart. The elegant, cultivated gentleman stepped to where the simple, hard-working mother sat, stretched out his hand, and said: "If Froebel's cause has many adherents like you to strive for it, it must be good in its nature and essence, and it will go on in its conquering way, overcoming all its opponents. Before I say farewell, let me promise you that I will no more fight this cause,—that I hereby lay down my arms."

Thus the final decision at that meeting was that the kindergarten is a blessing.

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Dr. Snider's Psychology of the Gifts.

The kindergarten shows no greater evidence of its steady growth than the putting forth of book after book on the subject, thus evincing the demand in the educational world for more and fuller explanations of the kindergarten as the beginning of the new era of the spiritual development of mankind.

One of the interesting books of recent date to the earnest student of Froebel's philosophy is Dr. Denton J. Snider's Psychology of the Play Gifts. The author has already given to the world A Commentary on Froebel's Play Songs and A Life of Froebel, both of which show wide research and a keen appreciation of the greatness of the kindergarten movement. The latter bears in part upon Froebel's place among the great spirits who, during the first half of the nineteenth century, awoke mankind to a new consciousness of the meaning of life. Froebel, along with Goethe and Schiller, Kant and Hegel, Beethoven and Wagner, and a number of lesser lights, sent forth a shout of the "eternal yea" in protest against the "eternal nay" of which the French Revolution was the climax.

If The Life of Froebel shows the author's great familiarity with the philosophic thought of the world, The Psychology of the Gifts demonstrates as clearly his psychological insight and adds to the testimony already given concerning Froebel's place in the new psychological movement of the world. It is the more valuable, perhaps, in that it comes from the standpoint of the philosopher rather than the standpoint of the kindergartner; although Dr. Snider has been more or less connected with the kindergarten movement ever since its great demonstration in St. Louis some twenty or more years ago.

His well known philosophical views prepare the reader for his sympathetic appreciation of Froebel's keynote, the "Unity of all life." In the introduction Dr. Snider states that there are three kinds of kindergartners,—first, the stationary, second, the evolutionary, and, third, the revolutionary, and adds that he belongs to the middle class of evolutionary thinkers, "unfolding with the progress of time, keeping step to the spirit of the age, whose watchword is evolution in its widest and worthiest meaning." In another place in the same introduction, he says, "The kindergarten is as yet hardly more than the seed-corn whose planting is to be completed by the incoming generation with the happy prospect of a vast harvest in the future." These, and similar passages, prepare the reader, of course, for some difference from Froebel's point of view; such, for example, as the suggestion that the three balls, the red, yellow, and blue, be used with a very young child, thus ignoring the kindergartner's usual insistence upon the bloom of color in the rainbow colors as the unit of color.

The book is well defined, each Gift being given a chapter by itself. The First Gift he calls the "genetic or potential gift," explaining later on the meaning of the term. Of this Gift he says, "To the child the ball lives from the start; he regards it as an animate thing and does not get over his living intercourse with it for a long time; and certainly for him it has a voice speaking to him and calling him out of his dumb self, communicating to him important matters otherwise unutterable." His psychological explanation of why the ball should be the first plaything of the child will interest all kindergartners. In his chapter on the Second Gift he differs from Froebel as to the manner of presentation of the Gift to the child. In speaking of its psychological significance (page 47) he says: "Its first principle is origination, that is, separation, which is an unfolding of that which was before implicit, a making real of that which was before potential," thus showing that to him the evolution of form as given by the Second Gift (elaborately unfolded in the latter part of the chapter) is a more important idea in the Gift rather than its use as a type of mediation of opposites. However, he frankly states both ideas, and the reader can therefore make her own choice.

Again, without lessening in the least Froebel's idea of giving the simplest way of dividing solids in the building materials of surface and line, he strongly advocates that a *curvilinear gift*, derived from the sphere or cylinder, or perhaps both, should be added to the kindergarten. It may be an interesting fact to note that since the publication of the book, four or five differ-

ent kinds of curvilinear gifts have been made, thus showing the response of the kindergarten world to the suggestion.

The book classifies the material of the kindergarten in quantitative and qualitative Gifts. Under the former head, quantitative Gifts, Dr. Snider includes all the kindergarten materials which emphasize form; the qualitative Gifts is a term designating all materials which emphasize color, texture, penetrability, and the other inner properties of matter. These last have usually been called the "Kindergarten Occupations." The terms Gifts and Occupations, however, do not seem to have been clearly defined by Froebel, who, in some of his letters, speaks of the building blocks as Occupations for the child, and again of the clay and paper folding as the Gifts of the kindergarten. This new classification of the kindergarten tools helps the outside educator to see more readily the value of them and also assists the young kindergartner in deciding what kind of play may best be carried on with this or that material. In the same chapter, however, the author takes pains to explain clearly Froebel's idea of form as the result of force unfolding from within. One of the most helpful parts of the book is the chapter on what the author chooses to call Gifts of abstract magnitude, *i. e.*, tablets, sticks, rings, and points. This chapter shows not only a thorough research into all of Froebel's writings upon the subject, but also the statements of his contemporary disciples, Guilliaume, Köhler, and Goldammer, and is extremely interesting.

The tablets, he suggests, should correspond with the previous Gifts, as follows: First, there should be *direct derivation* from a familiar solid; second, there should be the abstraction of a surface from *every* solid hitherto given to the child; and, third, that no new surface should be given *which could not be traced back to its solid.*

The last hundred pages of the book are devoted to the qualitative Gifts or Occupations. These are classified under the heads of the "Plastic, Industrial, and Graphic" Occupations. The book does not claim to take up all sides. Here and there it touches upon the practical side of the Gift, but it is in the main what its name indicates, the psychological unfolding of the tools of the kindergarten, which, if rightly understood, leaves the kindergartner free and creative in her use of materials. A large field is therefore left for other writers on the same subject; but, taken as a whole, the book is a most helpful and original contribution towards the elucidation of the great thought of Froebel.

—Elizabeth Harrison.

Kindergarten Gift Games. By Margaret E. Nuth. Curwen and Sons, London. Two shillings and sixpence.

Twelve rhymed games for First, Second, Third and Fourth Gifts, and for tablets and sticks; music for each game, and illustrations covering the incidents of the play, — this is what is proffered in Miss Nuth's book.

The first play is one for the ball (with string) swinging in different directions, and the verses run like this (tune, adaptation of "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush"): —

"Here's the steady pendulum,
Pendulum, pendulum.
Here's the steady pendulum
With tickety, tickety, tack!
Here's the busy water-wheel,
Water-wheel, water-wheel.
Here's the busy water-wheel,
With clickety, clickety, clack!"

The best of the Second Gift games is The Carpenter; and we can imagine children singing with gusto while they pound vigorously with their cubes for hammers.

"Go, hammer, go!
Hear the heavy blow.
Knocking nails so bright and strong,
Working hard the whole day long,
Go, hammer, go!
Hear the heavy blow."

But the distinctive point of Miss Nuth's book is shown in the last half dozen plays. In these, the plan is for the children to make set series of forms, while they tell in song what they are representing. For instance, while making a familiar sequence of forms with the Third Gift, the children sing,—

"My house of bricks is neat and small;
I can quickly change it to a garden wall.
Here's the gate wide open so,
Here the trees all in a row,
Here's the pretty arch where the roses grow."

Other forms follow with the second stanza, and, with the third, the cube is built up again and put away. The Farmyard is the subject of the Fourth Gift play, and A Day on the River of the play with tablets. The last two games, My Home and Mistress Cow, are for stick laying.

Most of the verses in the book run along easily and have good rhyme, the best in these respects being A Day on the River and My Home. The author says in her preface: —

"Froebel suggests that everything made by the child (with the Gifts) shall become the topic of a little talk, or that a series of objects shall be connected together by weaving them into a short story *or song* having some bearing on the child's own life. * * * It is for this reason that these little 'Gift plays' have been written. * * * The songs are intended to grow out of the subjects in which the children are interested * * * and may serve as a kind of summary, a gathering together into one whole of the ideas gained."

Appreciating that the author, and other kindergartners who use the Gift plays according to her intention as explained in the preface, would doubtless make the plays profitable pleasures to children, the fear remains that the tendency of such plays would be toward formality and superficiality in the use of the Gifts rather than toward spontaneity and creativeness. Having learned the song bringing in a certain series of forms, would it not be natural to repeat the forms because of knowing the song, rather than because of there being any further advantage to be derived from such continued repetition of them?

More Bunny Stories. By John Howard Jewett (Hannah Warner). Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

The forty illustrations of these stories, by Culmer Barnes, are capital. Most of them are rabbit pictures, and the little creatures have a combined rabbit and human look which renders them extremely droll. One picture which can hardly fail to meet disapproval, however, in spite of its funniness and prettiness, is that of a young rabbit at its bedside with folded paws and expressively closed eyes. It gives a clue to a mistaken treatment of holy themes which runs through the whole book. The rabbits not only say prayers, but after having stories told to them by their grandmother, choose texts which they consider applicable to the story, and the rabbit whose text applies best receives a prize.

The first Bunny Stories had only a slight touch of this sort of thing, and they gave much delight. When the same characters are carried forward in successive books, there are apt to be some rather tedious parts, and this is no exception. However, there are bright little tales and funny escapades in More Bunny Stories.

Prose And Verse for Children. By Katharine Pyle. Pictures by the Author. American Book Company, New York. $0.40.

Many of these selections have appeared in papers and magazines, and although they make pleasant enough reading as incidentals, they are scarcely worthy of school use. There is often an anti-climax in the animal stories which would be disappointing to a child. The imaginative stories are not only, as the author acknowledges, "on the verge of the fantastic," but over the verge. By the time children have sufficient command of the printed page to read the language employed in these stories and rhymes, reading matter of more substantial value should be given to them, at any rate, in school. The illustrations are excellent and bear that close relation to the text which is so satisfactory to children, and which might be expected where author and illustrator are one.

The Childhood of Ji-Shib, the Ojibwa. By Albert Ernest Jenks. The American Thresherman, Madison, Wis. $1.00.

The adoption of Miss Longfellow last summer by the Ojibwas into their tribe and the rough dramatic representation of Hiawatha given by the tribe in honor of her visit to them, has brought the Ojibwas into special notice of late. The story of a typical Ojibwa boy's life, told so as to give an understanding of the Indian's ideas as expressed through his rites and customs, is therefore particularly timely as well as historically attractive. Ji-Shib's story is told by a scientific student of the Indian race, who is a friend of Indian boys and girls of the present day. Dr. Jenks can draw as well as write, and has embellished his book with sixty-four pen sketches. The correctness of his representations of Ojibwa life through both of these mediums is vouched for by ethnological authorities at Washington.

Jack and Jill's Journey. By Phœbe Allen. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Poor little children! Imagine being personally conducted on a long tour by *three* talkative individuals, two keeping steady company with you, and the third, a fresh specialist, informing you glibly about his own locality every now and then! The journey lay through different regions of Plant Land. Professor Fun was one of the instructors (let us call a spade, a spade!); but his was such tedious, pun-besprinkled

wit as to prove only wearing upon the nerves,— and "nerves" these children must have developed very speedily under the trying conditions to which they were subjected. The book gives a great deal of botanical information and has many excellent illustrations. Its pretty motto is: "To win the secret of a weed's plain heart."

New Methods in Education. By J. Liberty Tadd. Orange Judd Company, New York. $2.00.

An abridgment of Mr. Tadd's original and complete work being called for, this student's edition was issued and has gained much favor. The student's edition contains the parts treating of manual training, drawing, modeling, wood carving, their principles and various applications. Illustrations abound and are most suggestive and interesting. Professor Tadd is now lecturing in Great Britain under the auspices of the Society of Arts, of which King Edward is president. His work has met with appreciation in England, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Sweden, and Russia, and is well known in this country.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Doubleday, Page and Co., New York. The Autobiography of a Tom-Boy. By Jeannette L. Gilder. $1.25.

Novello, Ewer and Co., New York. Novello Music Course. First Reader. Edited by Francis E. Howard. $0.30.

Ginn and Co., Boston. Easy Stories. By Elizabeth A. Turner. $0.35.

W. H. Wheeler and Co., Chicago. Wheeler's Graded Readers. A Primer. By Gail Calmerton and W. H. Wheeler. $0.30.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

Politics and the Public Schools, by G. W. Anderson. Atlantic Monthly, April.

The Story of the Beaver, by William D. Hurlbert. McClure's Magazine, April.

Bibliography of Education for 1900, by J. I. Wyer, Jr., and Isabel Ely Lord. Educational Review, April.

Neighborhood Coöperation in School Life,— the Hesperia Movement, by Kenyon L. Butterfield. American Monthly Review of Reviews, April.

The Average Young Man and His Library, by James H. Canfield. Cosmopolitan, April.

The Superintendent from the Primary Teacher's Point of View, by Alice Irwin Thompson. The Forum, March.

Child Study and Education, by James Sully. International Monthly, March.

Our Educational Responsibility in Cuba, by Leonora Beck Ellis. Gunton's Magazine, March.

The kindergarten circle is an invaluable antidote for race and class prejudice. Just as, among animals and primitive men, the mutual toleration which prepares the way for associative effort has its origin in the frolics of the young, so in the kindergarten the difficult lesson of interracial toleration is learned before the baby lips have been taught to lisp the opprobrious epithets "dago" and "sheeny," "nigger" and "polak"—and only just in time! That is one reason why the kindergarten can never be dispensed with, even when the family life is all that it should be. Those who regard the kindergarten as a temporary makeshift, necessary only until home influences shall be elevated to a higher plane, fail to consider the social importance of kindergarten training. Kindergartens will always be needed by the children of rich and poor, wise and foolish, cultured and ignorant; and the best results will be attained only when the children of rich and poor work side by side in public kindergartens. In the meantime the free kindergartens now established are beginning to solve the immigration problem, as far as the second generation is concerned.—*Max West in the Outlook.*

EIGHTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION.

CHICAGO, April 10-13.

Who that saw Chicago as the happy visiting kindergartners saw it, could fail to understand the civic pride of its denizens? The fair skies and tempered winds which prevailed during the convention days and for several days before, discredited the prejudice against Chicago's climate. Lake Michigan, shining and tossing in splendor beyond the beautiful avenue, stretched its waters with the majesty of an ocean towards the far horizon. Massive buildings, broad streets, boulevards, parks, won many a meed of appreciation from the kindergarten guests. The dust and noise and inconvenient distances of a great city were not unnoticed, to be sure; but the thundering "elevateds" and cable cars were very swift, made close connections, and had polite, intelligent conductors, so that the getting about was as easy as it could be in so big a city. Everywhere there was life, energy, activity; fearless venture, splendid achievement, thrilling promise, wonderful possibility. These characteristics of the city as a whole, characterize not less its kindergarten circles; and the I. K. U. could not have found a more stimulating place in which to hold its Eighth Annual Convention.

Wednesday Evening, April 10.

The first meeting of the convention was held at eight o'clock in Central Music Hall, a place of special interest as one of Chicago's grand old buildings soon to be destroyed, — a building grand according to Chicago's early ideas of grandeur, and old in the Chicago reckoning of civic age.

When the large audience was assembled, there burst forth from the organ over the platform a rush of harmonies, full, free, and vigorous, which it is not sentimental to consider as musically symbolic of the harmonious blending in spirit (however differing in many of their ideas) of the members of the I. K. U. The organist was Mr. Middleschulte, the greatest organist in the West, to whom, since an audience does not *clap* at the music of so dignified an instrument as the organ, an expression of gratitude may not be out of place here, and is most cordially proffered.

THE ADDRESSES OF WELCOME to the I. K. U. were as follows: —

Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, Chairman Local Executive Committee: —

As president of the Chicago Kindergarten Club, it is my privilege to welcome you here to-night. Our friends from abroad may think that we are rather courageous to invite you to a place which is known all over the world as an educational storm center. We have had storms of all kinds, — squalls as to method, tempests as to financial matters; but we still live, and we feel that life is worth living. It may be that we have survived because God has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb; but I feel sure that it is worth living to welcome the Kindergarten Union here. A hearty welcome we do give you; and we shall do everything in our power to make your stay as pleasant as possible. And I want you to feel that the welcome is not from the kindergartners alone. The citizens of Chicago welcome you, and the schools of Chicago welcome you.

Mr. Albert G. Lane, District Superintendent of Chicago Public Schools (who kindly took the place of Superintendent E. C. Cooley, the latter being unable to attend): —

Ladies and Gentlemen: — We greet you, we welcome you to Chicago.

It takes time to develop a system, and it is now only about thirty-two or three years since the first kindergarten was organized in this city. I had the pleasure of visiting it shortly after its organization, for it was established in a school district where I was principal of a grammar school. I had a chance to watch its work and development. It grew upon the hearts of the people. It obtained a foothold in Chicago through the work accomplished, through the principles enunciated; and those principles became so firmly established that it was but an easy step to relate the kindergarten to the public school work. The kindergarten holds a unique position between the home and the school. It has not yet found its closest relationship to the public school, and we hold your meeting here as indicative of

the great interest which prevails throughout the country with reference to the training of the children in that remarkable period between the time they are in the home, under mother culture and parental training, and that period when they step into the ordinary schoolroom. We recognize the fundamental principles which ought to govern all education, and we are studying them and relating them to the primary work. We hope that the time is not far distant when we shall clearly see and appreciate all that harmonious relationship which ought to exist when the child steps from the mother's care to the care of the teacher of the public schools.

We welcome you then to the schools of Chicago, and to the kindergartens which are related to them and ought to be a part of the school system of Chicago. The kindergarten is not related to all the schools, although it is to some of them. But we are carefully watching and studying the problems, and we welcome you to help us solve the great problem as to how the kindergarten may be harmoniously articulated to the other work and become effectual and general. We trust that your short stay in the city will be a help to us in all our work, and we welcome you to the schools of the city.

Mr. Orville T. Bright, Superintendent Cook County Schools: —

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Many years ago Charles Dickens gave utterance to this sentence: "There would be fewer sullen, quarrelsome, dull-witted men and women if there were fewer children starved or improperly fed in heart and brain. To improve society, to make men and women better, it is requisite to begin quite at the beginning and to secure for them a wholesome education during infancy and childhood."

Our own Dr. Harris has given this rather startling statement or sentiment: "If I were to name one product of vice or crime that would nearest touch the heart of all good people, I would say the neglected child. Give me the child, and the state may have the man. Every case of vagabondage has its root in some neglected child. And it is well to remark that the neglected child comes frequently from the homes of plenty as well as from the homes of poverty."

It was this sentiment which caused some devoted women, some twenty-five years ago, to begin the study of the idea of Froebel as developed into the kindergarten; and there was enlisted into that Froebel kindergarten association of this city many of the noblest women of Chicago, who gave not only their time and study to the idea, but gave of their money toward the putting of the idea into practice; and the consequence was that there was planted in many of the missions of this city the mission kindergarten. And thus the gospel of humanity was carried into these churches and into the communities which they represented. The kindergarten idea moved on; and some years after, a room here and there in the public schools was given for the use of these kindergartens, provided that the good women of the association would attend to their support. A little later, the board of education paid the salaries of the teachers of these kindergartens; and it is to the credit of the board that they did this when it was said that they could not do it. They did it, and the way of the kindergarten was thus secured. The march of the kindergarten has been sure and steady.

I was somewhat surprised to receive a letter from the state superintendent of public instruction the other day informing me that a petition bearing 150,000 signatures was in the hands of the educational committee of the house of representatives in opposition to — What do you think? To libraries in public schools, to manual training in public schools,— to kindergartens in public schools,— those three things which have stood for the progress of our public schools for the past twenty years. I think it is high time to see whether or not a petition can be presented with 150,000 names, with twice 150,000 names, with three times 150,000 names in the city of Chicago, in favor of the kindergarten. I know that three times 150,000 names could be secured.

Chicago is a kindergarten city. The sentiment of our board of education for our kindergartens is strong and not to be disturbed. Nobody need be alarmed about these squalls, even if they are a little blustery. They will not effect anything. The kindergarten is here to stay. I think that if our board of education were to vote upon our kindergarten system in our schools to-day, that board of education of twenty-one would give a majority of just twenty-one in favor of the kindergarten.

There are to-day in the public schools of Chicago, as you will see if you count them up, eighty-nine kindergartens. In the suburban public schools in the immediate vicinity there are twenty more. There would be twice eighty-nine kindergartens in the public schools of Chicago if the board of education had the money to spend for them. There would be twice twenty

kindergartens in our suburban schools if the boards of education in control of those schools were not hampered in the same way. There are of mission kindergartens twenty-six, and settlement kindergartens thirteen; and the beneficence of those kindergartens in the missions and in the settlements no one can estimate. And there are private kindergartens, fifty-one. All told they amount to 199 — call it 200, to make it easier to remember — (and I know where the 200th is coming from immediately after the spring election!).

So, my friends, we welcome you to this kindergarten city. The sentiment for kindergartens is not only in the schools, it is not only in the board of education. It is in the men and women who stand at the heads of families in this city. I believe that if the men who have a vote were to vote on the kindergarten to-day, it would carry by three to one; and if the women, who have not a vote, were to vote upon that question, the decision would be practically unanimous. So we say that this is a kindergarten city. We beheve in the kindergarten. All of us, so to speak, believe in the kindergarten; and because of this magnificent public sentiment (which is sure to place the kindergarten in all of the public schools of Chicago), we bid you most hearty welcome.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Pastor All Souls' Church: —

I hardly know in what capacity I am here. I will not bid you a technical welcome to a technical convention in the interests of a techical calling. I yield to no one in my loyalty and admiration for Froebel. I yield to no one in the admiration of the work you have as technical teachers. But I have a larger, and I believe a better, welcome to offer you, as women identified with the other two words in your title. I greet you as those who stand for the larger union. You, in a peculiar way, stand between the school and the home. You stand between the school and the church. And, more than that, you stand between the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young. And you not only stand for this precious word in modern language — "Union" — but you stand for that latest thing in the vocabulary of progress, the word "International." The American flag is too mean a symbol for the cause you represent, the English language too inadequate to express your mission; our speech alone does not well express your power and your efficiency. As I remember, the word "International" first came into prominence through the union of laboring men in Europe, and I believe it will reach its greatest expression through the efforts of the women of this land.

Ladies of the International Kindergarten Union, I welcome you,— not in the name of Chicago; not in the name of Illinois, not in the name of the United States; but in the name of that community which more and more despises such limits as of Illinois, of the United States, of parties, of sects; I welcome you into that larger life which recognizes a divinity in all that is human. I welcome you into that noblest and best work which anybody can apply himself to, — the amelioration of antagonisms, the emphasizing of unities and the swelling of the harmonies in this world.

Response by Miss Caroline T. Haven, of New York, President of the I. K. U.: —

Ladies and Gentlemen: — I am privileged to respond to your words of welcome, and in the name of the International Kindergarten Union to thank you for your kind reception here. With characteristic hospitality, you not only invited us within your gates, but you have extended to us the freedom of your city with all that it contains, and you have also opened your hearts and your homes to us. Those of us who have been privileged to be early in the field, have appreciated the hospitality extended on every hand, and have recognized how you have worked out in fine detail everything which shall help us in these meetings.

It only remains for the members of the Union, your guests, to meet your endeavors in the same cordial spirit, and to use their best efforts to make these meetings a great success,— a success in the best sense of the word; and I pledge you, Madam Chairman, the loyalty and co-operation of the Union through all these meetings.

Members of the Union, I felicitate you that your lines have fallen in pleasant places and that you are the guests of Chicago at this time. I ask you, as members of this Union, that you make good my pledge,— that you assist in every way, that you put forth your best efforts in order that every meeting here may be most harmonious and most helpful.

As all of you may not know, this is not the first meeting of the I. K. U. in Chicago. The Union was started in 1892 with the avowed purpose of stimulating the kindergarten interest during the World's Fair. Later this plan was abandoned because of the kindergarten congress which was arranged in connection with the great educational congresses here. By courtesy of the chairman of that congress, who is the chair-

man of your local committee, the kindergarten congress gave us one evening for a session, which was presided over by the president at that time, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper. The meeting was not especially distinctive and I think it attracted no special attention, but simply passed as one of the meetings of the kindergarten congress. That day, or a day later, a meeting was called of the Union, and a very small room was supplied for it. There were less than ten at that meeting. The meeting, however, was conducted in proper form. All the reports of the officers and committees who were there were read and some plans were discussed for the work; but with so little encouragement, very little could be carried out. I am sure there are at least two people in the audience here who were present at that meeting and are glad to contrast this present large assemblage with the one of that time.

The Chicago Kindergarten Club, whose especial guests we are at this time, has been one of the few clubs — one of two, if I recall correctly — who have been members of the Union from the first, and who have paid their annual dues promptly; and it is because of such loyalty to the cause that we are able to do what we are doing now.

Miss Haven then introduced Miss Laura Fisher, supervisor of public kindergartens in Boston, who gave an address on Some Misconceptions of the Kindergarten. *

The final address of the evening was delivered by Dr. Arnold Tompkins, principal of the Chicago Normal School, on Egoism and Altruism as Organic Factors in Education. †

REPORTS OF DELEGATES.

Thursday Morning.

The reports from Branches were called for this year in reverse order, so that delegates representing Branches at the end of the alphabetical list might not be so hurried as in previous years. Space forbids the giving of all these reports, but a few call for special notice, as showing what is being done in different parts of the country. In Salt Lake City, as in all of Utah, the work is as yet largely of the pioneer or missionary order. Endeavor and hope are both strong, but success lags feebly. St. Louis sent seventy people to the convention, becoming thus the banner city for attendance; while Milwaukee sent the noble number of forty, gaining second honors thereby. An analysis of the St. Louis list is interesting. Of the seventy, thirty-nine were kindergartners (six of them delegates with expenses paid by the St. Louis Froebel Society). Two public school principals, two primary supervisors, the wife of the school building commissioner, and several mothers completed the party. All the public school kindergartners attending the convention were granted leave of absence, with salary, by the board of education.

The work of the Isabel Crowe Kindergarten Association of St. Louis is much like settlement work. Its special object is to meet the needs of children under school age. The fathers' meetings are very successful. After one of these (at a time when the near-by saloons were holding tempting "turkey raffles"), a father said: "No need to go to a saloon when you can go to so good a meeting as this. It is better than a turkey raffle!"

In Rochester, a characteristic feature of the Branch work is the beautifying of kindergartens by artistic and suitable pictures. As progress is made, the primary rooms are to be included in this improvement. Artistic development is also especially fostered by the Brooks Alumnæ Association of New York, by half yearly loans of a stock of fine casts and pictures.

Pittsburg and Allegheny report that several new kindergartens are to be inaugurated in the autumn; that a uniform program (Miss Blow's) is being used in the public and in some private kindergartens; and that the librarians in charge of the children's room at Carnegie Library are sent to the kindergarten training class to receive part of their training. The public school kindergartners of Philadelphia have had a fine course of lectures from Edward Howard Griggs on Dante's Divine Comedy, with interpretive lessons by Miss Anna W. Williams. The Pennsylvania State Kindergarten Association has for its object the co-operation with isolated kindergartners, the raising of the standard of training, the establishment of new kindergartens, and the encouragement of those now struggling under adverse conditions. Ontario, Canada, works in the same broad way for unification and inspiration in kindergarten work, endeavoring to keep Canada East and West sympathetically united in educational progress.

Omaha sent delegates (ten of them) this year for the first time to the I. K. U. Its principal meetings are parents' meetings, at which the best lectures obtainable are

* See June number of KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.
† See page 569.

heard. Hamilton Mabie was one of this year's lecturers.

Owing to the great size of New York city, kindergartners there have much difficulty in keeping in touch with each other. Union meetings have been held this year, at which the different alumnæ associations have taken charge in turn. Addresses were provided for some of the meetings, while one is to be converted into a May Festival, with different groups of the alumnæ playing the games. The Kraus Alumnæ Association has an average attendance of one hundred members at its regular meetings, the program providing generally for oral discussion of practical subjects. At the celebration of Madam Kraus's fortieth year of kindergarten work, five hundred guests were present. Miss Haven's alumnæ support a free kindergarten named in her honor.

The New York Free Kindergarten Association holds weekly meetings for kindergartners, trying to plan work for very little children. Much interest is displayed by the fathers. One said: "I don't know much about paper knowledge — book education — but my boy is better-mannered and better-behaved-like in the tenement than he used to be."

Newark chronicles great activity. Kindergartners are in all of its fifty-one public schools. Visiting in the homes, by the kindergartners, is universal.

The New Orleans school board generously paid the expenses of two delegates to the convention. At the meeting of the kindergartners' study club, the last half hour is always given to sociability; and once a year the other teachers of the city are entertained by the Normal school alumnæ association. Indianapolis rejoices because her state has made kindergarten compulsory in public schools of towns having 6000 and upward in population, and has authorized the tax therefor.

Grand Rapids Kindergarten Association sent three delegates with expenses paid. In all, thirty-nine persons represented this "biggest city of its size," including nine public school teachers, the director of music, and the superintendent of schools. The board of education allowed leave of absence, with salary.

The Duluth and Milwaukee Branches have devoted special study to music; the latter under Mr. Neidlinger.

The Detroit Kindergarten Union pursued a very successful plan of study under five committees: the child study, literature, nature-study, civic, and æsthetic committees.

Des Moines delegates were allowed to attend the convention without loss of salary. The Froebel Association is made up of other teachers and mothers, as well as kindergartners.

Dayton reports good work done and acknowledges help given by parents' clubs and libraries.

Cleveland Day Nursery and Free Kindergarten Association has had one of its kindergartens endowed with $4,000 and has received a gift of $1,000 for another. It has supported three vacation schools during the past year. The Kindergarten Union was represented in Chicago by twenty members.

Cincinnati is to have a petition presented to the legislature this spring in favor of kindergartens.

The Chicago Kindergarten Club has members from the eight training schools of the city. Each training school has its special association. One of these has fifteen trained kindergartners visiting crippled children in different parts of the city; another supports a scholarship; another has started a reference library at Hull House.

The South Carolina Kindergarten Association supports a free kindergarten, has conducted a University Extension course, is striving to have kindergartens established in all the mill districts, and has endowed itself with fifty dollars but wants more!

Brooklyn Kindergarten Union is a stronghold for *one* session kindergartens.

In Boston, the Eastern Kindergarten Association aids in the support of the kindergarten at the Elizabeth Peabody House; and the Lucy Wheelock Alumnæ Association supports a free kindergarten and has a magazine club for mothers.

Baltimore's new charter calls for kindergartens in its public schools.

In connection with the delegates' reports, a letter from Madam Kraus was read, and, by a rising vote, greeting was sent from the I. K. U., to her and to Miss Blow, the two honorary members of the Union.

Foreign letters were received from Fräulein Eleanore Heerwart, and Prof. Dr. Eugen Pappenheim, Germany; Madame de Portugall, Italy; Prof. Gabriel Compayré and Madame Pauline Kergomar, France; Miss Irene Noble (Secretary London Froebel Society), Miss Adelaide Wragge, Mrs. Emily Lord Ward, and H. Courthope Bowen, Esq., England; Miss Annie M. Howe, Japan; and from South America.

Owing to lack of time the reading of these letters had to be dispensed with, but

they will appear in the I. K. U.'s official report.

VARIOUS EVENTS.

Luncheon and Reception. Tribute to Miss Bryan.

Thursday and Friday.

These two days held much of delight. Enthusiastic crowds packed the different halls in the Fine Arts building where the Round Tables were to be held on Thursday afternoon. Assembly Hall, on the tenth floor, overflowed to such an extent that the hospitable local committee took pity on the outsiders and arranged magically for the use of the large University Hall at the bottom of the building. So down trooped the kindergartners,— those who had been pining in the corridors and the favored ones who had sat inside the room on chairs or on the floor; down they went, in relays by the half dozen elevators, and pattering, pattering, in a steady stream over the ten long flights of iron stairs.

It was a jolly company, grateful for the courtesy vouchsafed in this provision for its comfort, and glad in the prospect of hearing, after all, the particular discussion it had desired to hear,— which was that on Stories. All of the Round Table discussions, together with the Friday morning Conference of Training Teachers, are summarized in the following pages of this report.

As far as social events of an official nature were concerned, Thursday was, to use the little May Queen's term, "the maddest, merriest day." The usual manilla envelopes received by the different classes of members had contained cards of invitation to a luncheon and a reception,— the courtesy of the luncheon being extended by the local social committee, Mrs. J. N. Crouse, chairman, and that of the reception by the Chicago Kindergarten Club.

How beautiful and bountiful that luncheon was! The rooms of the Chicago Woman's Club (the long series of them having a green arbor-like effect) were beautifully arranged for the occasion. In each bowery room was an immense round table, decorated with a profusion of lovely yellow tulips, and bearing pretty dishes of goodies, which were the delicious accompaniment of more substantial provender brought forth from invisible sources. Over four hundred people had been provided for; and not only was the satisfying refreshment of the inner man appreciated by these guests,— but the restfulness and sociability were no less enjoyed. The chairs had been conveniently placed in three-quarter circles around the tables; and pleasant-faced, prettily garbed students warmed the visitors' hearts by their friendly attentiveness.

To the students also are due thanks for their work on the little souvenir badges given out at the lunch. These consisted of small wooden ball, cylinder and cube bearing respectively the initials I. K. U., each set being suspended from a safety pin by narrow ribbons tied at the ends in bows. The sets of ribbons were of rainbow colors. In addition to all else, charming music had been procured, and its sweet strains mingled with the cheerful talk and laughter.

Thursday evening brought the grand reception in the same beautiful suite of rooms. Hundreds of people were present, and a fine program of music was rendered by students from different training classes. The general conversation, which at the luncheon had made only a cheerful buzz, here arose to such a height that the music (which all would have been delighted to listen to if they had realized what they were missing) was seriously interfered with. The classes had been trained by their respective music teachers, among whom are Mrs. Gaynor, Miss Eleanor Smith, and Mrs. Crosby Adams. One part of the program was especially interesting on account of the primitive instruments used in its rendition.

When the reception broke up, many friends residing at a distance from each other had had a chance to meet and enjoy a talk; many admirers of kindergarten leaders had gained a personal acquaintance with them which would lend a happy memory to the future; and many earnest as well as gay words had been spoken. The I. K. U. visitors to Chicago are grateful for the social opportunity afforded through this phase of hospitality. It was a pleasure for kindergartners of other cities to meet the kindergartners of Chicago, not a few of whom are deservedly prominent in kindergarten circles through their lectures, books, and other services to the kindergarten cause.

The addresses given by Dr. Hailmann * and Colonel Parker † on Friday afternoon were greatly enjoyed. At the close of the latter address, when all hearts were filled with tender feeling and high resolve, the audience rose in response to a few words from Mrs. Putnam, and sang the doxology as an expression of praise to God for the

* See page 573.
† See page 577.

beautiful life, devoted to loving service and educational freedom, which had been lived by Miss Anna E. Bryan. Many tributes have been paid to this beloved kindergartner since her death, but none could have been more impressive in its beauty than this.

ROUND TABLES.*

Stories.

Discussion led by Miss Mary McCulloch, of St. Louis.

Thursday Afternoon.

Miss McCulloch opened the discussion by speaking of the kindergartner's choice of stories. She had recently been much impressed by an interpretive lecture on the old giant stories which have been told to children for generations. Formerly she had felt no desire to tell Jack the Giant-Killer and Jack and the Beanstalk; but she believed now that these contained a valuable symbolism.

The giants of these stories were character giants. The giant of Jack and the Beanstalk was Sloth. Jack's triumphant blast on the trumpet symbolized his gain, through self-activity, of courage and power.

Mrs. Marion Foster Washburne, of Chicago, referred to the killing which was introduced into Jack the Giant-Killer. Opinions differ about this subject's being touched upon in children's stories. Her advice would be: If you don't believe in putting in the killing, don't put it in. If you do believe that it is necessary for some things to be overcome, even if the overcoming involves physical death, then put the killing in,— not brutally but heroically. Mrs. Washburne made two other points: "Suit your stories to the seasons," and "Give value to that which is of value."

As to stories which harmonize with the Mother Play, Miss Jaynes, of St. Louis, remarked that most kindergartners tried to find such stories. In choosing them, the real, underlying thought of the Mother Play must be known and the choice made because of an inner, not a mere outward connection.

Miss McCulloch then suggested that the kindergartner, in her choice of stories, should include all kinds. The humorous must not be neglected. Upon this, Mrs. Putnam, of Chicago, related that, having asked a little child, "What kind of a story do you want?" the reply was: "Oh! I don't care what. Anything fierce or funny!"

Miss McCulloch, to illustrate the children's delight in little jokes, told of kneeling down before a boy while he was blindfolded in "Equal stepping, equal treading." When he discovered her there instead of one of the children, he said: "Oh! this is the best joke we have ever had in the kindergarten."

Continuing, Miss McCulloch defined the essential characteristics of a good story fo children. It must attract and hold the child's interest. It must be simple in its nature and told in clear, concise language. It should hold up an ideal: but immediate results should not be looked for as an effect of this ideal. Miss Allen, of Chicago, warned against hedging stories about too closely with appropriateness. They must not become prosaic.

Miss Waldo, of New Orleans, advocated telling of stories to suit immediate needs. This aids in curing little faults and inaugurating good habits. These stories are not to be devoid of the ideal, but to have a direct application to the practical.

Miss Wilson, of St. Louis, defined the essential characteristics by saying that the stories must have a right theme; they must be true to the standards of good literature; their main points must be duly prominent; they must contain no false sentiment; they must not be too long; and no application should be drawn by the kindergartner.

Miss McCulloch then broached the question: Can the gift of story-telling be cultivated? She told of the story-telling class for the kindergartners in St. Louis. A certain story is chosen and every kindergartner comes prepared to tell it as well as she possibly can. The members' names, on cards, are put in a box and selected at random. This plan is very successful. All of the class are ready to tell and so are more interested in listening. A great thing is to know your story well. You are then so much freer in the telling. Have a good stock of stories.

Mrs. Gudrun Thomsen, of Chicago, then told, in a charming manner, the story "East of the Sun and West of the Moon." She was followed by Miss Emilie Poulsson, of Boston, who, after giving a child-like rhapsody, News of Spring (found elsewhere in the Review), read The Wind's Work, from a new book entitled Mother Stories, by Maud Lindsay.

*For questions discussed, see page 513, Kindergarten Review, April, 1901.

THE PROGRAM.

Discussion led by MISS GERALDINE O'GRADY, of New York.

Thursday Afternoon.

It was not expected that all the questions given out in anticipation of this meeting could be brought up for discussion. They were asked more for the sake of giving a general view of the subject and defining certain points. The first four and the eighth and ninth were discussed.

Miss Fulmer, of Chicago, presented the question of the permanent elements in the program, others being modifiable. She would have the same ground plan,— in very general elements only, however,— from year to year, as long as it proved developing. For instance, she would have, as a permanent element, the relationships into which the child is born (although he is unconscious of them), and by the early experiences of which he is prepared for later conscious living in accord with them. This experience, as to the relation with Nature, may come through interest in the changes of season and of animal and plant life, and the preparations made by man for winter or summer. The institutional life of which the child is unconsciously a part, may be experienced through his feeling himself member of a family; through being interested in other families; through interest in those trades and occupations which are fundamental in race life; and through feeling that all are under the law of the state. His first experiences of relation to a Divine Power come best through interest in the invisible protective and provident force manifest in the common operations of nature, and its help for man. Through this and his dependence on man, he may have a glimpse of his own share of responsibility, when so much is done for him. The means of bringing these experiences to the child,— the songs, stories, etc.,— Miss Fulmer would leave open to change and modification; she would add to the Gifts and Occupations such other material as would deepen the child's impressions and give greater power of expression. It would not seem to her necessary to eliminate any of the Froebelian material.

Miss Patty Hill, of Louisville, took up the question of a selective principle which would aid in planning work. This she found in the study of interests: first, of the interests of children in general; second, the particular interests of their environment,— the industrial, and such nature interests as can be found in it. She would take (*a*) the most wholesome of these interests, and (*b*) those interests most possible to bring to the child; for instance, in nature, such as the time of year allowed; in home industries, those in which the children could take part without needing much direction; as ideals, the best which could be brought to them from the environment of other children. She would take up the occupations of the home and those which grew out of them.

As a summary or outgrowth of these two papers, the next question (as to the relative value of the typical and particular environmental in characters, experiences, etc.) was taken up. An interesting discussion ensued, centering about the knight and the policeman as examples of the two differing methods of presenting the ideal of the heroic.

Miss O'Grady threw out the question as to what should be done when, as so often happens, children dramatize the policeman taking a drunken man to jail.

Mrs. Drake, of Omaha, considered that the presentation of an ideal positive experience (the play of the knights) would meet that point. The policeman represents strength, mastery; he is the victor. This idea is right; but the idea is expressed by the children in an unfortunate form, because of their unfortunate environment.

Miss Fulmer said that the average policeman does not present himself to the child in ideal character, and that therefore the ideal knight or soldier that we present is not farther away from the actual than is the ideal policeman.

Miss Hill replied to this by saying that the ideal policeman is in the child's environment. The child sees the policemen taking care of people at the street crossings. We can show the ideal even when we keep within the child's experience.

In arguing that even young children may have remote ideals, Miss Runyan, of New York, gave an anecdote of a small boy who was greatly influenced by the character of Chevalier Bayard, "without fear and without reproach." There was a glamour, a beauty, and an attraction about this remote knightly hero; while, if the ideal were presented to the child in some near, everyday embodiment, it might be disfigured or lowered for him by some defect or commonplace attribute in the policeman or other chosen example.

A majority of the audience finally decided in favor of using both the typical and environmental ideal, as exemplified, for instance, in the knight and policeman.

Miss Temple, of Chicago, then gave an outline of her most satisfactory plan for a

program, as discovered thus far. She founded it all on one strong line of interests growing out of home activities,— not having great diversity of subject-matter. She did not believe in searching out principles and then finding illustrations for them, but would let the subject-matter make its own grouping. She would not show the whole process in any line of activity; as, for instance, by tracing the coal from the fire back to the mine and miner, but, for the city child, only to the coal-yard and coal-dealer. She considers regular series in the schools of work as too intellectual for the child, although she finds that the Gifts, Occupations, and games of the kindergarten lend themselves well to the expression and realization of the child's interest, images, and ideas suggested by the subject-matter of the home. She quoted Dr. Dewey: "When there is great diversity of subject-matter, continuity is apt to be sought on the formal side, *i. e.*, in schemes of sequence, schools of work, a rigid program of development followed with every topic; * * * as a rule, such sequence is purely intellectual, hence is grasped only by the teacher, quite passing over the head of the child."

Miss Fisher, of Boston, said that there were two theories of education: one along lines, the other spiral. The child should come in contact with the many sides of life. The mother naturally sings to her baby about the whole universe. This continual touching upon many things brings about a receptive attitude of mind which leads to the understanding of them. Education is fivefold in aspect (Psychologic Foundations, Dr. Harris), and this fivefold form of education begins with man as an infant. The many sides of life should at first be merely touched upon, then the knowledge and experience of them deepened with succeeding years. This will bring growth and a comprehending feeling of the whole as time goes on.

Miss McIntyre, of Toronto, spoke of the program with regard to the older and younger children. If the program is planned for the younger children, arrested development results for the older; if for the older children in particular, passivity or formalism on the part of the younger is the result. The *plan* must be for the whole; the *methods* must so modify the plan as to make it suit both the older and younger children. The younger must be led on by suggestion and by imitative work; the older will profit by being allowed to aid the younger. In general, the Mother Play experiences should be presented to the younger children in simple form, and deepened with the older children. With regard to the Gifts and Occupations, Miss McIntyre said that if we believe in continuity of thought we should apply that principle to our practice. Directed exercises help to constructive power. Illustrative exercises should come from the children as a result of their experiences. Miss McIntyre does not believe in giving definite exercises in form and number; but believes that a logical manner of presenting the Gifts and Occupations brings orderly impressions of form and number.

Concerning the question, addressed to supervisors only, as to the chief difficulties or faults of young kindergartners, Miss Graeff, of Cleveland, said that she would name five, suggesting a cure for each:—

1. Lack of self-confidence, which leads to following in ruts. Cure: Familiarization with the work of the educational world. Encouragement to try new things. ("Truth can only grow by mating past and present.")

2. A belief that all education is embodied in the kindergarten idea. Cure: More study of the history of education.

3. An ultra sense of loyalty to her own training school, and a feeling that those of other schools are to some extent aliens. Cure: More understanding of the thought and work of others. Loyalty is noble; but it is twin-sister to narrow-mindedness.

4. A tendency to do everything in the hardest way. Cure: More indulgence in play, and simplification of work.

5. Lack of general culture. Cure: Culture studies. Study of the "literary bibles." Cultivation of the spirit of love; of tact and judgment.

Supervision.

Discussion led by Miss Fanniebelle Curtis, of Brooklyn.

Thursday Afternoon.

The first topic discussed was the relation of supervisor and training teacher. Miss Dozier, of New York, spoke from the standpoint of the supervisor. In her nineteen kindergartens, fifteen training schools are represented. Some of the defects noticed in the girls were:—

1. Narrowness of view, and lack of the spirit of unity. They think that *their Alma Mater* is *the* one, and this brings about a critical attitude toward graduates of other schools. The criticism is often unspoken, but such criticism is sometimes the strongest kind.

2. Lack of adaptability to new condi-

tions. Girls who had dealt with children of the better classes quailed before the street urchins.

3. Lack of originality. This leads to a slavish regard for the way in which they have been trained. The only reason that one kindergartner could give for not wishing to have a painted circle on the floor was that her training teacher objected to a circle.

4. Almost a total absence of resourcefulness in the circle and games. Being asked how this resourcefulness could be gained, Miss Dozier replied: By practice. Many girls come to her with hardly a day's practice.

The kindergartner should be a good, orderly housekeeper. She should make and require exact statements. Many kindergartners accept slipshod sayings from children because they themselves are slipshod. The kindergartner should be able to make out correct requisitions for supplies. She should be economical with her supplies. Her attendance at kindergarten should be regular.

No girl of persistent weakness of character or unfitness for kindergarten should be allowed to graduate. The standard should be high, and great judgment should be used on the part of the training teacher.

Miss Fitts, of Brooklyn, speaking from the standpoint of the training teacher said that she would like to be able to supply the ideal kindergartner, but that nothing except the discipline of life could form the ideal kindergartner. To inculcate habits of neatness and care in the girls of Miss Fitts' classes, one method had been to have all objects that were left carelessly around put into a certain room, to be redeemed by the payment of ten cents. An effort has also been made to train the girls to give a quick, comprehensive glance over a room on entering, so as to see whether there is any dust or disorder.

The question was then asked: What can the supervisor do for the girls as they come out of the training school?

The answer was: Take them and do the best she can for them as they are. She can encourage them to work out their individual ideas (in music, games, etc.), and have them bring the results before the others for discussion and readjustment. The supervisor must have a definite aim, must see clearly, and must insist on certain things. We must have unity. Supervisor, training teacher, and girls must all *grow* in unity. We must all leave out non-essentials. The supervisor needs to know her girls, their aims and ideals, and to help the girls in carrying these out. Miss Haven said that she had the girls in her training classes make out reports, order material, and make out receipts.

The subject of two sessions a day in public kindergartens was then taken up.

Miss Fisher, of Boston, said that she had never seen a kindergartner yet who could do as good work two sessions a day as one. If she could find *one* kindergartner who could do so, she would be willing to vote for two sessions a day. In order to be able to teach, it was necessary to keep on drawing from some fountain for reinforcement. With two sessions a day, what time has a kindergartner for her own development? As for the child, the morning's drain on his vitality renders him unfit for an afternoon session. Little children ought not to work five hours a day. The child needs some time for his own free development outside of kindergarten. A rising vote was taken later, which showed the strong feeling of this representative gathering for the one session kindergarten, preferably a morning session, as being most advantageous for the children.

Continuing, Miss Fisher spoke of the kindergarten in relation to grade work. She thought that, in the main, the kindergarten had been too much isolated from the grade work. It should be correlated with the rest of education if a whole is aimed at. The kindergartner should know what the child comes from when he comes to her (the home), and what he is going to (the primary school).

Miss Law, of Toledo, said that every public school teacher should study kindergarten and correlate her work with that.

Miss Phillips, of Des Moines, spoke on economy in the kindergarten. Relative values of material should be considered, and kindergartners should be economical. In Des Moines, materials used to cost $25 a year for each kindergarten: they now cost but $10 a year and the kindergartens are better provided. (From thirty to seventy children in each kindergarten.) A cheaper quality of paper is used for practice paper; but in painting only the best colors are used. Two meetings a year are held by the supervisor with the directors of kindergartens for the purpose of finding out what materials are on hand. If one kindergarten has more materials than are needed, these are passed on to another. Materials are not allowed to accumulate and then be thrown away.

Miss Dozier advocated economy of time. One of the crying evils is that so much time is wasted in getting ready for morn-

ing circle, in giving out the Gifts and materials, and in dismissal. Many of the children under Miss Dozier's care are painfully helpful; they struggle under a sense of responsibility. At home they take care of babies, etc., etc. *They* need the spiritual development which the kindergarten can give them. They should not be burdened by serving others.

Miss Harrison thought it a mistake for kindergartners to think that they are developing the individual when they wait, wait, for a capricious child, wasting meanwhile the time of the whole kindergarten. She alluded to the difficulty of discriminating as to character and fitness of would-be kindergartners. Girls come from high schools, having graduated with high standing, who nevertheless are not fitted for the profession.

Miss Dozier said that it was good for girls to take the kindergarten course even if they were not fitted to become kindergartners. It was a valuable experience for some of them because, through it, they found out their limitations. In three months, a girl's tendencies can be discovered. The training teacher, having found out what a girl has special fitness for, can help her to develop herself in that direction, thus benefiting the girl and protecting the kindergarten.

Miss Fisher's opinion was that training teachers must have courage to make it known that training schools are not merely professional schools. Girls should go to them as they go to college, considering it as a part of their general education. Training teachers should also have courage to turn off students without considering the financial part of it. They are somewhat influenced by the fact that they depend upon the students for their means of livelihood, and this makes the withholding of diplomas more difficult. Miss Fisher considers that the training schools should be part of a large corporation, thus avoiding this danger.

The problem of kindergartens in connection with associations supporting them was next discussed. The kindergarten training teacher must train the association.

Miss Hardy, of New Orleans, thought that the board should defer to the supervisor in the selection of kindergarten directors. She said that one great problem in free kindergarten association work was the raising of money. The continued stimulation of public interest required thought and labor.

Reverting for a moment to the subject of supervision, Miss Hardy said that the following was to be considered: *i. e.*, that some kindergartners are capable of teaching a few children (ten, for instance) who are not qualified to undertake a large number or to train assistant kindergartners if these are put under their charge.

Miss Dozier told of some kindergartens held in church rooms in New York which were like chambers of horrors on account of the stacked-up chairs, poor pictures, lack of light and of proper sanitary conditions. The association board felt helpless about improving these conditions; but they went to the ministers and did what else they could, finally succeeding in getting the chromos and other poor pictures taken down (replacing them with good ones) and the extra chairs removed.

With regard to the isolation of some kindergartners in their work, Miss Dozier said that the girls in the mission and church kindergartens in New York feel their isolation and should be helped. It is sometimes not possible to take them into the association meetings. The church kindergarten employs a $25 girl. The association to which Miss Dozier belongs, trains its girls into $50 or $75 girls. The church kindergartner, therefore, if admitted to the meetings of the association kindergartners, would be drawn away from the churches, since the churches are not willing to pay the higher salaries. Thus the church and mission kindergarten is apt to be dragged down by this financial policy.

Mrs. Page, of Chicago, alluded to another sort of isolation,— that of the indifferent and apathetic kindergartners, who were not desirous of doing better. The difficulty of arousing in them a desire to do better, should not deter us from the attempt.

Shall the supervisor plan the general program? was the next topic.

Miss Patty Hill thought that the answer to this question would vary under different conditions in different cities. In her own case, with only ten kindergartens under supervision, it had been found best for each director to plan her own program, but not until after a meeting where plans are discussed and general suggestions made by the supervisor. Each director's program is submitted to the supervisor before being carried out with the children.

Miss Shute, of Boston, stated that the public school kindergartners in that city have their work planned for them. She does not feel that the kindergartner loses her individuality or gets into a rut from this. A wiser mind plans the program; the general underlying thought is given to the body of kindergartners, and each car-

ries out the general program according to her children's needs.

Miss Glidden, formerly of Brooklyn, said: We want the young kindergartner to become wise. How can she do it without using her own individuality? Let each one make her own program under guidance of a wiser head. Some one said, in answer to this, that the general program was a life line to a young kindergartner until she could swim. Miss Glidden said that at Pratt Institute the kindergarten students had nine months' practice in program work, under criticism. Miss Haven, speaking for the Ethical Culture Training Schools, reported six months' program work subject to criticism from each other and from their teachers.

In Chicago Kindergarten College the subject-matter for the programs is given, and the programs are criticised. In the student's second year, program work for tables is required; in her third year, a whole year's program.

CONFERENCE OF TRAINING TEACHERS.

Under the direction of Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, of Chicago.

Friday Morning.

Miss Virginia E. Graeff, of Cleveland, opened the discussion on the subject of the day, which was: The Simplification of Work and Methods in the Kindergarten. Miss Graeff's paper was a *résumé* of one presented by her at the conference of last year, which had been requested as the subject for discussion this year. She outlined the divisions as: Gifts and Occupations, nature work, music, science, drawing, color and blackboard work, songs, stories, and games, and the quality of humor.

Miss Graeff reviewed briefly the answers of different training teachers to her questions on these subjects, after which Mrs. Putnam called upon Miss Elizabeth Harrison, of Chicago, to discuss games. Miss Harrison spoke of the need of physical training for the student, but said that this definite aspect must be avoided with the child. She would limit the march to a simple exercise, the rhythms to simple movements. In the representative games, whose idea was to show universal, not incidental aspects of life, she would carry out this idea by emphasizing the main points, not the detail: the strength of the smith, not his implements: the activity of the bird, and not the details of nest building and feeding; the dignity of the knight, not his dress.

Miss Wood, of Minneapolis, gave a happy suggestion as to stories, through the record of her experience with a young nephew. At two and a half years of age, he would not listen. At two years and ten months, he would listen, but she had to tell about his own simple experiences, bringing in his own name and mentioning the rabbits and other creatures in which he was interested. After that came stories of other children, and finally of the outside world.

Miss Eleanor Smith, of Chicago, discussed the songs, emphasizing care in choosing them, and making the points (*a*), that a very simple air might be made beautiful by the accompaniment, and (*b*) that children learned songs more easily if the songs were beautiful.

Miss Mari Hofer said that there were two ideals in regard to songs, one for the voice and the other for the interpretation; and that the latter was the ideal to be thought of chiefly with regard to the child. She advocated rhythmical, physical, self-expression in connection with the songs believing that this aided in the attainment of the vocal ideal.

Dr. Mary E. Law, of Toledo, discussed the scientific basis of training school work, advising that the student should make previous preparation in the main branches of natural science,— choosing the scientific rather than the classical course in the high school. She further advised that there should be a few important centers for the training of training teachers, and that such training should not be attempted in the ordinary training school.

Miss Allen, of Chicago, spoke of field work with children, in nature study. She advised that walks and excursions should be frequent, and that the kindergartner should wait for the questions to come from the children.

Miss McKinney, of Cleveland, said that as the child is in the stage of feeling, his sympathy with nature must be cultivated. He must be led to discover points of likeness between other life in nature and his own. She quoted, in connection with this, from Miss Poulsson's book, Love and Law in Child Training, about the child and the toad, to show the difference between affection and sympathy. We must help the child to grow into a genuine sympathy with nature. His lack of sympathy (shown in abusing or torturing animals, picking and throwing away flowers) comes from inadequate knowledge.

Lead him to discover interesting facts in regard to animals and plants, and thus lead him to feel the similarity between their life and his own.

Mrs. de Leo, of Cleveland, in speaking of drawing and color work, made an interesting comparison between beginnings in speech and in drawing,— the first inarticulate sounds and the scribbling; the definite words at first imperfectly pronounced, and the crude attempt to draw men and beasts, etc. She advised that children should be allowed to scribble freely at first; then that the teacher should draw with and for them. The teacher should show that she expects meaning in their work and thus lead them on to conscious drawing. The kindergartner's best help for the child, in drawing, lies not in the elaborate copying of some scene on the blackboard after the children have gone home, but in graphic representations rapidly made in the presence of the children. Mrs. de Leo recommended the use of the oval and ellipse as fundamental forms. She thought that drawing and color work should go hand in hand and that it was well to practice drawing with both hands.

Miss Carpenter, of Chicago, spoke of the value of blackboard drawing in giving the child a clearer grasp of his own imagery, and urged that the teacher should have enough skill in drawing to bring out the special quality or truth in the idea which she is trying to express, with the omission of needless details. Ordinary blackboard drawing reverses natural effects. It is better to represent the high lights with white chalk, and leave the blackboard bare in the spots where dark shadows lie, with gradations of light and shade between.*

Miss Vandewalker, of Milwaukee, speaking on the Gifts and Occupations said that the technique was a means to an end. She took up the side of the training school, urging that philosophic insight, especially into child nature, was of most importance for the student,— mastery of the material being secondary. She recommended a stronger organization of the training course, the work to be co-ordinated and concentrated around one strong central idea.

Miss Hill, of Louisville, spoke on the same subject, giving four leading principles which she thought made for simplicity in Gifts and Occupations: (*a*) seeing them as a means for self-expression, gaining ideas through the Gifts rather than about them; (*b*) the selection of simple subjects requiring as little direction and dictation as possible; (*c*) free play, imitative play, and play with suggestion; (*d*) having many suggestive objects present, to aid the child to gain impressions before expression is asked for.

Miss Amalie Hofer, of Chicago, spoke on the training school;— on the desirability of beginning with the more artistic lines of work, of reducing the number of sewing cards, etc., required of students, and giving more time to practical experience.

Miss May, of Salt Lake City, said that while the Occupations were valuable as offering free self-expression to the child, he must not be hampered by the material. We must find out how he likes to use it. She advocated a uniform plan of requirements in work for all the schools.

Miss Fisher declared that each one must work out the problem of simplification for herself. "If we all believe in simplification," said she, "we shall simplify. If we are not simplifying, we do not honestly believe in it."

Miss Graeff, in concluding the discussion, asked if a committee could not be appointed to secure suggestions and prepare lists of the simplest and best songs, games, and stories.

Some of the speakers were cut short by the expiration of the time limit, but what they had to say will be found in complete form in the International Kindergarten Union's official report. Most of the speakers, however, had succeeded in so condensing their remarks as to be able to give them in full within the prescribed number of minutes. The promptness which was striven for in this and all other meetings of this convention was attained in a most creditable degree.

AT HULL HOUSE.

Saturday Morning.

There was no "tapering off" in interest toward the end of the Chicago meetings. To be sure, "home-folks," who could go to Hull House at any time, were requested to stay self-sacrificingly away from the last meeting, on account of the limits imposed by Hull House walls; nevertheless, even with this restriction, it was necessary to have an overflow meeting going on downstairs, while the main meeting was carried forward in the upper hall.

Miss Jane Addams was the first speaker. Her subject was the Relation of the Kindergarten to the Settlement. If Froebel could come back to earth she felt that he would be disappointed to find kindergar-

* See Blackboard Drawing by Fritz Koch.

tening confined to what we call "kindergarten age." He had time to work out his principles for early childhood only; but there is in his philosophy that which is for all life. Go back to Froebel, said Miss Addams, and get more of his philosophy, so that you may help people in general more and better. Do not work on the home merely through the little children; do not try to put meaning into home work merely through the washing, scrubbing, cooking, etc., done by the children, at the kindergarten; but put life and meaning into these things for the mother herself. Hull House has tried to do this somewhat: for instance, by interesting the mothers in textiles, making a collection of different sorts, having a Syrian woman show the Syrian method of spinning, an Italian woman show contrasting methods of Italian weaving, etc. People will learn through such object teaching when they could not be interested in lectures. Trained educators can give great help to people occupied in daily drudgery to the exclusion of much else, by showing them the meaning which their work has. The settlement gives the kindergarten a splendid chance for this,— the elevation of work out of grind and drudgery and putting it on an honorable plane.

The social settlement demands aid in this, without apology and with faith, from the kindergarten.

Miss Mary E. McDowell, of the University of Chicago settlement, at the stock yards, spoke next. She said that she began her work in the Hull House settlement as a kindergartner. She had gained her ideas of organic unity and social philosophy first from St. Paul in the Bible; then had learned about unity from Froebel through Miss Harrison. It confused her a little; but now the philosophies of St. Paul, Froebel, and Miss Addams are all merged into one, thus forming her philosophy of life. The social settlement applies the kindergarten philosophy to life in a broad way. Miss McDowell began by having mothers' meetings. After a while, at Miss Addams' suggestion, she organized the women into a woman's club, and its numbers increased. To be a good mother, one must first be a good woman. We need not specialize as mother, old maid, rich or poor; we are all "folks," as Mayor Jones says. The women of that club which was organized ten years ago at Hull House, now not only mother their own children but help to mother the neighborhood and the city. It includes what a mothers' club would, and more, too. Mothers are not mere breeders.

It is good for our foreigners to feel that they have a part to take in helping civic things along. Some one in every family, even in foreign families, reads the newspapers, and knows what is going on and what is needed in the city. The women's clubs are made up of women of many nationalities, and they like to help in civic affairs. At first the women would not speak in the meetings. To cure this, Miss McDowell began in kindergarten fashion, by giving them impressions,— by bringing to them fine speakers used to the work, *i. e.*, who could speak to them and work with them *as sisters*. A paper on Modern Philanthropy was discussed with utter openness, although some guilty receivers of alms were in the audience. The speeches of the women were unpracticed but lively. Such clubs are to be recommended for the schools. Parents' clubs will follow. Kindergartners must be more than kindergartners or they will become dead-and-alive. Not only the very poor need the cultivation of the social spirit; those a little better off need it even more than the rich or the very poor. Miss McDowell then offered some club circulars to persons interested. She also invited those remaining in Chicago a few days longer to go to the University Settlement on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock to hear the children sing.

Mrs. McMullen, vice-president of the National Congress of Mothers, brought the Union a greeting from that body. She wished that more mothers had kindergarten training. Now, mothers have their children placed in their arms, and want to do their best by them, but do not know what to do. In Englewood where Mrs. McMullen lives there is a school of 1,500 children, comprising seventeen nationalities. The mothers there have public meetings, and, through these, show that they are ignorant but *just like other mothers*. Mothers in general feel that they must learn and keep learning in order that they may not fall behind their children.

Dr. Graham Taylor being unavoidably absent, Mrs. Hegner was called upon to speak about Chicago Commons. She invited the company to visit their settlement, and see their work, Those who had seen the unsanitary old basement in which their kindergarten had hitherto been held, would rejoice with them in the pleasant quarters which they now had. The old building and the new should both be seen, since they each have their history yet form part of one story.

During the latter half of these speeches, persons sitting in the front part of the hall

could see children gathering in the wings of the little stage. After Miss Eleanor Smith had said a few words explaining that the songs of the first group had been selected, in accordance with the printed weather indications, for rain, and were therefore not appropriate to the sunshiny morning which we were enjoying, four girls and four boys (about six years old, perhaps) came forward, and, standing near the piano, sang a Spring song, and one about the rain : —

> "Rain, rain, do not go ;
> Rain, rain, we love you so."

They sang very sweetly, not too quickly, and with great regard for the sense of the words.

Following these little folk, came a group of children about ten or eleven years old. Their songs were part of a series of labor songs to which each succeeding group contributed. An old English Dairymaids' song was the first, and next came Reinecke's Spinning Song. One of the girls from this group sang, most exquisitely, a solo, The Dustman, from Hansel and Gretel. The pure enunciation, musical emphasis, and rhetorical pauses in the singing of these young children were remarkable.

Girls of twelve or thirteen years sang a Blacksmith's song, having for refrain a good settlement sentiment, (where would it not be good?) : —

> "Choose the work you love, my boy,
> Singing ever,
> Grumbling never."

They sang also a Ploughing song (showing interdependence of workers), with much jollity and gusto.

Some among the audience had been present at a training class lesson given by Miss Smith a few days before, where she had tried to help the girls to relax the vocal organs, work the jaws freely, etc. With that in memory, it was delightful to watch the freedom and ease of the children in these respects. So much less difficult is it to bend the twig than to incline the bough !

The last songs were sung by three girls about seventeen years of age. They all sang together in a German Spinning song, and an Irish folk-song about weaving. The same refinement of enunciation and remarkable musical training showed here also. Two solos were next given by one of the girls : "Spring is not dead," and a little farmyard song by Grieg. This singing was delightful, both for achievement and promise. Miss Smith has made a musical setting for Morris Rosenfeld's Sweatshop. She explained that her own mind was not quite made up about such songs,— songs presenting the negative side of living ; sometimes she approved, sometimes she disapproved of them. A request had been made for the Sweatshop song to be sung, and these two girls would sing it, although it was written for four voices. The two girls who generally took the other parts were at work.

Then came the wonderful music with its dramatic setting forth of human misery, drudgery, and deadening agony. The girls sang it thoughtfully, sympathetically. With the Ploughboy, Blacksmith, Dairymaid, and farmyard creatures, the spring and the rain, Hull House children could be sturdily joyous ; with the suffering and downtrodden they could also be sympathetic.

BUSINESS.

Thursday Morning.

After the reports of the delegates and the reading of the list of foreign correspondents, Miss Haven, as a retiring president, and therefore no longer personally concerned, made a few recommendations which she believed would greatly help the officers of the Union in conducting its affairs.

1. The constitution is an elastic one and the executive is entrusted with broad powers. It is possible and perhaps advisable to modify the constitution and to take action in various directions.

2. The duties of I. K. U. officers are often arduous. The corresponding secretary and treasurer has to collect fees and send out receipts, to send notices of meetings, and to apportion and send out cards for delegates from each Branch. This work is made much more difficult by the custom in some Branches of sending in fees at the last moment. Some have even sent fees or applications for membership during the week just preceding the convention, and it is impossible to attend to these at that busy time. The recording secretary has to edit and publish the annual report and to send copies to each Branch in proportion to the number of members known to belong to each Branch. Branches were urged therefore to pay their dues and send in all information early in the year ; to head all communications with definite post office address ; and to help circulate the annual reports.

3. There is a large list of standing committees, none of which have ever been dropped. Some of these committees have not important work each year. Would it be simpler to re-organize the work of the committees profitably if the whole list were

abolished and new ones appointed as need arises,—each year perhaps? At present the executive has to appoint persons to fill the places of those who drop out from these committees; but it would often be better to consolidate two committees or have entirely new members.

4. The president, in connection with the executive board and local committees, is responsible for the yearly program, and it is sometimes very difficult for these officers and committees to keep in touch with each other, owing to the great distance by which they are separated. The amount of official correspondence is enormous. Effective work requires a special meeting of chief officers, local and executive, once a year, and it is advisable that the Union should make provision for the expense of this.

5. Most careful consideration should be accorded to the question of honorary membership. As the Union is *international*, should not its honorary members be of *national*, not merely local prominence? Some limitation should be set that the honorary membership be not cheapened.

6. At present the local committees undertake all the expenses of the annual meeting. If the meeting should be held in a small city, these expenses would be very burdensome. Certain expenses should be borne by the Union, as in all large associations (expenses of programs, notices about transportation, etc.).

7. The question was raised as to whether the Union should hereafter meet annually or biennially; and the suggestion was also made that as soon as possible the Union should pay the expenses of its needed officers to the annual meetings. These expenses are a great tax when the meetings are held at long distances. Other members can choose whether to go or not; these officers *must* go.

According to vote, the president then appointed the following committees:—

Time and Place of next Annual Meeting.—Miss Whitmore, Chicago; Miss Hardy, New Orleans; Miss Harvey, Brooklyn.

Resolutions.—Miss Fitts, Brooklyn; Mrs. Stannard, Boston; Miss May, Salt Lake City.

Nominations.—Miss Dozier, New York; Dr. Law, Toledo; Miss Holmes, Charleston; Miss Hill, Louisville; Miss Allen, Chicago.

Necrology.—Mrs. Treat, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Blaker, Indianapolis; Miss Hofer, Chicago.

Invitations were received from Milwaukee, Charleston, and Boston, for the next meeting of the I. K. U.

Friday Afternoon.

Very little time was left for business at this meeting. Miss Mary D. Runyan, corresponding secretary, reported 74 branches, 75 associate and 6 life members, making the total membership 7,116, an increase of 800 over last year's number. The treasurer's report showed a balance of $573.39 on hand.

The question as to whether the present standing committees should be abolished and a new set created in their stead, or whether the present committees should simply be revised, thus introducing a new *personnel* in whole or part, was debated with some liveliness. A vote was finally carried that the executive board be empowered to revise or abolish all standing committees according to its best judgment.

It was also voted that the president appoint a committee of five to consider the question of revising the constitution and to report at the next annual meeting.

The chairman of the nominating committee then read the list of officers proposed for election, and a vote by ballot was taken, resulting by a large majority, as follows:—

President, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, Chicago; first vice-president, Miss Laura Fisher, Boston; second vice-president, Miss Mary D. Runyan, New York; corresponding secretary and treasurer, Miss Fanniebelle Curtis, Brooklyn; recording secretary, Miss Bertha Payne, Chicago; auditor, Miss Harriet Niel, Washington, D. C.

The newly elected president said a few words from her place in the audience, acknowledging the honor which had been done her, pleading some inability for the office, but pledging her best effort in the service of the Union. If we wanted a Western president, she said, we had secured at least that much in electing her; for she had played with cannon balls around Fort Dearborn when a child, and was a Westerner through and through.

The committee on Time and Place then recommended Boston as the next place of meeting, the time to be arranged for by the executive and local committees. This was voted for with cordiality, and the Bostonians present were gratified at having this good news to carry home.

Saturday Morning.

The committee on Necrology, Mrs. Lucretia W. Treat, chairman, reported in terms of sorrow and affectionate respect the death of Miss Anna E. Bryan, of Chicago, and Miss Ellen A. Oakley, of New Orleans.

When the report of the committee on Resolutions was called for, an unofficial series of resolutions, embodying the substance of what had been agreed upon by the committee, was read at the request of the president, by Mrs. Margaret J. Stannard, the chairman being not then present. The resolutions, in official form, will appear in the I. K. U.'s annual report.

Resolved: That the meetings of the International Kindergarten Union are a source of inspiration to the kindergartners and other teachers who attend them, and are a means of infusing new life into the kindergarten work throughout the country.

Resolved: That the International Kindergarten Union expresses to the kindergartners and other friends of Chicago, its hearty appreciation of the cordial welcome and all the careful arrangements which have combined to make a successful and profitable meeting. Special thanks are due to the local executive committee (Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, chairman), whose time, strength, and thought have been expended in our behalf; to the Chicago Kindergarten Club, the Woman's Club, Kindergarten College, Free Kindergarten Association, and the Kindergarten Institute, for generous and free hospitality; to all the training classes for hearty co-operation, and for an interesting exhibit of work; to the Art Institute and Field Museum, to the Normal and other public schools for opening their doors to us; to the Swift and Armour Packing Companies for their kind invitation to inspect their work; to the Chicago press for advance notices, reports, etc.,—especially to the Record-Herald for assistance in providing comfortable quarters for guests; and to the railroads for special rates.

Resolved: That thanks are also due to various school boards, who, recognizing the value of the convention, have given their teachers special leave of absence that they might attend the meetings.

Mrs. Stannard then added a few warm words expressing the grateful pleasure taken by the guests in many attentions and courtesies which had not been specially acknowledged. Her remarks met with cordial indorsement.

A committee on Finance, to act this coming year as necessary, was appointed by the president. Miss Amalie Hofer was named as chairman, but requested Miss Haven to serve in her place. This change having been effected, the committee stands: —

Miss Haven, New York; Miss Curtis, Brooklyn; Miss Symonds, Boston.

A committee to consider the revision of the constitution and to report at next annual meeting was then appointed by the president. It consists of,—

Mrs. Page, Chicago; Miss McCulloch, St. Louis; Miss Wood, Minneapolis; Mrs. Stannard, Boston; Miss Dozier, New York.

After a vote of thanks to the retiring president for faithful services during her term of office, and a pledge to the in-coming president, both proposed by Miss McCulloch and heartily indorsed by the members present, the I. K. U. convention of 1901 came to an end.

NEWS OF SPRING.

By Emilie Poulsson.

"Is Spring coming?"
"Yes."
"Do you know or only guess?"
"Why, anyone the news may know;
For everything out in the wonderful world
Has *some* sign of Spring to show!

"For the sun stays longer and longer,
And it shines out brighter and brighter,
And its heat is stronger and stronger,
And the birds sing louder and louder,
And the wind blows warmer and warmer,
And the rain sinks deeper and deeper,
And the brook runs faster and faster,
And the ground grows softer and softer,
And the sky seems bluer and bluer,
And the clouds float whiter and whiter,
And the air smells sweeter and sweeter,
And the leaves grow bigger and bigger,
And the buds swell fuller and fuller,
And the grass creeps greener and greener,
And the world grows gladder and gladder,—

"And when all this happens every year,
We say 'Spring's coming,' but—*Spring is here!*"

This summary of the signs of Spring's coming may be read or recited or taught to children; but a better and more delightful use is possible if the children have had excursions to park, field, and wood, and have been noticing the signs of Spring. With a little guiding, by the kindergartners, of the children's expressions into the suggested form, the children will be able to "evolve" these lines, or something similar; and their enjoyment will be far greater than if they learned the lines by rote.

ADDRESSES DELIVERED BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION.

EGOISM AND ALTRUISM AS ORGANIC FACTORS IN EDUCATION.*

By Dr. Arnold Tompkins.

I shall have to state in briefest outline a thought which I should like to pursue at some length, and I am sure that I shall state nothing at all new, unless it be the relation between altruism and egoism in their function in education. The most fundamental, the most pervasive, fact man can discover in his own language is the simple truth that he is at war with himself. He finds a split in his own life. The soul has the gift of fancy. It can set up the coming man. Man can think of himself as other than he is. He can think of himself as he ought to be, in contradistinction of what he now is. Man sets up an ideal and then is drawn irresistibly toward it. Man cannot set up an ideal without responding to it. This is his peculiar faculty,—the faculty of projecting himself, projecting his possibilities. And when he does so he reaches forward for the highest good which the mind can project for itself.

And not only is man susceptible to the influence of this ideal life, but he can help to realize his highest good. Because man can set up the ideal and because he is

* Stenographically reported for Kindergarten Review.

drawn to it, he does not mount joyously to the stars without effort, for there is a downward pull in the human life. Life is polarity. And when I say that, it is not a criticism upon human life, that there is a downward tendency, but it is a discussion. There could be no such thing as an upward tendency in human life if there was no such thing as a downward tendency in it. Without an up you cannot have a down; without a hell you cannot have a heaven.

All there is of tendency in human life, whatever there may be of disappointment, or stress, or strain in human life, comes like a blessing to every one who can overcome it. Man has but one single duty, and that is, to hold on to the better self; he has but one thing in life to do, and that is, to do all that within him lies to realize his highest possibility.

Self-realization and not self-preservation is the highest law of life. Within this word "polarity," we have every word in ethics defined. Duty: That which is due to my present real self and my higher and better self. Responsibility: The pledge which the present self has to make in response to the better self. "Ought" is the greatest word in the unabridged dictionary. And every word that you can think of in the ethical vocabulary is clearly defined in this stress and strain of man as he struggles upward to what he *ought* to be. Man has but one duty, and that is, to be true to his better self. "To thine own self be true, and thou canst not then be false to any man." The stoics broached this doctrine heroically. This is an old story, yet we cannot repeat it too often. Man has but one thing for which to labor. There is but one North star to guide him, and that is, to be true to his own nature, to be true to the best that is in him.

We can easily conceive that if man by nature is a devil, the very best thing he can do is to play the game well. I am sure none of you will argue that question with me. But to be true to the self and realize the self, is all that man has to do in this world. I am sure that if you could find a man who is devoting all his energies, all his powers, to realizing the best that is in him, you could make no criticism on his conduct. I speak of this because there is a commonly accepted statement that such doctrine is egotism. I use another and better word, "egoism." Egotism — self-commendation, vanity. But he who reaches for the realization of the better self has none of these. Therefore, egotism is dead.

Humility is a great, and perhaps the greatest, virtue, because it is the feeling a man has when his true and better self is exalted over his old self. So there is hope for growth when one has that better feeling. This doctrine is far from that other doctrine which we hear talked about. There is no kinship between them. It is simply the theory that man must do everything that he can do to realize the possibilities of his manhood.

I comprehend full well the other side of this question: that man cannot realize his ideal by simply standing before it and admiring it. He must forget himself in order that he may realize himself. If he wishes to grow in kindness, he must not do a kind deed and then turn away thinking how that kind deed is aiding him in his development. He must lose himself practically in the one upon whom he performs the kind deed. If the teacher says to herself: "Now I lack sympathy;" and then gives the child a toy that it wishes and goes forth saying: "That is good for me; I am growing in sympathy;" unless that teacher lose herself in the child, she will never find herself there. If she says: "I am lacking in charity;" and gives the widow her gift and then goes home and says: "I am growing in charity;" she is not growing in charity but is growing more selfish. There are a good many religious people who are always turning in and asking: "How fares it with thee, now, my soul?" It would be a good deal better if they sometimes forgot they had a soul and would go forth to save a dying one.

There never was a man raised to moral sublimity, to eloquence, in this world in any other way than that of a distinct forgetfulness of self in a good cause. When Wilberforce was trying to free the slaves and was asked why he did not pay more attention to the salvation of his own soul and let others look out for themselves, he replied: "Madam, I have been so busy with the welfare of these people that I have forgotten I had a soul." You may read the history of oratory and the biography of sublime characters all down the centuries, and you will find that there is always one thing that marks these sublime characters; and that is, this ability to completely lose themselves in some great problem of life.

Now altruism is not personal, as we have been led to suppose. Altruism has been stated as a law of education. We have been told that the pupil must solve the problem for the sake of the pupil who sits by his side. In the first place, that is an impracticable theory. In the second place, that is a most vicious theory. No pupil

will ever aid it. Altruism has a deeper law of its own, and it is not an altruism which is personal by any means. When Lincoln turned back to put a little bird in its nest, he was exercising as general an altruism as we are when we go forth and supply the needy. When Charney bent over the flower to protect it from the hail, taking the storm upon his own back, his sympathy was a genuine case of altruism. When you water the soil or the flower, when you turn the clod from the little struggling plant, it is a general case of altruism. When a man oils his machinery to keep it from squeaking, it is true altruism. The farmer who leaves his machinery out to rust in the inclement weather is stupid and dull. He lacks sympathy — a scientific sympathy. We often complain of the farmer for not taking better care of his implements, saying; "How improvident he is!" But that is not the only charge against him. He is an unsympathetic wretch or he would give these implements, as well as his cows and horses, a little better housing. In short, man cannot shake off the feeling, if he would, that everything about him has a life akin to his own.

The child personifies everything. This is natural to it. The savage explains everything,— the river, the woods, the mountains, the sun, moon and stars,— by putting a life into them like his own, and the poet could not write a line on the poetry of nature except on the assumption that back of these natural forms there is some spirit akin to himself who holds communion with his visible form. That is the sense of sympathy and communion which Wordsworth spoke of when he wrote: —

"There was a time when meadow, field, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight, to me did seem
Appareled in celestial light."

And all poems of nature breathe this. It is a universal fact. This is not only true for children, savages, and poets — all of whom should be classed together — but it is true of the hard headed, theoretical man. The old farmer goes out at night and runs his head against a post. Immediately he addresses that post as though it understood him. I have known ministers and philosophers, who, when trying to put up a stovepipe, would use adjectives upon that stovepipe which could only be explained upon the theory that there is a little bit of kinship between the philosopher and the stovepipe. These are only phases of the fact that man is drawn to the infinite life.

Altruism extends to truth itself. I believe that Herbert Spencer was as altruistic in his search for truth as was Howard when he devoted his time to the English prisons. I do not see why we have got to limit our altruism to persons.

Emerson was distinctly altruistic. He would play with the children on the street. They loved him. But they had not any use for Hawthorne, because he was a shy man and preferred to get behind a tree and work out his problems. But certainly he gave us The Scarlet Letter, the Mosses from an Old Manse, and other stories in an altruistic spirit. And so this seeking after truth, this feeling of kinship, as it were, is a universal fact and a fundamental fact of the human life.

I stated at the outset that man felt a split in his life. But there is another split, and that is the split between himself and the world. Why, you people who swear by Froebel — and I do not (it is not *Froebel* I object to, but the *swearing*), — man finds these two unities: unity with himself and unity with the world about him. That is the great doctrine, and there is no other doctrine upon which to build our pedagogical church or any other kind of education. The world works with us. This is not a little matter in which you and I are concerned. Everything exists in something else. One thing lives in another thing. The thing cannot live to itself alone any more than a person can. Talk to the finger, and ask what is good for it, and it will tell you to consult the hand. Talk to the hand, and ask what is good for its welfare and it will tell you that in and through the fingers its well-being is sustained. Thus, also, the plant lives through the soil. The whole universe is put under tribute to the plant and the universe is what it is by reason of the plant life. And the whole world is held together in this way. And this is the larger principle of which I speak, when I say we all must live in and through others, and that other things must live in and through us. The whole world, the world about us, in plant and animal life and in the mineral world, is altruistically constituted. And so is the social world.

In this world of selfishness and avarice, where sharpest competition reigns, even there the law of altruism works. You go into a strange city and want your watch repaired. You walk down the street; and pretty soon you find a sign hanging out, so plain that you almost think some kind man has placed it there for your especial benefit.

You asked how it happened. I will tell you how it happened. That kind but energetic gentleman put that there in order that you might not have to go to extra trouble to hunt a watchmaker. And so you ride your wheel down the avenue and want to do some shopping. You wonder where you will leave your wheel so that it will be safe. You come right in front of the store and find that the kind-hearted gentleman who runs that store has put a wheel rack there to protect your bicycle while you do your trading. Of course, it is his store. I know a little boy who felt that the mail carrier only came to his house to accommodate him, and that the policeman stood at that dangerous crossing only to protect him. The little boy always took off his hat to the mail carrier and the policeman; and I tell you the little boy was more nearly right than we are. You may go on a fine train which runs from here to St. Louis, and you will marvel at the convenience, the accommodation, and the organization that there is in it. How did this happen? We may suppose that it happened because of a convention of Sunday School people, or some other cause. But the truth is that it happened because the owners of the railroad put their heads together and found that they could operate such a train between Chicago and St. Louis at reasonable rates and make a profit for themselves. Now here is a problem for you. Suppose it were undertaken by any philanthropic body to make comfortable travel between here and New York city. Would it ever have been as convenient for your comfort as it is now? I suppose it never would have been done. I think that this legitimate competition is a true way of altruistic working. The man who can best satisfy my wants, who has the wisest discernment in the matter of selection, and who has the courage and the financial resource to back his opinion, is the man who gets my trade. He has to do it. That is his problem. I care not, no business can succeed except as it comes over to the individual for whose trade it competes.

But once more. There is never any difference. Think of the young lady who stays at home and waits on her invalid mother. She is sacrificing her life for her mother. Tell me, what would happen if she deserted her mother? Is it not her own self-respect and the necessity that she is under to guard her own good name as a daughter, that makes her stay by her mother? You say that you pay your debts; you must be just and true to other people. I am sure you ought to pay your debts. But the greatest reason that I can think of for paying your debts, is found in the law written upon your own hearts. I don't owe it to any certain man more than I owe it to myself to pay the debt.

Man can love his neighbor just as he does himself. The measure of self-love is simply this. If I love myself as I should, I will do nothing to mar the joy of that self. And, on the other hand, I will do everything that I can to further the interest of my higher self. I will do nothing to hinder my neighbor in the process of his own realization, but I will do everything in my power to aid him in that realization. Thus interpreted, man can and ought to love his neighbor just as he does himself. The law does not mean that when you earn a dollar you ought to give it to your neighbor. Because, if that were true, then your neighbor ought to give that dollar back to you. And it would be better economy if, instead of shuffling dollars between you, you would go ahead and make some more dollars. It does not mean that if your and his stores are on fire that you should go over and save his goods. For then he would have to leave his store and come over and save your goods, and the end would be that you would both be so mixed up that both stores would go up in flames.

Now I believe that there is a law which governs this organic union of altruism and egoism. Altruism, pure and unalloyed, will not work for a moment. How easy it is to give a man a dollar! Yet the law of altruism would forbid him to take it. Then it would be his duty to receive it, I suppose. But that would be acting contrary. You cannot universalize it. The question is: What is good for the two at the same time? Every true and disinterested altruistic service in this world is a service not only for the other but a service in the development of the self. In the harmony of this world, it would be a strange thing, would it not, if the two laws — the law for the welfare of the other and the law for the welfare of myself — were set over against each other. When you tell me that I ought to do so and so for the other, then I wonder who that other fellow is. I think I am as good as he and perhaps a little bit better. If it is worth while for him to realize himself through my efforts, then it is worth while for me to realize myself through his efforts. The two are one.

But I must come quickly to the question: How does this law apply in education? That is what I came to say. Here is the last thing to be said about it.

Did you ever stop to think who you are

and what you are? Try the experiment a minute. Think of this, and then read some poem you have not read before, and get it into your blood. Then, say what is the difference between the last *I* and the first one. You have mastered the poem. It is a part of your new self. The ideal is the thing we should reach for, the spirit of the objective world which I have not made my own. This is the last of the argument.

The fundamental craving of the human soul is for more life, and that life it expects to receive by communion with the life above it. The soul wants these things to fill out and to fulfill its life; and here is the fundamental motive to all study. Why does man think? He must think as he must breathe and die. Thinking is the altruistic process with the egoistic meaning, if you want it. The prompting to thinking is the soul's prompting to touch its desire. You studied history because you had to have more life, a larger life. You studied the history of Greece; and you are Greece just to the extent you have mastered this history. You are Greece, Rome, France, Germany, you are the whole thing, just to the extent you have mastered it. Have you ever put Greece into your life, or Rome, or France, or Germany? If you have, you have not any less room for the United States, but more room. That is, the fuller the soul gets, the more room it has. It is infinite in its capacity.

Now, why do the pupils study? Why do we teach things in the school? Is it worth while to do it? Does it pay to do it? The reward is in the doing. You sit by the ocean. You hear the song of the waves. You do it again day after day, and you know that it is worth while to do it, for the soul must peep into its own infinite. There is no other reward.

Knowledge is its own reward. If the pupil is going to solve his problem in geometry, will he do it for the chum that sits by? I hope not. God geometrizes from all eternity, and I would not want the child to prefer his chum to the infinite God. I say that it is a vicious doctrine if I take a trusting child and try to make him believe that he is doing a thing for something he is not doing it for. You tell me that a child does things for his mother. True; but there is an infinite deal of things that a child does *not* do for his mother. He does them because his own infinite life demands it of him. He may think of his mother and he may not. I say that it is a vicious doctrine of altruism that a child may not be personal in his motive. The little child shall lead us. There is no higher thing than this, we must ask the child which way to go. Do not ask the child to do things because of his chum or for some other similar reason. You will never find him moved by these things. He is drawn by the infinite life, and the teacher can do no better than to put him in touch with the life he craves at every point. This is the only way the child can grow and become perfect even as the Father in heaven is perfect.

THE KINDERGARTEN AND THE SCHOOL.

By W. N. Hailmann.

Modern society is almost universally eager for organization, for the closest vital correlation of its members, for a well-nigh ideal sub-division of effort in a steadily widening common purpose, for the fullest utilization of individual excellence in special directions. Modern society is clamorous for activity, for fullest efficiency and beneficence, for unfailing productiveness, for creative fervor, for individual vigor in the service of the general good: yet all these things have scarcely touched the school as a whole. In a number of the essential features of curriculum, equipment, and even of method, the school still persists in a worship of a narrow past: its eyes still seem to be closed to the supremacy of the eternal now, upon which modern society is firmly builded.

To Froebel we owe perhaps the earliest full formulation of the principles which are to guide the school in complying in its work with the requirements of modern society. In the first place, he demands that the various educational factors—home, school, and community—should be in full harmony with each other, organically interrelated; that they should, throughout, base their conscious educational work upon a reverent study of childhood and adolescence, with their steadily expanding experiences and aspirations; that at every

successive stage of development the pupil should find in his educational institution an ideal world, affording him opportunities for the full exercise of his powers in rich experience, intense purpose, and unhindered achievement, for the free exercise of self-activity in continuous self-expression, individually and socially. To this end he would have the school appeal to the hands of the children, to their eyes and ears and organs of speech, to all that of them lives and grows, in the gaining of knowledge, as well as in the expression of thought and in the achievement of purpose, in the establishment of attitude, in the fixing of character.

This he would accomplish in the kindergarten and in the earlier years of primary school life through organized play, gradually lifted with the help of a rich material and pictorial symbolism into actual work, practically adding to the literary conventionalism of the school, the work-shop and the laboratory, the garden and the studio. At every step the inward flow of experience is to be justified by a corresponding outward flow of efficiency, and all along the pupil's æsthetic and ethical instincts are to be respected, stimulated, and nurtured until they become to him conscious possessions in creative fervor and in the ardor of beneficence.

While fully recognizing the divine destiny of man, Froebel sees in the child primarily the child of nature. From nature, from the earth, the child must draw sustenance reverently. He must learn to love her, to know her forces and her ways, to appreciate and to utilize her gifts in his own service and in the service of his fellows. Her beauty, her truth, her goodness, must become his in knowledge, in grateful control, in fervent admiration, lifting him steadily and irresistibly to the worship of the Beneficent Power that speaks to him through nature.

At every successive step, too, the child is to realize more and more consciously his value and, consequently, his duties and responsibilities to those with whom he is associated and to the community that awaits him. More and more consciously, individual drill is to be to him a preparation for social doing. Every onward step in his development is to remove him further from the inferno of isolation and bring him nearer to the paradise of companionship.

Reduced to their essentials, these demands may be summarized, perhaps, in the following words: The school — using this term in its widest sense as embracing all successive educational institutions — must be to the child a complete, practical world, affording him opportunity for the study of nature and man, for work, for his æsthetic and ethical development, for companionship; and, in their work, all successive and contemporary educational factors should be organically interrelated.

Froebel embodied in his kindergarten a lucid solution of the problems involved in these demands. The notorious conservatism of parents and teachers, however, and their consequent slowness in matters of educational development with reference to the requirements of social progress, closed the school in the beginning, almost hermetically, to Froebel's impassioned appeals and luminous example.

Wisely or unwisely, some of his followers, therefore, recognizing the imperviousness of the school, suggested the establishment of connecting classes, which were to bridge the apparently impassable chasm between the kindergarten and the school.

On the one hand, it is true, these connecting classes vindicated the superior adaptability of Froebel's principles and method of primary instruction. On the other hand, however, they confirmed conservative teachers and the even more conservative public in the illusion that in organization, equipment, and aim, the kindergarten and the school are essentially different and must forever remain distinct institutions. In their eyes, the kindergarten sank to the level of a mere play-school, and they welcomed the connecting class chiefly as a device for curing children of unwelcome habits acquired in the kindergarten, and of preparing them for the legitimate and more serious work of the school.

Even so earnest and enlightened an advocate of the kindergarten as my friend Dr. Harris fell a victim to this illusion. In his address on "Kindergarten and Primary Methods" at Nashville, he gave unstinted praise to the kindergarten; to its philosophy, its aims, its devices, its success in "helping children to a conquest of nature," in conveying to them "the treasures of experience of the race in solving the problems of life," in making them "wise without the conceit of wisdom." But he held that all this applies only to what he was pleased to consider the symbolic age of childhood, a well rounded period, beginning at the age of four and ending at the age of seven years; that, at the close of this period, the child enters more or less suddenly and completely into a new period, in which the symbolic is to be summarily dismissed and to yield to the exclusive sway of the conventional.

With the advent of this period, he held, the time had come when they needed "to learn how to read and write, and how to record results of arithmetic"; life, with its inexhaustible epiphanies, was to be discarded so that the child might learn to dig for revelations in the "printed page"; his own ideals and aspirations were to be cast-aside or suppressed so that he might "realize the ideal of another"; play and the responsibility to law must make room for work and responsibility to "established authority."

On the side of the kindergartners, too, similar sins might be recorded. Many of them held, not without pride, that they were *kindergartners* and not *teachers;* that, under no circumstances, should a kindergarten child be permitted to recognize a letter or to guess the meaning of a cipher; that all things which might suggest to the child the school, must be religiously excluded; and other narrownesses of similar import.

Fortunately the demands of modern society for a new education adapted to its needs became more and more urgent, and younger generations more and more willing to heed them. Manual training began to assert its claims in separate institutions. Drawing and music gained admission in order to satisfy the aroused æsthetic conscience. The Herbartian movement, with its doctrines of apperception, of interest, its formal stages of instruction, its correlation and concentration of studies, and the child study movement came to reinforce corresponding phases of Froebel's new education. Even the college found a "new education" on similar lines. In a vast number of primary schools, the kindergarten occupations, and, what is better, kindergarten principles in the various phases of instruction were introduced with varying success. Thus the kindergarten and the primary school were brought more closely together, the chasm between them disappeared, and the connecting class ceased to be a necessity.

It would have been a delightful task to sketch even in rapid outline the school of the future — and I firmly believe of a very near future — in which the demands of Froebel's new education, as illustrated in the kindergarten, shall be fully complied with, but this pleasure I am compelled to forego for the present, and to confine myself to the presentation of a limited number of composite photographs illustrating possibly on optimistic background a few of the more important points in which the school is beginning to yield to these demands.

A Rip Van Winkle school inspector visiting, after a thirty or forty years' sleep, a modern school would be — I hope pleasantly — amazed by the strange new experiences that would confront him at every step. He would find the dingy and variously defaced entrance hall expanded into a spacious corridor, adorned with engravings, plaster casts, and other suggestive ornaments, and equipped, possibly, with a piano.

A feeling of kindly reverence would take possession of his soul, and with strangely sweetened spirit, he would allow himself to be ushered into one of the primary rooms. This he would scarcely recognize as a class room but for the rows of traditional school desks, for from the walls and from the windows objects greet his view, which remind him more of the cultured home than they do of the school he used to know. In vain he looks for the teacher's platform. Even the teacher's desk is hiding in a corner and its place is taken by a capacious table freighted with objects of interest, many of them evidently the results of the children's work. In various parts of the room he finds groups of children busy with some kind of work at small tables; one group at a sand table; one, the largest, engaged in earnest conversation with the teacher; a few children seated at their desks engaged apparently with lessons.

Probably the feeling of kindly reverence that took possession of him on entering the corridor would be intensified, and would serve to him as an explanation of the spirit of order and mutual good-will pervading the life of the children in this school home. Modestly tarrying in the room, he would be charmed with the considerate interest of the teacher in the children's thoughts and feelings, with her wealth of resources, the satisfactory directness of her instruction, with the intelligent responsiveness of the children, the freedom and definiteness of their answers, suggestions, and questions, with the skill of their fingers, the neatness and accuracy of their work, with the spirit of cheerfulness and earnestness pervading the room.

Looking more closely into the character of their work, he would find that the traditional "Three R's," far from having lost, had gained in every way. In spelling, in writing, in reading, in the control of number relations, he would find the children not only well advanced, but skilled in the use of these things for their various purposes in a rich and eager child life, teeming with spontaneous intelligent interest in every avenue of information. And to these he would find added other skills,— in draw-

ing, color work, music, and in a variety of occupations, serving the purpose of self-expression on the part of the children, furnishing food for their æsthetic, ethical, and cultural development.

In another room he might find the children engaged in an orderly discussion of their observations during an excursion which had filled their life on a previous day, child after child giving a clear account of some particular object — some bird or butterfly, some tree or shrub or blooming herb, a portion of a brook or ravine, field or forest — that had riveted their attention. Some of the children in these reports used the crayon in blackboard illustrations. Others produced pencil sketches of what they had seen. All along, the teacher injects suitable observations and reminiscences of her own, occasionally even a bit of verse or a memory gem, frequently reinforcing her remarks with simple blackboard sketches. Everybody is keenly interested, because everybody lives and grows. Every listening child hears what is comparatively new to him; every speaking child feels that he is giving information and pleasure. Our Rip Van Winkle may remain long enough to enjoy some definite lesson on natural history or geography, or some spirited language exercise, based on this delightful interchange of experiences.

In a third room our Rip Van Winkle finds the children — some eleven or twelve years of age — so intensely engaged in what afterwards turns out to be a geometrical problem, that they fail to notice his entrance. On inquiry he finds that the teacher had placed upon the blackboard a geometrical design based on the regular pentagon, and the children are seeking to discover the method of its construction. A few minutes later the teacher calls for reports and finds a number of children ready to respond. The reports are clear, explicit, to the point. The construction is dictated by one of the pupils and the children set free to modify the design in accordance with their own fancy. He has only time to assure himself that the work being done by the children is honest, accurate, and indicative of excellent taste, and to have this impression confirmed by the results of the previous work which are shown to him. His impression is lifted into conviction by a glance around the room which in many of its ornaments and even in some portions of its regular equipment is indebted to the work of the children.

In the next room, our visitor listens to a recitation in history. The topic under discussion is the battle of Bunker Hill. Child after child rises to recite, yet the recitation seems strange to him. He listens rather to a series of reports. No leading question is asked by the teacher. Only incidentally she injects a remark in order to assure herself that the report is well understood or in order to emphasize certain portions of it. As a matter of course, the bare event of the battle seems to be well understood by every one in the room, and each report deals in detail with some particular phase of it, or with personalities and other events connected with the battle. He listens with a strange entrancement, as do all the members of the class, to the simple, well told stories, many of them of unquestionable literary value, to a few readings of patriotic stanzas inspired by Bunker Hill and to a eulogy on General Warren, and is keenly interested and even instructed by blackboard sketches executed by the pupils and representing persons and places connected with the battle.

Every child has had much to do with this report; much that implies earnest research, severe mental discipline, and persistent labor, yet each participant in this strenuous work seems refreshed by it, possibly because, in the doing of it, he has the gratification of feeling that he was working for others; possibly because there have come to him so much delight and interest from the labors of others.

On leaving the school, our Rip Van Winkle has many questions to ask of the principal, many serious doubts to express, some things to criticise, but more to approve. The ground-tone of his impressions is revealed in his parting words: "In my days the teacher led in the work of the school, but here the children seem to lead."

He promised to call again on a subsequent day when parents and teachers were to meet to discuss questions of common interest. He kept his promise, and listened with astonishment and delight to an intelligent discussion of a variety of topics in which parents and teachers recited experiences, criticised current plans and suggested modifications in words free from all bombast and other vanities of self-assertion, revealing single-minded devotion on the part of each and all to a deeply felt common duty and responsibility. The meeting had been opened with a simple prayer for light and love and strength, a prayer that pervaded every phase and moment of the meeting, and was carried away deep in the

heart of every participant; deep, too, in the heart of our friend.

These sketches may seem optimistic, but they are none the less true and compounded from actual achievements. Indeed, they fall far short of the school of a very near future in which the expressed and implied demands of Froebel's new education shall be fully realized. With the advent of this school, the kindergarten as a separate and distinct educational device will vanish, because the principles on which it is built will guide every phase of educational work, and the school itself will have become a thoroughly consistent and vitally organized child-and-youth-garden.

SCIENCE OF EDUCATION, ITS PRESENT ASPECT AND OUTLOOK.

By Francis W. Parker.

It is twenty-nine brief years since the beginning of the first real kindergarten in America. Madam Kraus-Boelte is still young and vigorous, and enthusiastic in her divine work, which she began in 1872. The great apostle of the kindergarten in America, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, whose memory we reverence to-day and always, had done some wise, earnest, careful work in preparation. She found the kindergarten and brought it to America. It is needless to recount the marvelous history of the growth of the kindergarten in our free land. Indeed it is so close to us that we, youngest and oldest, are familiar with it. The fire of that spirit which leads to liberty touched the freedom-loving soul of Miss Peabody. The problem was the evolution of a free government, and she saw the great initiatory work of Froebel. Then it flew from East to West. We know how Miss Blow took it up in St. Louis, and Mrs. Putnam in Chicago, and we also know of the divine work of Agassiz' daughter, Mrs. Shaw. Not only in this century, but in all the ages past, never came a reform in education more needed and more potent.

This great meeting of the International Kindergarten Association testifies to the zeal and enthusiasm all over America. From every quarter of this great country you come to get renewed inspiration and guidance to push your work on to higher life. And it is to go on. Just how we may not know; just when it will reach its highest goal we do not know. We do know that there is much of prayer, much of work, much of thought ahead.

Our fathers founded the common school, the most divine institution on earth, to evolve a free government, a republic. The organization of the common school is yet young, dating from 1837, when Horace Mann took the leadership in Massachusetts. Yet though in its swaddling clothes it holds that which will regenerate the world. And if the kindergarten is true to the principles of Froebel, it will permeate and penetrate the whole common school system, from the lowest grade to the highest, for the principles of Froebel are just as applicable to the university as to the kindergarten. The kindergarten spirit has entered, and will enter more and more, into the common school, until the name of the kindergarten shall be absorbed in one name — the common school — leaving that name a glorious history behind and a still greater work before.

What of the past? What of the future? What of the problems? What of the needs? Where shall we seek the best guidance, the best help, to promote the principles of Froebel?

Since Froebel's glorious day a great abundance of nutrition for the minds of children has come to us. Scientists in all fields have forced the secrets of nature; have interpreted man's life, his language, his manner, and process of development. We have these products which Froebel did not have. All the knowledge that has been discovered, or that ever will be discovered, is for the child and for the people and for the higher life.

I need not speak at any length of the marvelous changes in science, for every science that existed only in name at the beginning of the century has been revolutionized, and some new sciences have come into being. The picture is one for us to consider. In innumerable laboratories, in the fields, under the stars — everywhere — are trained thinkers who have a firm belief

in the infinite possibilities of discovery. These searchers for truth believe that all that has been discovered in any realm of science is but touching "the hem of the garment." And so they are delving, experimenting, investigating, and when a truth is discovered it is made free as the air to all the world. The discoverer presents the data that lead up to his conclusions; his brother scientists eagerly examine them, make the same and other experiments; in short, rigidly test the truth of the discovery, and then reject or accept it. A discovery that has not the requisite proof back of it, or which cannot be fully demonstrated, is discarded. This is not according to law written or unwritten; it is simply a common sense mode of procedure that is held by all real scientists.

The discovery of truth, like the Roentgen ray, or the Pasteur cure, or whatever it be, is, as I have said, the common property of all scientists and of the world. It goes into further investigation; it forms a step in the onward march of discovery.

I am not quite sure that I have not overestimated this, the general, method of the scientist. He may or may not be inspired by the ethical value of his discovery; but whether he is inspired by it or not, all discoveries in science are for all who are able to take them. There are indeed contests long and earnest. For instance, some geologists think that they discovered the remains of man before the glacial period; others think that they did not. What is to decide? New investigations. If human bones and implements are found deposited beneath the glacial drift, that is a proof. The question arouses the best of research. Those who do or do not believe in the preglacial existence of human beings are willing, on substantial proof, to give up their working hypothesis.

Here we have a common but unwritten law, found in the necessities of study, a law which binds together all scientists as one band of brothers, unites them in a common cause; makes truth sacred, and regenerates the world with constantly renewed necessities for higher living. Quacks and charlatans are ordered to the rear, and only those who think and work for the truth through long years are admitted to the circle of genuine scientists. The field is altogether too broad and deep to admit of jealousy and fruitless bickerings.

The history of science is an absolute necessity to anything like an economical onward movement. The scientist must know what has been done in order to work effectively. It is the free and common contribution of all that is found which makes true progress possible and science glorious.

The scientific method has its antipodes in the well-known methods that preceded the new light and life. The old method, if it may be so called, inclosed, hemmed in, obstructed, the dissemination of truth by making it into a fixed doctrine with a fixed method. A philosopher, statesman, philanthropist, or theologian, inspired by the urgent needs of mankind, reveals a sunburst of new light. Adherents, disciples, crowd around the prophet and drink in the inspiration. Then comes the mistake, the error, common to all ages. The eager disciples fondly believe that all truth has been discovered by their leader — all truth instead of a scintilla of infinite knowledge. Instead of using the new light to reveal more and more the boundless vista of eternal truths, the new-found truth is made into a cold and fixed belief. To use a figure, deducing a doctrine from the words of the reformer, the devoted adherents build a wall, so to speak, around their shrine, and plant their cannon for aggression and defense. Their purpose is the interpretation and maintenance of their leader's doctrine. The doctrine degrades itself into forms and ceremonies. The devotees fail to hear the words: "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Enthusiasm, blind zeal, persistence, proselytism, control them. Patriotism, loyalty, piety, mean steadfast devotion to doctrine. To doubt the interpretations they have made is disloyalty to their chosen leader. New truth is shut out. To doubt the truth as they understand it is impiety. To sustain the doctrine as they understand it is virtue. Have I to cite instances of this process that has been going on throughout the ages? The Adamic theory of creation kept man from looking thoughtfully at the earth for long centuries. Startled with a problem, he solved it easily with a foregone conclusion. There was no opening for thought; no understanding of how God is creating the world now, as he was creating it millions of years ago. "They have eyes but see not." We know the history of the Ptolemaic theory. What vast tomes were written upon it! How much eloquence was expended upon it! What vast range of learning was adduced to prove it! But the monk Copernicus in his cloister broke the line, reversed the working hypothesis; and we know his history; and that of Galileo, his co-worker. Galileo knew the books, the vast volumes of erudition, upon astronomy; but he had the temerity to go out and look upon the

stars, and he had the awful temerity to doubt the conclusions of the past. Very slowly the learned men and the intelligent world were agreed to the new working hypothesis. We have all believed and as teachers have taught La Place's nebular theory, but now come men who doubt that hypothesis and propose another, namely, that of the meteoric formation of worlds. They may not have proved it, but the true scientists who believe in La Place's theory are ready for open-minded investigation. When Darwin's world-astonishing doctrine burst upon the world, the eloquence, the erudition, the wisdom, the contempt that were poured out upon his head were without stint or measure. But the scientists, one after another, began to examine the doctrine and its proof, and to-day no person of average intelligence, unless he is paid to do so, doubts the general truth of evolution.

But neither Copernicus, Galileo, La Place, or Darwin found the final truth. The great function of Darwin, as of the others, was to open up questions, and the whole scientific world is working upon them.

The lessons of the old methods and of the new are indeed very plain ones. We who have at heart the highest interests of the children of to-day and of the millions yet to be should earnestly consider the lines of true progress. You see the two propositions. Shall we go on as the world is going finding a doctrine, interpreting it in a hundred ways, fighting within the lines, preaching that doctrine? Or shall we follow, step by step, the word of the Master: "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;" "He that doeth righteousness is righteous;" "He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine"? A shut-up doctrine of any kind based upon absolute faith in creed, — scientific, political, or what not.— moves not into the great problem of life; it stands and defends itself; it believes that certain things, ceremonies, forms, methods, will bring about certain changes. Never doubting the doctrine, its adherents seek no higher things.

The world changes. All ideas are born under certain circumstances. The birth of an idea is from the womb of the people. We need not say how the whole world has been revolutionized. Society is changing every hour, every day; new problems are arising. These problems are answered in two ways: one that of the scientist; the other that of him who is shut up in his own doctrine and belief. Which will you choose, you who are the advance guard of progress? The sentence was spoken ages ago, but to-day it is as mighty as ever, though the words of the great Master have hardly reached the heart of mankind, "The truth shall make you free." What truth? The hypothesis of tradition, of a leader, of a doctrinaire? No! by all means, no! It is the truth you find yourself in God and man that sets you free. Like the scientist we must discover truth and set it to work out human weal. Like the scientist we must contribute all we find to our hungry co-workers. Like the scientist we must take all that is true and put it into the lives of the children.

Is the past of no use to us? Of infinite use. It is our glorious inheritance; our warning and our guide; our boundless treasure to study and understand: to use in the solution of present problems. In truth, we comprehend history only as we use it for the benefit of mankind. What we must give up is the letter that killeth. We must take into our heart of hearts the spirit of all revelations for the good of man. Froebel, our leader, has words that should be wrought into our souls to-day.

"For the living thought, the eternal divine principle as such demands and requires free self-activity and self-determination on the part of man, the being created for freedom in the image of God.

"Again, a life whose ideal value has been perfectly established in experience never aims *to serve as model in its form*, but only in its essence, in its spirit. *It is the greatest mistake to suppose that spiritual, human perfection can serve as a model in its form.* This accounts for the common experience that the taking of such external manifestations of perfection as examples, instead of elevating mankind, *checks, nay represses, its development.*

"*It is true, in word or example, the ideal is mandatory in all these cases, but always only with reference to the spirit and inner life, never with reference to outer form.*

"*Exhibit only thy spiritual essence, thy life, in the external, and by means of the external, in thy actions, and observe the requirements of thy inner being and its nature.*"

Thus Froebel himself opposed with all the wisdom and energy of his mighty nature the following of form alone. There are two ways, the prescribed, foreordained forms, courses of study to be applied to all children alike; or the study of the individual child, its nature, and the needs of community life. The best that a teacher or kindergartner can have is a boundless faith in the possibilities of human growth and the quality of spirit that measures self with that great purpose. Then come life and joy and progress into the schoolroom.

Now let us make this proposition: a doctrine, a prescribed course, shuts people up; but the moment a great problem, such as Froebel, Pestalozzi, Comenius, and our own Horace Mann had, takes shape, then all the past comes in, not as a fixed doctrine or as a fixed method or a prescribed mode of procedure. The moment the problem comes to make men better, these children better, humanity better, then come to your hand, ready to assist you, all the reinforcement of the history and science of the past. It is fixedness of doctrine and method that I deny to be right. It is movement, progress, I plead for in the name of the problem of human liberty, that has become greater and greater to the American people. I am pleading for the teacher who studies the children, the community, and all the factors that enter into the child's life and into community life, and applies that which is good.

The great-souled Froebel began a mighty work. He saw visions of a regenerated humanity. And he took one step, which so far we have limited to little children. That step means a new spirit in education, a new life. It means that the teacher is one day to be the greatest artist on earth; that the art of Michael Angelo and Rubens sinks far below the art of developing immortal souls. What has been given us in the last few years, for instance, by physiological psychology! We know now that dullness, sluggishness, weak-mindedness, are direct results of an imperfect body. We know that. This has been found since Froebel's day. No one can say what impulse Froebel gave to the researches that resulted in this discovery. We know that there are definite stages of growth in children, and that children must have the nourishment needed for each stage. We know that the adolescent period is a period when the child's soul can be turned to heaven or cast down to hell. We know these and many more things in education. Shall they come to us, or shall we as doctrinaires shut them out from us and say, "Froebel knew"? I asked a superintendent of kindergarten what she proposed to do, and she answered: "What Froebel did; he knew." That is all one needs to know of that kindergarten; — no thoroughfare. But you say there will be a great deal of bad work. We must expect blundering. Blundering and crudeness are paths to higher things. We must get at the nature of the child and furnish him the best we can, — the means for all-around activities, play and work, for the development of what is most precious — a high motive.

As one who has taught school and has tried to help children for forty-seven years, can I prophesy? No, I have no right to do it. If good, sound reason is not behind what I say, then, according to the scientific method, it should pass as idle wind. But I know that this country, which is working out the problem of the ages, of the world, of all the future, must have something better for the education of children. I know that God has furnished inexhaustible means for the help of the human race. I know that the function of the teacher is to be a mediator; that God with his riches will give man with his needs the bread of life every day and every hour.

I believe that Froebel has found a better and a higher way. Will you choose it? Listen to these words. "Be not conformed to this world, but be transformed in the newness of light." The "newness of light" is not a will-o'-the-wisp, it is not following this or that or the other. It comes when on your knees you face the question of child growth and the nation's future, yea, the world's future. It comes when you earnestly study the needs of children and of society. It will come like a wave of newness of life, and, believe me, it will help you in all your work.

It was my great good fortune to be a soldier in the "greatest civil war that ever darkened the earth." I thank God I was old enough to go. I have also been in the war that is infinitely higher, that is, in the war of spirit, in the struggle for the higher life. These words came to me in camp and on the battle field: —

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."

Let me change one word —

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea:
As he died to make men holy, let us *live* to make men free.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

New York City.

A School for Abnormal Children.

Dr. M. P. E. Groszmann, very well known through his investigations in child study and kindred subjects, has established a school for the benefit of a small number of those children whose individual needs require an expert physical, mental, and moral treatment. This school will be located in the northern part of New York city, at the corner of Fort Washington avenue and Depot lane.

It promises to be a model school of its kind. The instruction is based upon appreciation of the results of modern educational research, and will be carefully adjusted to the requirements of the individual. There will be something of the stimulus of companionship and class work, but the curriculum will be arranged according to the particular needs of the individual, not only as he is at entrance, but also as his condition undergoes modification during treatment. The school will thus combine the benefits of private and of class teaching. Among the subjects to which special attention will be paid are school gardening, manual training, art instruction, out-of-door sports, and gymnastics.

The aim of the school, however, is not merely to give instruction but rather to create a wholesome educational atmosphere. The main stress is laid upon the subtle influences, psychological and physiological, which, in a well regulated home, establish a proper environment for the children.

Dr. Groszmann has been fortunate enough in enlisting the co-operation of several competent physicians in his enterprise. Dr. Nathan Oppenheim, author of several authoritative works on child development and visiting physician in the children's department of the Mt. Sinai Hospital Dispensary, will act as medical director of the school. Dr. Franz Torek, medical director of the Ethical Culture schools, of which Dr. Groszmann was formerly principal, will be on the advisory board of the school, as will Dr. Emil Hirsch, the distinguished alienist. All told, it would seem that Dr. Groszmann starts his school under most favorable auspices and that its success ought to be assured from the start.

Kindergarten Union Entertained by Alumnae Association.

The third meeting of the year of the Jenny Hunter Alumnæ Association was held March 23, in the assembly room of the Normal College. On this occasion it was the privilege of the association to entertain the members of the Kindergarten Union of New York city and vicinity.

The meeting was opened by a few words of welcome by Miss Frances Hayes, president of the Union, after which Mrs. H. E. Foster, president of the Alumnæ Association, took the chair and introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Mr. James L. Hughes, supervisor of Toronto schools.

Do Justice and Honor to the Nature of the Child, was the subject of Mr. Hughes' address and he showed the possibility of developing the truth of Froebel's words along several different lines. He dwelt largely on the activity of the child and said, "The deepest element in a child's life is the *love to do*," and again urged with much deep feeling "not to dwarf the ideal freedom of childhood with adult tyranny." He called the kindergarten, "the leading element in this civilization." His remarks were followed by a recitation, "Come let us live with our children," delivered by a member of the Alumnæ Association. The latter half of the afternoon was given up to an informal tea in the library of the college.

Visit to Froebel's Home.

The regular monthly meeting of the Kraus Alumnæ Kindergarten Association was held at the Hotel San Remo, March 30.

The meeting opened with prayer by the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Sill, followed by the usual reports and business.

Then the chairman, Miss Florence Gallagher, introduced Miss Mary E. Beckwith of the class of '84, who has traveled abroad and has visited the places of historic interest connected with Froebel and his work.

Miss Beckwith's subject was Friedrich

Froebel and His Haunts. She divided the life of Froebel into three periods, first, childhood and youth; second, his life as student; and, third, his life as soldier and teacher. She reviewed the experiences of his life and told of her visits to the various places where he had lived, and spoke also of his devoted friends and co-workers. Miss Beckwith spoke with great earnestness, and when she had finished her address, she was requested to talk to us informally about her life at the Pestalozzi-Froebel House in Berlin where she had studied for a time, and to give some glimpses of what she saw in the German kindergartens. She very willingly answered all questions, and the interest was lively.

After the meeting had adjourned, the committee on games led in playing one of the sense-games.

EDITH SLADE,
Secretary.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Three Interesting Lectures before the Froebel Society.

During the past three months lectures have been delivered before the St. Louis Froebel Society by Professor William Trelease, of the Missouri Botanical Gardens, Miss Amelia C. Fruchte, of the St. Louis high school, and Prof. Francis E. Cook, principal of the Crow school.

Professor Trelease, who is a noted botanical authority, chose for his subject Nature Study for Little Children, illustrating his remarks by numerous specimens gathered in garden, park, and forest. It was an instructive and enjoyable lecture.

Miss Fruchte carried her listeners over the sea and reviewed, in a general way, the educational exhibit at the Paris Exposition. The remarkable and unique display of the St. Louis schools and kindergartens, which obtained several prizes, was described in detail. Professor Cook's lecture upon the Interpretation of Myths was listened to by a large and sympathetic audience composed mainly of kindergartners, who enjoyed thoroughly the fine explanation of the mythic symbolism in such old folk-stories as Jack the Giant Killer, and Jack and the Bean Stalk. Professor Cook will continue this series of expositions.

St. Louis sent a large delegation of enthusiastic kindergartners, under the leadership of Miss McCulloch, to the I. K. U. convention.

ELIZABETH LONGMAN,
Secretary.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Plans for Future Work.

At the meeting of the Philadelphia branch of the International Kindergarten Union, held in the normal school, April 3, Dr. Lucy L. W. Wilson, head of the biological department of the Philadelphia normal school, made a very interesting address on Nature Study. She described at length a successful experiment in gardening made with the children in the School of Practice. She strongly recommended for children of all ages, outdoor gardening in preference to window boxes or flower pots. The School of Practice experiment was made around three sides of one of the public playgrounds, the children doing every bit of the work themselves, even to clearing up the ground, spading it, etc. Dr. Wilson also described ways of studying different members of the animal kingdom. Exhibited on the walls of the lecture room were charts explanatory of the work done in the School of Practice. They are duplicates of the sets taken to England, Scotland, and the Paris Exposition by Professor Gitleys last year. Two new charts, prepared for the Buffalo Exposition, were also on view.

Miss Benkert, chairman of the entertainment committee, announced that preparations are being made for a festival, to be held in Overbrook in June. A written examination on The Divine Comedy of Dante is scheduled to be held at the normal school, Friday, May 31. Prof. Edward Howard Griggs will deliver a course of twelve lectures on Faust, beginning January 6, 1902.

ZELLA R. PARKER,
Corresponding Secretary.

Froebel's Birthday Celebration.

The Philadelphia Society of Froebel Kindergartens held its last meeting of the season, April 13, when the coming anniversary of Froebel's birth was commemorated. Appropriate songs were sung in chorus, and the Froebel Birthday Game was played by some of the young ladies in Mrs. Van Kirk's training class.

Mrs. Charles Hoffman gave an earnest talk on The duty of first learning to be and do the best ourselves, that we may be fitted to guide others.

Mrs. Hoffman paid a beautiful tribute to the one from whom she had obtained the kindergarten training, which she felt had been the best preparation she had received for her life. She said, "The duty

of each one graduating from this course of study is to strive to bring about a recognition from the public of the necessity of kindergarten training for every woman."

She made an earnest plea for true, sincere living; for that life which raises us above the little details of advancement, into the higher, deeper soul life, which every woman may have. She also pointed out the desirability of making a practical application of Froebel's principles throughout our daily lives.

An open discussion followed Mrs. Hoffman's address, one speaker showing how great is the need of awakening in the fathers and brothers an interest in child life and child training.

After the adjournment of the meeting, refreshments were served, and a social hour followed.

EDITH MAY CUSTIS, *Secretary.*

Savannah, Georgia.

Dewey Vacation School.

The class in child study at Savannah now numbers eighteen. At the ninth meeting of the series Mrs. George J. Baldwin spoke of the work and aims of the Dewey Vacation School, as she had seen it last summer at Chautauqua. Dr. Dewey's explanation of how his school came into existence was very interesting to her, she said, because he took into consideration the child's natural instincts of building and love of work and his ceaseless, tireless activity.

Dr. Dewey's schoolrooms are like home rooms, very plainly furnished. Around the walls are cabinets which contain objects illustrating different processes, as, for instance, the silkworm, cocoon, reels of silk in colors and the silk goods in process of weaving. Mrs. Baldwin spoke of how this developing method was applied to all the branches of study. While her little girl went, the children were studying the colonization of America, Virginia being the colony chosen. These children caught a sheep, sheared it and followed the whole process to the end, finally weaving the wool into a blanket, the design for which the children made themselves.

No school that leaves a child or any part of him less strong than when he enters, is worth anything, said Mrs. Baldwin, because health is the foundation of everything that makes life worth living.

Rochester, New York.

Conference of Mothers' Clubs.

Mrs. Adele Brooks, director of the public school kindergartens, presided over a meeting of delegates from the twenty-four mothers' clubs of this city held in March in the kindergarten rooms of No. 14 school on Scio street. Nearly two hundred delegates and officers of clubs were present and the interest manifested in the subject showed the enthusiasm in the movement among the patrons of the public schools.

The meeting had been called for the purpose of ascertaining the wishes of the clubs in the matter of federating with the state association.

But one club, that made up of the mothers of No. 7 school, is at present allied with the state body. Mrs. Munson, the president of this club, stated the objects and benefits of affiliating with the state federation. Mrs. Munson was a delegate at the last convention held in Buffalo.

At the roll call, which was answered by the president or delegate, stating the attitude of her club, it was found that the clubs had decided in favor of federation.

Preliminary plans were well outlined for the second annual mass meeting of local clubs to take place in June, and for the meeting of the state assembly, which is to be held at Rochester, October 15–17.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

To be held at Detroit, July 8-12, 1901.

Joint Sessions of the Kindergarten and Child Study Departments. General Topic: Rhythm and Play.

PROGRAM — FIRST SESSION.

President's Address. Work and Play, Dr. Thomas P. Bailey, Jr., President Child Study Department.

Address. Work and Play in the Kindergarten Child, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, Chicago.

Address. Work and Play in the Child of the Elementary School, Miss Charlotte H. Powe, Columbia, S. C.

Address. Work and Play in Adolescence, Prof. M. V. O'Shea, University of Wisconsin.

Thursday, July 11.

Session opened by Miss Evelyn Holmes, Charleston, S. C., President Kindergarten Department.

Address on Kindergarten lines (to be supplied).

Address. Rhythm in the Kindergarten. Illustrations from Practical Experience, Mrs. John R. Lindgren, Chicago, Ill.

Discussions of subject from the standpoint of the papers given at both sessions.

NEWS FROM HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

During the summer months from June 15 to September 15, the church parlors of All Souls' Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., are to be converted into a free kindergarten, where the children of the poor can be entertained and instructed during the hours of the day when their mothers are too busy to give them proper care.

Children from any part of the city will be received, and will be kept in comfortable, pleasant quarters. The kindergarten will be conducted by Mrs. F. C. Lake, who will be assisted by Mrs. Treat and members of the Kindergarten Association. There will be no charge whatever. The church is located near enough to the poorer districts of the First ward to make it available to scores of little ones whose care is often a burden to hard working mothers during the summer months. The term of the kindergarten will fill in the regular vacation of the public school kindergartens.

Over two hundred school children took part in the first large entertainment planned by the Brooklyn Free Kindergarten Association, for the benefit of the many kindergartens in its care. The entertainment took the form of the presentation of Browning's story of The Pied Piper of Hamelin, arranged and adapted for children by Miss Margaret MacLaren Eager, under whose personal supervision it was produced at the Academy of Music on April 18, 19 and 20. The performance began at 4 o'clock, lasting one hour and a quarter, and consisted of two scenes and a tableau. The children represented rats, village children, peasants, market women, mayor, corporation, etc.

Chicago plans for twenty new school buildings in twelve months.

A children's auxiliary for the Day Nursery and Kindergarten at the Women's Union, Syracuse, N. Y., has been organized by Mrs. William G. Weller. Meetings will be held weekly and the membership is limited to twenty-five.

The following have been chosen officers: President, Mrs. Weller; secretary, Miss Lizzie Mason; treasurer, Miss Harriet Batterson; chairman of entertainment committee, Miss Gertrude Epstein.

There are now fifty-one pupils enrolled in the Karnes school kindergarten, Kansas City, Mo., and the average daily attendance is thirty-five. In April mothers' meetings were inaugurated, so that school and home work may be brought more closely together. Mrs. White, who has charge of the kindergarten, was for several years in the kindergarten department of the Bismarck school of Chicago.

Miss Best who has been conducting the German kindergarten at the German House, Indianapolis, Ind., will soon leave for California. The kindergarten in the future will be conducted by Miss Cornelia Bell, who has been teaching kindergarten in Menominee, Wis., and Chicago the last few years.

Three new free kindergartens will be opened at Portland, Ore., in addition to those already being conducted by private subscriptions.

A gift of $100,000 has been offered to the trustees of Teachers College, connected with Columbia University, New York, for the erection of a free school in the neighborhood of the institution. The building is to contain rooms and equipment for fifty children in a kindergarten, two hundred and forty children in elementary grades, and four special classes. There will also be gymnasium, baths, library, reading rooms and accommodation for evening classes, club meetings and social gatherings, and for four or five resident teachers, at least two of whom must be Settlement workers.

Miss Harriet E. Johnson, for three years a teacher in the Fifteenth Avenue Public School, Newark, N. J., has resigned her position and will soon sail for New Untali, Rhodesia, British Central Africa, where she will take charge of the music and introduce kindergarten methods in a school to be established there. A short time ago the English government gave to Bishop Hartzell, of the Methodist church, several thousand acres of land in Rhodesia, with the stipulation that he maintain a school for the white children in that part of the country. Four months ago the Bishop came to America, met Miss Johnson, and engaged her for this work. New Untali is a small town of about five hundred white settlers.

Miss Fostina Kenney has opened a kindergarten on Quaboag street, Warren, Mass.

A proposition to conduct a kindergarten in connection with No. 13 school, Rochester, N. Y., has been laid before the school board, and the plan is being considered by the board. It was suggested by Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey of St. Andrew's Church, who believes that the board could with profit lease or purchase Douglas Hall, one of the

St. Andrew's parish buildings, and have a kindergarten there. For a long time the patrons of No. 13 school have been clamoring for a kindergarten in connection with the school, as they believe themselves entitled to facilities equal to those in any of the other schools of the city.

The school board at Pawtucket, R. I., has decided to consider the kindergarten as a part of the regular school system, and to establish new kindergartens as fast as possible. The majority of the members felt that the kindergartens were now past the experimental stage, and that the pupils in the lower grades had done better work where they had had the kindergarten training.

The organization of the kindergarten system as submitted by the committee on schools and teachers of Detroit, Mich., provides for a three-year course for student teachers, the first two being spent in the training department and the third as a student in the senior course and as an assistant in the kindergarten. At the end of three years, if the student's work has been satisfactory, she is entitled to a diploma. The report further provides that the directors of kindergartens shall be chosen from the normal kindergarten department or secondarily from outside schools of equal standing. The assistant undergraduates will receive salaries of $25 a month, while graduate assistants get from $35 to $50. The directors of kindergartens are to be entitled to from $50 to $70 a month according to advancement.

Another kindergarten is to be added to the already large number, yearly increasing, under the work of the Pittsburg and Allegheny Free Kindergarten Association. At the reopening of the schools in April, after the Eastertide holidays, the twenty-fifth free kindergarten in Pittsburg was opened in the Liberty school, Twentieth ward. Three other kindergartens, it is expected, will be added by next September. These additional kindergartens will be the outcome of the increase of appropriation from $18,000 to $25,000, which the Central Board of Education allowed the Free Kindergarten Association for the coming year. No decided action on the location will be taken until June.

Miss Mary A. Morgan, a graduate of the Cleveland Kindergarten Training School, has opened a private kindergarten at Naples, N. Y.

As the result of the test vote on the question, "Shall the kindergartens be retained as part of the public school system of Spokane, Wash.?" over 3,000 ballots were cast. Six hundred voted to eliminate the kindergartens, and twenty-five hundred voted to retain them.

The Free Kindergarten Association of Fulton, Ky., has grown rapidly. They now have about eighty children under their care, and the work is on a substantial basis. Mrs. E. M. Waits is president, and Mrs. W. M. Murrell, secretary and treasurer. Mrs. M. B. Crowder has charge of the kindergarten department.

At the Allen school, Pittsburg, Pa., Reading Circles have been formed by the principal for the pupils of the higher grades in connection with the loan library from the Carnegie Institution. Four hundred books was the allotment asked by the Allen school from the library. Every two weeks a new set of forty books is placed in the designated rooms. So there is a constant interchange of these sets of books passing in order from room to room. At 8.30 each morning the pupils of the Reading Circles are permitted to enter their rooms and read until nine o'clock. At the noon hour they come at 12.40 and read until 1.15 P. M., the regular time for all the pupils to enter the building. About 350 pupils are members of these Reading Circles. On Friday evenings the pupils are allowed to take the books home. Some of the pupils read four books in the two weeks' period allowed for the set of books in each room. The pupils are youthful critics; for every book that is read each one gives a written opinion of it to the teacher. Each Reading Circle has its own officers elected by ballot each month. This is for parliamentary training.

Miss Annie Coolidge Rust, who has been so successful as a kindergartner and training teacher in Worcester, is now conducting classes in Boston in addition to her Worcester work.

The Ontario Educational Association held its fortieth annual meeting at Toronto, April 9, 10, and 11. The officers of the kindergarten department for this year were: President, Miss Edith A. Anning; director, Miss Agnes E. Mackenzie; secretary, Miss Jean R. Laidlaw, London. The program included the following topics: —

The Use of the Mother Play Book in the Kindergarten. Miss Clemmie Henderson. Discussion.

A Director's Problems. Miss Aylesworth. Discussion.

Art in the Kindergarten. Miss Jessie P. Semple.
What Child Study has done for the Teaching World. W. Scott, M.A. Discussion.
Games. Led by Miss Emma Duff.
First Year's Training for Students. Introduced by Miss Cody.
Round Table on Mothers' Meetings and Neighborhood Work.

Mrs. Clarence E. Meleney, of New York city, Miss Anna E. Harvey, and Miss N. L. Roethgen, of Adelphi College, Brooklyn, will have charge of the kindergarten department at Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute.

The spring meeting of the Connecticut Valley Kindergarten Association was held at the Second North school, Hartford, March 23, and was presided over by Miss Anne B. Wilson, president. The general subject for discussion was The Twentieth Century Kindergarten, divided as follows: Essentials from the Nineteenth Century, Mrs. Graves, of Willimantic; Non-Essentials, Miss Twichell, of Springfield; Some Present Requirements, Miss Curtis, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Letters relating to the subject were read from Miss Caroline T. Haven, of New York; Miss Mary Runyan, president of the New York Teachers College; Miss Fitts, of Pratt Institute; Miss Dozier, supervisor of the New York kindergartens, and Miss Geraldine O'Grady, of New York. The afternoon session was held in the kindergarten rooms and included a talk on Games by Mrs. M. B. B. Langzettel, of New York city. Games illustrating the talk were played by a large number of kindergartners present led by Mrs. Langzettel. The annual meeting of the association will be held at Hartford in November.

Mrs. Lucretia Willard Treat, of the Grand Rapids, Mich., Kindergarten Training School, addressed a recent Michigan Sunday School convention upon the subject: What do our Children Read? It was so well received that she was asked to prepare it for publication. The article will appear in the State Sunday School paper, *The Advance*, and will be a valuable aid to parents and teachers in the choice of children's literature and libraries.

Miss Mary McCulloch, supervisor of the kindergarten department of the St. Louis public schools, was accompanied by a party of seventy St. Louis teachers to the I. K. U. meeting at Chicago.

Mrs. T. E. Bowman and Mrs. E. D. Worden held a Froebel Festival on April 22 at the training school, Topeka, Kan., complimentary to the kindergartners and members of the mothers' training class of the city.

A new kindergarten was opened April 15 at 635 Union street, Manchester, N. H., under the auspices of the kindergarten association. It opened with twenty-five children and is in charge of two trained kindergartners. Miss Campbell, of Lawrence, is principal. This is a private kindergarten, the first to be opened by the local association, and will be followed by a public one, later in the year.

The fifth annual meeting of the Free Kindergarten Association of Atlanta, Ga., was held in April. The four kindergartens were well represented and the reports made were satisfactory. Miss Reese, the superintendent, told of the good being accomplished in the kindergartens and how more and more they are appreciated by the mothers.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

LITTLE BUILDERS.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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JUVENILE TRADERS.

By C. Hanford Henderson.

As the twig's inclined, so the tree will grow. Observe Jack. He is still a twig,—that is to say, he is eleven years old. He is being inclined. He is a lovable child, bright, affectionate, helpful. Moreover, he is handsome. What is he doing? His day is made up of many things. It would be as difficult to tell them all as to guess what he has in his pockets.

Let us confine ourselves to one aspect of his day, its commercialism. It is of this that we wish to speak. You may think that it will make a short story. You will say that he is too young to have any commercialism in his days. I wish to Heaven you were right. But you are wrong. This bright, affectionate, helpful, handsome Jack is in reality a miserable little trader,—not by nature, thank the Christ-child for that, but through the careful, loving training of a thrifty father and a prudential mother,—shame upon them!

Jack is a schoolboy. He is a year too young to go to school, but he goes. His parents entertain the pleasing illusion that at school he is educated. They have gazed upon this mirage for six years. They look at the school from a distance. Consequently they never discover the illusion. It is a part of their faith in machinery. They believe in the great and divine laws of trade. They pay taxes. Schools are supported by taxes. It is the purpose of schools to educate. The bargain is plain. The schoolhouse is a sacred institution, a pedestal upon which rests the statue of American liberty. But this all goes without saying. Only a heretic questions it. And Jack's father and mother are far from being heretics. On the contrary, they are stanch friends of the established order. They are troubled with no critical turn of mind. Therefore Jack goes to school. At eleven, he is already

tired of it. He will never consent to college. He will be part of the ninety-eight per cent. who learn nothing beyond the commonplace. That this is tragic, no one suspects.

School calls at nine. It is but seven, yet Jack is up and dressed. He looks a little sleepy, but that is immaterial. He has been taught the virtue of early rising. It is a thrifty act to get up at a certain gray and inartistic hour. The early bird catches the worm. This profound saying has been impressed upon Jack from the point of view of the bird. You meet Jack in the hall. "The dear little student," you say to yourself, "he has a hard lesson to get." Nothing of the sort. He is making his way to the cellar. He goes to the wood-pile and selects half a dozen logs. He carries them up to the library and puts them into the wood-basket. Then he marches off to the back kitchen. He gets out brushes and shoe polish. He blackens his father's shoes and carries them upstairs. Then he washes his hands. He goes back to the library and gets out some colored paper. He makes this into lamplighters, and leaves a stack of them on the mantel. He is very systematic,—he counts them and enters the number in a little book. Breakfast is announced. A big plate of oatmeal is set before Jack. He eats it with a rapidity that makes you think there must be Scotch blood in the family. When it is finished, Jack says grimly, "I *hate* oatmeal," and you look at him in surprise.

Then our cherub runs off to school. Upon your unsophisticated self, he has left the impression of extreme helpfulness and docility. Has he not carried up the wood, blackened his father's shoes, made lamplighters for the family convenience, and eaten wholesome but distasteful food to satisfy the dietary prejudices of his mother?

What a good little boy!

But on Saturday the scales fall from your eyes. You see the motive-power back of all this seeming helpfulness and docility. Saturday is pay-day. For carrying up the wood, Jack gets ten cents a week; for blackening the paternal leather, twenty cents; for the lamplighters, a cent a dozen. For the month's forced oatmeal, he will be taken to see the Lilliputians at the Opera House. The whole thing has been a trade operation.

At school, it is the same. Jack is coaxed to learn his lessons by marks and prizes. At recess, he plays marbles for keeps. He is a stamp merchant in a small way, with a printed catalogue and a keen eye for the main chance. His commercial ventures spread over the entire day. At home, he keeps chickens and sells eggs to the family. In summer, he picks berries on contract. He runs errands for candy. Earlier in life, he sold kisses, but this commodity has now been withdrawn from the market, for it bores him so to be kissed that he has come to ask prohibitory prices.

In a word, our dear little Jack, with his beautiful eyes, and his winning ways, is at heart an out-and-out trader. He will do anything you

want him to,—if you pay him. He will be as good as a Sunday school book,—if you make it worth while. But of true helpfulness and docility he will soon have not a single grain. It is all give and take. It is always to get,—to give, never, unless it be to get somewhat later.

Meanwhile, Jack's moral training is not neglected. He is carefully taught such beautiful maxims as these: "Love one another;" "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;" "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" "Do unto others as ye would that others do unto you;" "The crown of childhood is its sweet helpfulness." He also learns the Beatitudes, and is paid for the task with a leather-covered Bible with his name printed in gilt letters on the cover.

Jack is also taught such questionable maxims as these: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord:" "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." When Jack hears this, he puts a penny on the plate, thus buying for himself, as the good Bishop Bienvenu would have said, a pennyworth of Heaven.

What impression these conflicting sentiments and practices make upon Jack's mind, it is impossible to say. If he reasons about the matter at all, he must either entertain a secret contempt for the maxims which he is taught so studiously *not* to follow, or else he must be slowly imbibing a Manichean philosophy which allows him to believe that two opposites may both be true. In the first case, he will be a precious hypocrite; in the second case, a hopeless sophist. Which is worse? Perhaps, in the last analysis, it is pretty much the same.

Jack's father and mother have no excuse to offer for this state of affairs. Indeed it has never occurred to their thrifty minds that any excuse is needed. In the abstract beauty of the gospel of love they please themselves by believing that they believe. But then one must get on in the world. One must learn to turn an honest penny. Are not all these things set forth in those admirable books of Samuel Smiles on Thrift, and did they not give these books to Jack on his last birthday?

But the outside world has abundant excuse for them. It is more honest than they; it says with charming frankness that the beautiful maxims which Jack is taught of a Sunday are for the most part mere moonshine and were never meant to live by. It approves of giving to the infant in arms a toy bank; to the child in kilts, a stout purse; to the boy in knickerbockers, a price for every service. It emphasizes the great distinction between *mine* and *thine*. It does this in order to teach the precious laws of trade. It laughs approvingly at the childish bargains when they are sharp. It slaps the little trader on the back and says that he will make a shrewd business man. And in all of this, it believes that it is doing the boy a great service.

It is teaching him to make his way in the world. It is saturating him with the spirit of trade. It is making him sturdy and independent, able to give blow for blow, and to get the best of a bargain.

But, comrades, this is not the spirit of Jesus. It is not the Golden Rule of Confucius. It is not the sweet reasonableness of Gautama. It is not the purity and wisdom of Concord.

What then shall we say that it is, this soiling of childhood, we who do not believe in commercialism, and who hate the trade spirit as we hate imperialism and the devil? There is but one thing to say of it,—it is damnable, absolutely damnable. The sweet bloom of childhood is lost. It is made mean and despicable, this which is in its nature divine. Its delightful spirit of helpfulness, its genuine altruism, its spontaneous love, all of these are smothered; and for what? For a hideous brood of cunning qualities,—for shrewdness, untruth, selfishness, dishonesty. Can any amount of getting on in the world compensate for such an evil transformation? Am I painting the picture too black? I wish that I were. I fear that I am not. In thousands of American homes this tragedy is going on. Who will arrest it?

Even at the holy Christmastide there are persons who *exchange presents*, but the spirit of trade is at least partially dormant at that season. There is in our great world a faint flame of love and good will. But with the opening of the new year, Jack's father and mother will do their best to put out the divine fire. They will go on preaching it, but in their practice they will go on denying it. And Jack is plastic; he will be inclined. The training he is receiving would be admirable if it were desired to make a usurious pawnbroker or mean-spirited shopkeeper out of him. I should think his parents were then doing precisely the suitable thing. But if they desire him to be a man, to have the full stature of a man, to resemble in however small a degree those holy men and wise whom they ask him to admire, they are practically making their desire an impossibility.

In all of this, I am in deadly earnest. We cannot be hot and cold, white and black, positive and negative, all at the same moment. It is impossible. We cannot believe in the gospel of love and not believe in it. We cannot have the passion for goodness and the love of gain.

What, then, would I have parents do? I would have them do this,—I would have them preserve inviolate the sanctity of their homes. I would have it a place where the sweet graces of childhood may develop to the utmost, where the human spirit may unfold in an atmosphere of love and helpfulness and kindly service. *Mine* and *thine* should be unknown. If an unwise friend gave the child a bank, I would decline the gift; if a purse or money, I would say frankly that the child has no use for such things. I would allow him to possess and to handle money no sooner than I would allow him to play with serpents. It may be that the article has a proper place in the adult world, but it cer-

tainly has no legitimate place in the world of childhood. Children should be occupied with better things. They should be learning to walk, to run, to ride, to swim, to skate. They should feel the joy of a full physical life. It is better to appeal to their imagination than to their acquisitiveness,—it is a far nobler and more useful quality. Music, fairy stories, pictures, handicraft, gentle service, the open air,—these are infinitely better than the mimic operations of trade. Life is short; let us spend it worthily.

It is the last thing that I would do, to allow a child this miserable buying and selling, this bartering and trading. Of what are parents dreaming when they allow such desecration? With the knotted cord of the Nazarene, I would drive out these money-changers from the Temple of God, which is the heart and mind of a little child.

A MAN MUST LIVE.

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

A man must live. We justify
Low shift and trick to treason high,—
  A little vote for a little gold
  To a whole senate bought and sold,—
By that self-evident reply.

But is it so? Pray tell me why
Life at such cost you have to buy?
  In what religion were you told
    A man must live?

There are times when a man must die.
Imagine, for a battle cry,
  From soldiers with a sword to hold,
  From soldiers with the flag unrolled,
This coward's whine, this liar's lie,
    A man must live!

—*From In This Our World, by permission.*

SOME MISCONCEPTIONS OF THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Laura Fisher.

THE kindergarten has critics numerous and bold. It would indeed seem, in a way, to be the observed of all observers, and is quite in danger of having its head turned as a result of so much attention.

To preserve it from so disastrous a fate, I propose to try to remind ourselves of some of the familiar but somewhat obscured facts about our work as over against numerous and marvelous misrepresentations and misconceptions.

I shall not attempt to treat all the misconceptions abroad. They have been prolific of much literature and would require voluminous handling. I shall speak of some of those only that seem to me most important to a body of kindergartners and appear to be most prevalent. These are, to my mind: I. The False Conception of the Nature and Use of Froebel's Gifts; II. The Purpose and Place of the Traditional Kindergarten Games; III. The character of what, for want of a better name, I shall call Kindergarten Discipline.

I. In regard to the Kindergarten Gifts: — Every intelligent kindergartner must know that it is a misconception to state that Froebel intended that these should be the exclusive objects presented to the child, or the only toys with which he should be allowed to play. Froebel repeats again and again that these Gifts should be used *together with* all those other objects that come naturally into the child's environment and which are legitimate objects for the child to use; also, that what the child does with these Gifts should likewise be done with other things. In this way the child will, through actual contact and experience, gradually perceive the connection between these typical objects and those individual objects with which he has thus associated the type. This Froebelian procedure necessitates that "direct contact with nature, and with the objects necessary to the child's development," the absence of which in Froebel's teaching has been so greatly deplored by some of Froebel's critics.

A second misconception is that qualities are taught apart from objects. Froebel has never claimed that a knowledge of the properties of objects *could* be learned apart from the objects themselves. On the contrary he insists that qualities can only be presented to the experience of the child through and in objects which he must handle, with which he should experiment, and by means of which he comes to know about objects and their qualities. To present the child with typical objects (along with large numbers of other objects containing these same qualities) is simply to make a center in which his manifold experiences, impressions, discoveries, and experiments unite. Whether we agree or disagree with the eminent psychologist, who likewise believes that the "first consciousness of the infant is one big, buzzing blooming confusion," we certainly cannot deny that it is well even for the young child to begin to learn to bring order into his thoughts as well as his possessions, and to master his experiences and impressions, instead of allowing them to "occupy the saddle and to ride him."

A third misconception is that the philosophy and symbolism of the Gifts were intended for the child. It seems unnecessary to remind kindergartners that Froebel never intended the philosophy of the kindergarten Gifts to be expounded to or understood by the child. He believed that their philosophic basis gave them greater value, but of their philosophy the child is serenely unconscious. Neither do I find anywhere that he even ventured to hope for the advent of an infant prodigy (or monstrosity) who would find delight in the philosophic views or principles upon which his system of education is based. He certainly did not believe that the child is merely a "healthy animal," nor had he any notion of helping or allowing him to become one. Neither did he claim, as some seem to think, that the child's intelligence and character had reached their perfect form and needed no uplifting and upbuilding influences. And while he saw very clearly that motor development and sense-preception were *predominant* in childhood, he believed that

higher forms of mental activity were forthcoming and necessary, and must be prepared for. The logic of the Gifts, based upon Froebel's conception of the laws of development, is for the mother or kindergartner who has the child's education in charge. Of this "logical order" and their symbolism the child knows naught. The *perceptible facts* of their succession and use are all that concern him; and as he is so largely in the "sense stage" these should not be difficult for him to perceive. As this philosophy and symbolism have no existence for the child's consciousness, as such, it seems idle to waste time and energy discussing their baneful effects. If, however, the question arises, why then does Froebel justify the order of his Gifts by basing it upon profound philosophic principles, the answer is clear enough. Froebel, accepting a given philosophic standpoint and believing in its supreme educational importance, applied this philosophy to early education, which to him was most important and least understood. He believed that a philosophy of education must regulate educational means and methods, and that right means and methods, understood by those who apply them, must have beneficial results; that a mind assisted in the right order of unfolding would be more vigorous and sane than one hindered by means and pedagogical procedures, which are contrary to its nature. It would be just as foolish to say that these philosophic principles should be recognized by the child, as it is to disclaim their value because the child knows nothing about them. We regulate the food we give children according to our knowledge of their digestive processes and conditions; we do not claim that a knowledge of these processes would aid or stimulate their digestion; but one hopes that the salutary effects of food given by the light of knowledge may create proper tastes and desires, and eventuate in the wise choice of foods when the time for choosing arrives; and no thoughtful person would presume to say that these principles are of no value to the child because he does not know them nor grasp their physiological significance.

So far as Froebel's philosophy regulates the practices of the kindergarten in the child's use of objects, it can be productive of only good results in the hands of those intelligent enough to use them; but for the many foolish abuses of Froebel's methods by incompetent kindergartners and critics, he can hardly be held responsible. The kindergartner who uses her Gifts to impose upon the child a knowledge of form and number, who teaches him mechanically how to construct a logical series of forms, who holds a dissertation on what she calls "organic unity" by repeating the mere statement that his Third Gift with a cube gone, is like a man who has lost his arms, and therefore can't do all that he might do if he had them, or that the isolated block is like the child who, because he is naughty, can't play with the others, and such like folly, — that kindergartner is painfully ignorant and lacking in common sense. As for understanding, she has it not.

But she is no farther wrong than the one who merely uses the Gifts as means of unregulated and purely spontaneous expression, who arbitrarily imposes on the child some specific thought which she forces the Gift to illustrate, and who allows the child to make only such observations as he spontaneously can, or who permits disorderly handling of material, priding herself that thus the children are beginning to make experiments which will culminate in original research. I am not aware of any valuable discovery growing out of disorderly use of blocks or materials in kindergarten.

One of the most serious misconceptions of the Kindergarten Gifts has grown out of what is commonly called kindergarten symbolism. It has given rise to the most extreme travesties on kindergarten methods practiced in the kindergarten itself and in other grades and forms of teaching. It is well to state at once that all that passes under the name of kindergarten is not kindergarten. There are kindergarten methods of teaching music, kindergarten Sunday schools, kindergarten nature study, kindergarten trained horses, kindergarten everything, I verily believe.

That children do a great deal of analogizing, there can be no doubt, and it is well for us to remember that it is a first step in that process which culminates in the higher analogizing of the poet. But Froebel never claimed that analogy is the only or the highest form of thought and he would be the last to make it the supreme method in teaching. The teacher who applies this method to reading, music, nature study, simply caricatures and misunderstands Froebel. It is a commonly recognized fact that children see resemblances and that the child imputes to one object what he has known in another. He transforms his stick into a horse, a gun, a tree, a soldier, as he chooses, because he can perform various acts representing these things by means of it. So every furry object is a pussy and every man papa, by

virtue of a general common characteristic. While this is an elementary form of thought it has its value, and poor, much-quoted Pat, to whom "a stone is jes' a ole stone," loses much that life offers to the child whose stones may be sheep, or whose sticks may be soldiers, but who knows just as well as Pat that they are in reality sticks and stones.

That this analogizing has been seized upon by teachers in order to make study interesting we all know, and we realize that it is a cheap abuse of what they call Froebel's methods. It results in the most grotesque procedure and cheapens every study to which it is artificially applied; and the kindergartner who misapplies it and calls all cubes papa, mamma, and baby cubes, and who ignores that balls are balls and sticks are sticks in trying to teach the child their resemblances to other things, is merely a dull and ignorant kindergartner. It may be well in passing to remind ourselves that this "childish analogizing" should be the *child's*, and that the kindergartner has no right to force hers upon him or to provide it for him. It is also well to remember that to twist Froebel's Gifts to such uses, and to encourage such practices in connection with the more advanced Gifts belongs to that abuse of his methods to which I have already alluded. To arrest the child's development by artificial and external imposition of methods which have value only because they are spontaneous expressions of the childish way of looking at things, and to make permanent or to prolong a mental act or process beyond the period to which it legitimately belongs, is to commit a serious wrong and injustice toward the child.

Any arrest on a plane which is naturally short lived and transitory is bound to cripple the mind and to rob it of its vigor. That many unthinking kindergartners make this serious mistake there can be little question. That a mistake so prolific of folly and triviality is a tempting target for those who see the shortcomings of the kindergarten and shut their eyes to its true meaning, character, and purpose, recent literature has adequately illustrated. The world loves to be amused,— indeed, will pay more on the whole for this privilege than for almost any other; at least, pays more willingly; — and to provide trivial entertainment for the reading public is the most effective means we could devise to make it impossible for the thinking public to take us seriously. It is well for us that our friendly opponents should give us a warning even though they thoroughly misconceive. Woe unto us if we fail to read between the lines and to correct by word and act the false practices permitted within our realm! No one can fail to realize that they are foolish, harmful, ignorant, and un-Froebelian, and that they must be rooted out like the noxious weed, lest they choke the struggling plant and rob it of life and development.

It is a serious misconception of Froebel's Gifts to suppose that they are designed either for exercises which shall merely illustrate subjects, or for such as illustrate the character of the Gift itself. They are designed to meet the needs of the child, to give him means whereby he can express himself in increasing and developing ways, and to bring home to him a knowledge and mastery of such facts and experiences, of such principles, as are the important elements of childish knowing and the important governing principles of childish doing.

Observation in concrete form of those facts that gradually unlock the world of inorganic nature, *e. g.*, knowledge of form and number; practice in the mastery of materials subject to the intelligence and will of man, such as result in the conquest of nature, *e. g.*, the arrangement and creative use of material; varied expression in concrete, creative form of the results of man's creative power, and the association of the objects produced with the relationships of man to man as expressed in the various institutions of society; the development of habits of self-control, attention, respect for materials, co-operation with others, transformation and construction; the gradual increase of difficulty in the materials used, corresponding to the laws of external and internal development; — these I consider the important principles governing the practice of the kindergarten Gifts. But to subordinate the Gifts to the illustration of a subject is just as pernicious as to force the exercises in order to show off the Gifts; and, to my mind, both equally forget and ignore the child in whose interest and for whose development the Gifts are designed.

II. The Place and Value of the Traditional Kindergarten Games: Froebel's Mother Play, in which he shows us the mother at play with her child, is the basis of the traditional games of the kindergarten. These plays are based upon the traditional nursery games common to mothers of all races and climes. That their form is not literally the old traditional and often objectionable form is a familiar fact, and due to Froebel's feeling that the *essence* of the

traditional nursery game, its real value, might be preserved under a less objectionable exterior.

The fact that mothers have taught their young children these plays in all countries, at all times, has seemed to Froebel sufficient guaranty of their importance in child education, and made them worthy of preservation.

That the traditional games probably grew out of the imitation of activities and objects within the environment of mothers and children, there can be no doubt; but that the same sort of activities, objects, relationships, should have been universally imitated gives them their supreme value. Doubtless the child will actively imitate what he observes and will understand through the imitative act, but there are many forms and aspects of the same object, activity and relationship; and it is but fair to the child that, although his actual environment may not contain the presence of these higher aspects, his play and his education should present to him that which is the highest because it is the true form, whether of natural or of human life and activity. Believing in the reaction superinduced by the presentation of the Ideal, Froebel in his version of the traditional game embodies the ideal aspects of life. Believing that only the vision of and the feeling of the desirability of this ideal will incite to effort, Froebel presents to the child a picture of ideal relations with nature and humanity, in the hope that thus the child may be spurred to make effort where struggle is necessary. Having rooted his life in these forms of play, the later playing of traditional games will have a richer foundation. As a matter of experience I should like to state that the children — so the parents tell us — play these kindergarten games a great deal in the homes, teaching them to mother, father, and the other children, and are absorbed in the reproduction of their kindergarten life. If they do not play the kindergarten games in the streets, it must be due to the fact that when young children play in the streets it is generally in company with older children who have entered another stage, in which games of contest and the like predominate. It is a certain fact that, at all events in the home and the primary school, these games are eminently popular, and that both mothers and primary teachers adopt and learn how to play them *because the children want them.*

This statement is counter to that which declares that "these games are foreign and alien to the interests of infants at this age, and that Froebel and his disciples have made a mistake in carrying down to this stage of development the plays that appeal to children at a later period." I am not aware of the correctness of the statement that *all* traditional games minister to the feelings of co-operation, rivalry, and struggle for victory; on the contrary, many of these deal with the simple activities and relations of home and social life, representing these in crude forms and with some of the appearances of nature. Games of contest, rivalry, and struggle for victory have their place in the long list of traditional games; but, appealing to more complex feelings, generally appear later (after the regular kindergarten age) on the scene of childish play. Any observer of young children in the home well knows that between the ages of four and five or six years, their plays are largely imitative of nature and human life, and that they enlist the co-operation of every available person or thing to enact their little drama, whether it be the dramatic representation of disciplinary parenthood and disciplined childhood, or the wild animal threatening life and limb, or Mr. Brigham who comes to get and deliver orders for the market, etc.

To suppose, therefore, that Froebel chose his subjects arbitrarily, disregarding the doings of young children, is a misconception. Any student of traditional nursery rhymes will find in them nearly every subject treated by Froebel in his Mother Play. Any student of Froebel's Pedagogics of the Kindergarten will discover that the Mother Plays are not the only ones he advocated and designed for young children of kindergarten age. That we suggest through play the forms of human labor and the institutions of society is a fact known to all who have played Pat-a-cake, or Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow, or Sailor boy, or Here sits the Lord-mayor, etc. And while Froebel saw and unfolded the ultimate significance of these plays, their cruder forms may be found in any good collection of Mother Goose rhymes. That the "perceptions of motions, voluntary motor images, and activities set off by imitative instinct make up a large part of the young child's life," Froebel took great pains to explain in his Mother Play, also in his explanation of the use of the Gifts, as well as in his treatise on the teaching of language. To appeal first and foremost to activity *through* activity is one of his well-known doctrines. But while these are highly important and predominant, they are not the exclusive activities of the child's mental life, and Froebel does not intend to ignore others in his enthusiastic defense of these.

That all play experience should be based upon actual experience, his insistence upon taking the child to see nature and to observe human activities fully proves. No artificial and superficial teaching of things which the child cannot know was ever advocated by Froebel. Children must go to the field, observe birds and insects, watch the baker, farmer, carpenter,— then they may intelligently recall experiences pictured in the Mother Play. They must run, jump, dance, skip, throw, toss, catch, chase. All these things shall they do; all such games has he created.

III. The Training of the Will: The most serious misconception of the kindergarten lies in the statement that it sets out to make all things easy and to insist that the child shall do nothing that he does not wish to do; in other words, that it discards effort and degrades freedom into whim and caprice.

I am well aware that in many kindergartens this idea of the training of the will goes hand in hand with the discarding of Froebel's Gifts and Games and a general assumption of the attitude that we must guard spontaneity and must follow the child. I think it is thoroughly un-Froebelian. Froebel believed that we must follow the ideal potentially present in the child, latent in all children; that unless the child violates this ideal he does not need mandatory education; but also that the unmarred ideal is seldom *if ever* found in actual experience with individual children. The kindergarten and its critics are divided on this most important subject.

It is a curious fact that the Mother Play opens with a little game insisting upon the necessity of effort, and that this is followed by one showing weakness and imperfection, and the need of conquering both. Our position on the subject of kindergarten discipline will be determined by our conception of the nature of the will and of what we believe to constitute rational freedom. Certainly, Froebel did not hold that the child should do as he chooses,— that *laissez faire* should be the law of education or of life. He believed that development implied imperfection and struggle, that life is a climbing. If we want to end in anarchy, let us set up the doctrine of *laissez faire* and spontaneous individualism. There is no royal road to learning and no approach to heaven on "flowery beds of ease" in Froebel's kindergarten. Effort in proportion to power,— that I consider his fundamental moral principle. We confound the success in which effort results, with mere success regardless of effort, when we insist that things must be made easy for the child. Does not even the baby push and pull and work in his desire to achieve and succeed? Shall we ignore his nature?

Shall we rob him of the keenest delight — the sense of power — by taking from the child the experiences that develop both power and the consciousness of its presence.

And what is lawlessness but that insistence upon the selfish exercise of thought and feeling that sets up the *me* against the *you* and makes the world one great battle ground of warring forces?

Do you ask me to believe that Froebel would have us develop this in the child?

Shall John's whim be allowed to supersede Mary's whim, shall each insist upon doing what he pleases and so fail to learn the lessons of co-operation and helpfulness of recognition of the rights of each and all? The individual can develop only as he uses unceasingly the powers he possesses and as he combines for good with his fellow men. Therefore the great lesson of the kindergarten must always be to help the child to use all the power, intellectual, moral, creative, that he has,— to delight in overcoming difficulties, to desire to learn through his own activity the things worth knowing. It must begin to teach him that, when his inclination collides with his duty there is but one thing for him to do, namely, to ignore his inclination and to do his duty. It must insist that he begin early to perform unassisted the tasks that are his and to turn from the help that cripples his powers. It must see to it that he does things not merely because he wants to do them, but that he feels the coercion of the right as well as its delights; then through the benefits resulting from responsibilities thus met he will learn to want to do the things he ought, and right behavior will turn duty into privilege. Finally he will learn that blessedness lies in co-operation with his fellows, in the acceptance of universal ideals, in the elimination of selfishness, self-opinionatedness, and self-assertion, that whim must be chained and caprice must go to the wall.

When the kindergarten learns that rational freedom means the realization of a will that wills for the good of all, that true spontaneity consists in doing from within the deeds that are truly human because they are divine, and that child and man alike realize their real, abiding self by entering into the larger self revealed in corporate humanity, it will be free from the dangers that threaten it and from the weakness that assails it.

It must recognize as its true mission the task of ridding the human child of his weakness, selfishness, and ignorance. It must contend forever for self-control, self-surrender, and self-development. When the kindergartner sees the young child rejoicing in this self-conquest and hailing the opportunity that leads him to the successful fruition of righteous effort, then may she, too, exclaim :—

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,"

for then will she behold the dawn of his spiritual freedom.

SONNET.

By Henry Timrod.

I scarcely grieve, O Nature, at the lot
That pent my life within a city's bounds,
And shut me from thy sweetest sights and sounds.
Perhaps I had not learned, if some lone cot
Had nursed a dreamy childhood, what the mart
Taught me amid its turmoil. So my youth
Had missed full many a stern but wholesome truth.
Here, too, O Nature, in this haunt of Art,
Thy power is on me, and I own thy thrall.
There is no unimpressive spot on earth!
The beauty of the stars is over all,
And Day and Darkness visit every hearth.
Clouds do not scorn us: yonder factory's smoke
Looked like a golden mist when morning broke.

—*Christian Register.*

WHAT CHILD-STUDY HAS BROUGHT TO THE CHILDREN.

By Francis W. Parker.

PHILIP (aged six years) spent two years in the lowest primary grade. He made no progress whatever. His younger brother entered the same grade and was promoted in one year. The principal sent Philip to the second grade out of kindness. One more year passed, and still Philip could not read, write, spell, or cipher. The principal read something about child-study. He took Philip to a surgeon and had the fungous growths (adenoids) cut out of his nostrils. The principal said nothing

of this to anyone. In a short time the principal's children in the second grade came home and told with wonder how Philip had distanced them all. The teacher could not understand the cause of the marvelous change in Philip. In a few months he stood at the head of the second grade. For three years he had not heard with any clearness his teachers or his mates. There are hundreds of defectives who have been thus helped by child-study, and thousands who await the teacher.

1. Child-study has brought the knowledge that dullness, backwardness, and stupidity in children have their causes in defects of the body, in nerve affections, defective eyesight, with the countless resulting maladies, impaired hearing, etc. It is now plain why children with such physical defects cannot "keep up" with their mates, and they are no longer called dull, and their supposed dullness attributed to total depravity or incorrigible laziness. Where formerly these unfortunates were nagged at home and in school until often driven to despair, now parents, on discovering signs of abnormality, have their children examined, and teachers surround them with educative conditions that cure the defects. It is of vast importance that every little child have a close and critical diagnosis by an expert in order to discover physical defects. I once knew a mother who did not know her son was partially deaf until he was fifteen years old. In fact, mothers are slow to believe their children have physical defects.

2. Another lesson of child-study is that there are stages of mental growth co-ordinate with stages of physical growth, each stage demanding special conditions to arouse the needed activities. As the body requires certain foods, so the mind needs at the proper time nourishment that will bring into play the self-activities of a certain stage of growth. Omit the necessary conditions and the self-activity fails, the brain cells and nerve centers do not grow as they should. The resulting weakness influences for evil the child's whole future life. The adolescent stage of growth is the storm and stress period of human life. Wrong conditions at this period may bend the child's steps to perdition, as good ones turn them toward a right life.

3. Child-study has brought into home and school a better understanding of the nature and destiny of the child, and is resulting in the creation of the right home and school environment. * * * *

4. The formation of child-study clubs, parents' meetings, mothers' congresses, all over the land, is the direct outcome of child-study. When mothers give careful, painstaking thoughts to education, the world will move upward and onward as never before. Education as a science is in its swaddling clothes, but the marvelous progress in all the other sciences in recent times proves that there will be one day a science of human evolution. The kindergarten and child-study have opened the gates to a new life. No one can foresee the good that lies beyond.—*The Chicago Tribune.*

HOW THE ROSE CAME.

By Charlotte Lay Dewey.

A little brown seed in the garden
  Asleep underneath the white snow,
A sunbeam that came in the springtime,
  Some raindrops that helped it to grow,
A rosebush, and then a wee rosebud
  With petals that softly unclose,
A perfume that 's sweeter than honey,
  And there in the sunshine,—a rose!

PROGRAM NOTES.

By Mina B. Colburn.

JUNE.

What is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune
  And over it softly her warm ear lays.
—*Lowell.*

Topics.

LONG sunny days, blue sky, fleecy clouds, refreshing showers. Beautiful flowers in meadows and gardens. Singing birds in leafy trees. Crickets, beetles, spiders, ants, bees in the fields.

Chipmunks and squirrels in the woods.

Water,—a means of transportation and of pleasure. Our own beautiful lake (Chautauqua), the steamboats, yachts, sail boats, row boats, Celoron,—the animals there, the fountain, open cars.

Vacation plans,—camping, tenting in the yard. Playhouses.

Fourth of July,—its meaning; how celebrated; why observed in this country only.

Visit to the Primary room by the children to be promoted.

Include in monthly party the children whose birthdays occur during the summer.

Means of Presentation and Expression.

Songs.—The Stream (Gaynor); Song of the Bee, Tiddle de Winks (Neidlinger); The Clovers (Knowlton); Once I got into a boat.

Piano.—The Brook. On the Railroad Train (Characteristic Sketches, Hofer).

Rhythm.—Imitate movements of butterflies,—small flitting butterflies, large ones. Use music in Characteristic Sketches (Hofer), Flitting butterflies, Papillon, also The Rabbit, and The Frog.

Stories.—The Oak and the Ivy (Field). Benn Todd (Child Garden '98, Phaeton).

Retelling old ones as called for by the children.

Pictures.—Water scenes, especially of the lake (Chautauqua). Mother Play: The Bridge, Grass mowing. Renouf: A Helping Hand.

Games.—Representative: Steamboats, row boats, street cars, birds, flowers, bees. Catching the ball thrown from the center of the ring. Magic music (a certain rhythm or melody telling the child what to do). Sense games, testing all the senses in various ways. Little Travelers, anticipating the Summer. (Vary the number in the party up to ten.)

Skipping.—Every other one, or every third one, without being told. Several fancy skips.

Marching.—Mostly representative: country walks,—running over soft grass, jumping over brooks, dodging puddles, climbing hills. Have the marching done well when it is attempted, but do not attempt it except on cooler days.

Free Play.—Children may enjoy working out the suggestion of a picnic, putting up a make-believe lunch (tablets, blocks, etc., wrapped in paper and put in a basket), and going on trolley car (chairs arranged as in open car).

Be out of doors as much as possible. Perhaps a very simple playhouse can be constructed in one corner of the yard, or a crude tent put up (an old store awning does nicely).

Nature.—Fewer walks on account of the heat. Sorting and arranging flowers. Wreaths of maple leaves. Dandelion chains. Blue prints of clovers, grasses, and small leaves. Care of garden.

Beads and Pegs.—Review the number five in all combinations; also colors and forms in many ways.

Gifts.—First: Sense and number games. Second: Steamboats, sail boats, etc. Third and Fourth: Docks, bridges, trains,—emphasizing the number eight. Tablets: Some dictated designs. Some free play. Rings: Brooks.

Clay.—Fruits and early vegetables.

Sand.—The lake (Chautauqua) and surrounding hills.

Sewing.—Something appropriate sewed with as little help as possible.

Drawing.—Boats, wagons, chicken coops, beehives, etc.

Painting.—Clovers, grasses. Decorate cover for mimeographed copies of Summer songs.

Cutting.—Boats, beehives, watering pots, etc. Tissue paper fringed and folded for napkins for party.

Folding.—Boats, fans, balloons. Some beauty forms to be made into little baskets.

Weaving.—Lunch baskets of willow, reed, or coarse grasses gathered by the children themselves.

Other Handwork.—Braiding grasses and sewing into little baskets, dolls' hats, etc. Continue the rope work with older children.

"What am I to expect," asks the Primary teacher, "of the child who comes to me after careful training in the kindergarten?"

Much that will be of great service to the teacher and pupil in the latter's after school life cannot well be stated, yet to itemize somewhat may be mutually helpful.

The child is familiar with the school building and knows something of what should be his relation to its several appointments and furnishings, also to his classmates and teachers. He is able to follow definite directions, acting quietly, promptly, and intelligently; to give attention whenever required and for such length of time as is reasonable.

He knows what work is, and has not lost a child's relish for investigative and constructive activity. He has sufficient mastery over the muscles of his hand to be able to use freely scissors, needle, crayon, etc., and to handle carefully such material as may be given him; and he has sufficient control of his will to be able to hold himself to a reasonable task until it is finished. He is wide awake and eager for knowledge, and has the beginnings of self-reliance, both in thought and action.

He knows how to observe and to tell something of what he has seen; to recognize marked similarities and differences in form; and to classify broadly according to type forms; to see relative sizes, weights, measurements, positions and qualities; to tell at a glance the six spectrum colors; and to give, without hesitation, number combinations in the concrete to five, being somewhat familiar with them to ten.

He is able to discriminate ordinary sounds as to quality, pitch, and volume, to sing with others the scale and a considerable number of children's songs. He is familiar with a few characteristic pieces of good instrumental music, several pictures that are real art, and a number of stories from the best literature.

He possesses the elements of reverence and appreciation, born of a companionship with nature and a knowledge of the many things done each day by those in the home, the school, the city, and the world, for the welfare of each individual, all of which may be traced still farther back to God's loving kindness.

He has also had opportunity to express gratitude in service,—as at Christmas, on the various birthdays of the family, and, in fact, each day; —and thus knows something of the joy of altruistic life.

In reading these concluding paragraphs, kindergartners are asked to kindly remember that they are merely the formal statement of results reached through the most playful activities common to child life, *never* directly, and of which, as so much dead knowledge, the child is entirely ignorant.

Neither have the program notes in any instance attempted to suggest method, but only a few practical hints in subject matter which depend wholly upon the individual kindergartner for their vitalizing power, an ability demanding deep insight into child-life, and years of training.

WINGED LIFE.

By Lucy A. Haskell.

Oh! sweet are birds new come to leafy bough;
  Oh! sweet the happy melodies they sing;
And sweet to know eternal Love doth flow
  Through songs of birds, with every coming spring.

Oh! sweet their varying tints of every dye,
  Their graceful, circling, undulating flight,—
From low to high, from far away to nigh,
  They glance and gleam in rays of sunny light.

So sweet, when Dawn peeps o'er the eastern gate,
  Their songful welcome to the coming guest;
Their vespers late, and good-night, mate to mate,
  As Day steps down the staircase of the west.

So sweet their busy toil in leafy nooks,
  Their pretty talks about the homes they build,
Their eager looks, their flights from woods and brooks,
  Till nests are finished, and with eggs are filled.

So sweet the patient mother's brooding care,
  Fulfilling all her days of happy fate;
While here and there, and yonder, everywhere,
  The other sings all day to cheer his mate.

So sweet the feeding of the growing brood,
  The little journeys made to find the best;
The mouths protruding, clamoring for food,
  That greet the pair, home coming from their quest.

So sweet their first essays to use their wings,
  Those lovely wings that hold such power of flight;
Faint flutterings, then bolder leaps and springs
  Bear them away beyond the range of sight.

So sweet that birds in unison with man
Should work to make our world a better place,
By Nature's plan to help, as help they can,
With beauty, work, and song, and artless grace.

—*Selected.*

BABY ROBIN'S STORY.

By Cora E. Harris.

ONE warm day in July three baby robins were fluttering in their nest, just getting ready to learn to fly. They had crept from the blue egg-shells but a few weeks before, and now they would hop from the nest, and soon fly from the very tree in which the nest had been built. The two largest birdies soon learned to fly as Mother Robin taught them. One took his first long flight down to a fence upon one side of the tree and the other to a small pear tree upon the other side.

And now the smallest birdie wanted to fly away too, but Mother Robin said, "Wait until I bring you a few more cherries to eat, until your wings are grown a little stronger." Baby Robin could not wait, so out he hopped from the nest, and when he saw the other birds going farther and farther away he started off for a long flight, the very first thing. His wings were so weak that down he fluttered straight to the ground, and his mother was frightened, and cried because she could not pick him up.

How strange things looked to birdie down there! Great giant birds came to look at him, some wearing speckled feathers, some black, and some white ones. He feared that they might hurt him; but no, he made them think of a baby chicken, so they were careful not to step on him. The largest of the giant birds stretched his neck up often, and, looking toward a large farmhouse called out "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Birdie thought he must be calling some one and wondered why Cock-a-doodle-doo did not come.

Pretty soon, some one really did come down the path!—some one with eyes as blue as the bonnet she twirled in one hand, and with curls almost as yellow as the corn she carried in a pail in the other hand. All the giant birds ran to meet her; and soon the corn was flying hither and thither, while hither and thither scampered the giant birds trying to pick it up as fast as it was thrown down.

"Perhaps Cock-a-doodle will come to help me," thought Birdie, for he was hungry too. The little girl, Mary, soon looked his way and cried out, "What a funny chicken! Such long legs that don't know how to walk at all, and a coat of real feathers in-

stead of the soft down worn by small chickens!"

Then Mary lifted Baby Robin up carefully and carried him into the house to her mamma. "Poor birdie," said Mamma; "he tried to fly a little too soon. Let 's place him in this flower-pot near some geranium leaves. That will make him think of home and we 'll feed him for a few days until he grows stronger."

Mary ran out, but soon returned with some sweet berries and a few cracker crumbs, for which Birdie opened his mouth like a little round cup, when she came near.

A basket was lined with soft cotton for his bed at night, but Birdie was up and sitting on the edge of the basket long before Mary opened her eyes the next morning. He was used to an early breakfast and was wondering why it did not come. It came at last, and after eating it Birdie seemed so strong that Mary and her Mamma put him into the basket and carried him down to the tree where the nest was. They hung the basket on one of the limbs and waited to see if the mother-bird would not find her baby.

Pretty soon they heard a fluttering noise and the gladdest cries, as if Mother Robin were saying: "How did this ever happen? How did you ever get back into the tree?" Birdie chirped something, and away flew the mother-bird to find the nicest dinner for him that she could.

After a time Mary offered Birdie some more berries; but his mouth did not open for them and she knew that his mother had fed him all that he wished. He was ready to learn to fly now just as his mother wished him to do. From the edge of the basket he went to a limb near by, and afterward to limbs still farther and farther away, until another tree was reached.

Soon it was time for the robins to fly away South; and as this young one left the trees near his Summer home, he chirped softly: "Good-bye, Cock-a-doodle! I 'm ready to learn to sing now and I am going away for the winter. When I come back in the Spring, I shall be able to sing ever so many songs; and you 'll be glad to see me again, won't you?"

THE HOUSE WHERE RUFA LIVED.

By Helen V. Pierce.

It was a warm, bright summer afternoon and Harry was out in the garden, leaning very comfortably against the trunk of a great elm tree. Not very far away he could see his mother, her hands full of roses, walking up the garden path. This path led to a big white house with green blinds and a shaded piazza covered with vines. It was Harry's home. Down in the barn he could see the horses feeding in their stalls. Rover

lay in front of his own little house, lazily wagging his tail and glancing now and then at the fluffy little chickens as they played around the good mother hen in the chicken-coop near by. Up in the branches above his head, Harry caught a glimpse of a little nest, and he could hear the father bird singing sweetly to the mother bird, while over the fields the bees were flying, carrying their precious load of honey back to the hives.

"Everybody has a home," thought Harry.

"Yes," said a bright little voice, "even I have a home. But you don't act as though you thought so, for you just came very near knocking my front door down with your foot."

"Why," exclaimed Harry. He was so astonished that he could n't think of anything else to say at first. "Who 's talking?"

"I am," said the voice; and looking down Harry saw a tiny creature whose skin was dark and brown. It had very strong jaws and six wee legs, and there were two slender horns growing out of the front of its head.

"Why," said Harry, "you 're an ant; I 've often seen you, but I did n't know that you could talk."

"Did n't you think that anybody but big people like you could talk?" said the ant. "We ants talk to each other, only we talk with these," and the ant moved his two little horns up and down; "but you never seemed to understand before."

"I 'm very glad I do understand you now," said Harry, "and I 'm sorry I touched the ant-hill; but I did n't know it was your front door. What is your name, and where do you live? I 'd love to see your house."

"How many questions boys can ask!" exclaimed the ant. "Well, my name is Rufa, and I have a very nice house; but you 're so big that I don't believe you could get inside unless you came as a dream fairy."

"Oh! I 'd like to go, no matter how. Do take me!"

And then Harry felt himself slowly growing smaller and smaller, until he was not much bigger than Rufa.

"Yes, now you are small enough," said Rufa; "but I must first ask the soldiers who guard our house whether you can go in or not. People are very troublesome, sometimes, and so we have to be careful."

Rufa ran up to a big soldier ant, and the two put their little horns together and talked, and then Rufa came back and told Harry that it would be all right, and that he would show him over his house. Would you like to know what Harry saw?

In the first place, they went right through the little hole in the ant-hill down into the ground, and Harry found himself in a long hall which led from one room into another. You could go still further down, and there you would find another floor with rooms, just like a regular house. They met ever so many ants. Some of them were quite black, and Rufa told Harry that these were the servants to help with the work. "But we all work," said Rufa cheerfully. "You have no idea how much there is to do in our house. We are our own carpenters and masons, you know."

"Where do you get your tools?" said Harry.

The little ant laughed. "Why, I use my jaws. They make fine hammers and pickaxes and scissors, and they 're my knife and fork, too, when I eat."

"You are a wonderful little creature," said Harry. And then they went into a room where there was a big pile of tiny white eggs.

"The ant eggs," explained Rufa; "and you see the nurses are taking them upstairs because it is getting cool down here and we don't want them to get chilled."

In the next room were all the baby ants, and their nurses were oh! so busy taking care of them. Some of the babies were being washed. The ant babies are kept very clean and are given a bath ever so many times a day. The ant nurses wash them just as the cat washes her kittens. Some of them were being fed, and one of the nurses told Harry that she was just bringing her baby home from a ride in the sunshine.

Then they passed from another hall into a room which was quite large for a room in an ant house, and all around the walls were tiny silken cradles.

"Hush!" said Rufa, and she stepped very softly across the floor. "The babies in here are all asleep. When they wake up they will be as big and strong as I am."

"Why, your babies have to be watched and cared for just as much as ours," said Harry.

"That 's a fact," said Rufa, "but we like to be busy, and we love our babies. Have you ever seen our lords and ladies? There go a couple of them now."

Harry looked and saw two ants with delicate glistening wings walking slowly down the corridor. "Once a year we take them out to see the world," said Rufa. "We like to make all the members of our family happy."

"This is our storeroom," said Rufa. Harry only saw some pebbles and little pieces of wood; but Rufa told him that these made very good doors to keep out the cold and dampness when the weather was bad. "Very soon we 're going to dig a cellar in which to keep our winter supplies," continued Rufa. "We keep our grain and sugar there. Do you like sugar, Harry?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"So do I," said the ant. "Your mother left some sugar on a plate outside the door yesterday. It was very nice sugar! But, dear me, I must hurry and milk the cows. It 's getting late."

"Please take me with you," begged Harry. "I did n't know you had cows, and I do so want to see them!"

"Well, come along," said the little ant; "but when you go up above the ground again, just look on your rosebush and perhaps you 'll see some of our cows. Your Papa calls them aphides. But I keep my own cows down here in the barn. You know all our buildings are underground."

How do you suppose those cows looked?

Of course, they were very, very small. Their skin was as soft

as satin and of a light green color. Instead of hoofs, they had little hooks on their six tiny legs; and their horns were not on their heads, but where the tail of one of our cows would be. Rufa ran up to one of the little cows and gently patted her, and out from the little tubes came two drops of sweet juice, the milk which the aphides give.

"Don't you think we have nice cows?" asked Rufa.

"Yes, indeed, and I thank you ever so much for letting me see them. I 'm going to show my mother some that are out at pasture, and"——

"Your mother's calling you, Harry, and I must look after my baby. Good-bye."

And, sure enough! there was Harry's mother bending over him, and a little red ant was running down Harry's hand on to the ground.

"Mamma," said Harry, stepping carefully over the ant-hill as they walked up the path, "ants are a great deal like us. They are very little people, but they know a great deal."

And I think so, too; don't you?

THE WHEEL IN THE LOCK.

By Cornelia E. Palmer.

WHAT a busy place was the wheelwright's shop! There were big wheels and little wheels, wheels with heavy spokes and light spokes and no spokes at all, wheels for every sort of use on all kinds of vehicles and machinery.

The ruddy firelight from three flaming forges was playing on the walls, and making queer shadow-pictures in the dusky corners. Strong, dark-looking men were beating bars of white-hot iron into shape, and the anvils rang out merry tunes every hour in the day, while the sparks flew far around in brilliant showers, like the most splendid fireworks.

At one forge some strong cog-wheels were being made. At last the smith straightened himself and wiped his forehead with his sleeve.

"There!" he said, "that is as pretty a set of wheels as one could wish to see!" Then he tried each pair to see if the cogs fitted. "They will run as smoothly as a sled upon ice," he said.

The wheels clinked joyously together as he threw them into a pile. It was their way of talking.

"It was not so pleasant to be nearly melted in the fire and then beaten with that great hammer till we were sure our last moments had come," said one, "but 'all 's well that ends well,' and the master is pleased with us."

"Tests well endured are strength assured," said another.

"I hope we shall soon be chosen to do some great work. I feel just like it."

"Did you hear him praise our

beauty, too?" asked a third. "I hope we shall be placed where we may be seen and appreciated."

"Hush!" cried another. "'Handsome is that handsome does' is true of wheels as well as of people. I would far rather be loved for my usefulness than admired for beauty."

At last night came. The bellows and anvils were still, the fires had been carefully banked, and the tired workmen had gone home.

One large and rather worn-looking wheel rolled out into the middle of the floor.

"Well, well!" he rumbled, "this is pleasant,—to meet all my relatives once more! How fortunate that I needed some repairs!" Then he began to inquire of his cousins whither they were bound. At last he asked the cog-wheels.

"We have heard that we were being made for the lock," answered one.

"What is the lock, and where is it?" asked another.

All the wheels rolled nearer to hear the answer. The great wheel had been out in the world, and knew all about it.

"Nearly a mile from here," said he, "there is a canal being built. It is called the Sault Ste. Marie canal. I was on the wagon which draws stone for its sides. Near the canal are two enormous lakes, and the water from one lake is always rushing over great rocks and down steep places to reach the other. When the waves reach a great rock they toss themselves high in air, and fall back in white foam, while the spray is thrown all around and the current is so swift that no boat can float safely upon it. But great steamships and white-winged sail boats and smoky little tugs are sailing back and forth all the time upon the lakes, bringing lumber from the woods, and iron and copper from the mines, and carrying back food and clothes and many other things to the miners and the lumbermen. I have heard them say that this canal is being built so that vessels may sail on its quiet waters from one lake to the other. There is to be a gate at each end of the canal, and I know that they are having wheels made for these gates. Perhaps that is where you are going, cousins. It is a very important place. I hope you are brave and strong," he added.

"Yes, indeed!" they rattled in chorus.

"Now, take the advice of an old wheel," he said, looking around upon all the wheels in the shop, "and determine to do your very best, wherever your place is. That is the only kind of a wheel that is wanted in this world. Look at me!" he continued. "Do you suppose that I should ever have come to the repair shop if I had not done good service? No, indeed! I should have been sent to the rubbish heap, and that is the worst disgrace that can come to a wheel."

Now it was morning. The great wheel was replaced on the wagon, the cog-wheels were loaded on the cart, and carried off to the lock. High stone walls were on each side, and a great double gate at each end. No water was in the canal yet; everything was waiting for the wheels to

be placed upon the gates. The cog-wheels were unloaded.

"Good-bye, do your best!" rumbled the big wheel.

"Yes, yes, we will!" they rattled back.

They were taken deep down in the canal, and placed under the gates. The cogs reached out and locked into each other like so many little fingers, and the gates were opened and shut many times. At last the men climbed out of the lock, the lower gate was closed, and the water was let slowly into the lock through the upper gate. The wheels were covered with the water, and the canal was filled to the brim. The people on the stone walls at the sides of the canal waved their hats and shouted. It was a great day.

A deep shadow crept over the wheels and they knew that a great steamer had sailed into the lock. The upper gates slowly closed, and the lower gates slowly opened. Now the water began to run out. "Now we shall see the world again!" thought the wheels; but they did not, for the water was too deep.

When enough water had run out from the canal, the steamer moved slowly out of the open gate, and went on her way, while some sailing vessels sailed into the lock. The lower gates were closed, and the upper gates opened. The waters again ran in and filled the lock, the sailing vessels rose with it, and at last sailed out at the open gate into the upper lake.

Now came busy times for the gates at the lock. There was not an hour, day or night, in which ships and steamers, great and small, were not waiting for the gates to open, and let them go up and down with the water. No one saw the wheels, with their cogs like little fingers, pushing against each other to help move the heavy gates.

At last one of the wheels said to its mate: "I am tired of staying down here in the dark, doing nothing but turn! No one sees our hard work. I dare say hardly anyone knows we are here. I want to go on top for a while, where one can see and be seen!"

"Oh, brother," said the other, "do not be unhappy! you and I were made for this very place, and we must turn to fill it well. I am proud that no one thinks we need an inspector. It is a great trust. Let us do our best, as the old wheel told us."

"Well," grumbled the other, "the man on top gets all the credit of our hard work, and we have to move whenever he says, however we feel. What could he do without us? Tell me that! I believe I will not move the next time he pushes the lever, and then people will find out who does the work!"

"Dear brother!" cried his mate, "think how much trouble that would make! Let us do our duty well and cheerfully, and we shall be sure to be happy. Grumblers are always miserable."

But the discontented wheel would not listen, and sure enough, when the gate was next to be opened, he did not stir. His mate tried to coax him, but in vain.

Far above, the ships were waiting, and the man at the bar pushed harder

and harder at the lever. At last he called some men to help him. The strain on the wheel was now so great that *crick, crack!* off came one of the little cogs!

Now the gate could not be opened at all, for the broken wheel could not move, however willing it was. At last the lock-master decided to let the water out of the canal, and find the cause of the trouble.

This pleased the stubborn wheel, "for now," it thought, "I shall come out of this dark hole, and see the world."

The water was let out, and what could not run out was pumped out, for the lock was very deep. At last the wheels came in sight. The workmen looked them over carefully, and found the broken cog. "Here's the little mischief-maker!" they cried, and took the wheel off.

When they climbed out of the lock, and the wheel saw the hundreds of ships waiting, and heard every one talking of the trouble it had made, it was greatly ashamed.

"What will be done with me?" it thought. "I hope I shall not be sent to the rubbish heap. That would be too dreadful!"

"Can it be mended?" asked one man.

The blacksmith who had made it took it and looked at it carefully. Then he tossed it on the ground. "No indeed!" he said. "It could never be trusted! The only way is to make a new wheel, strong enough to do the work well!"

"Can it be used somewhere else?"

"No," said the blacksmith, "I would not trust it anywhere!" and the wheel grew cold with shame. "The only place for this fellow is the rubbish heap!"

And to the rubbish heap it went.

HAYMAKING.

By Ida Marshall Lining.

Come, children, leave your little beds!
The sun is shining bright to-day,
And father wants us all to help
Down in the meadow making hay.
Sing heigh! sing ho!
Down to the meadow green we 'll go!

Just see how father swings the scythe!
From right to left it always goes;
Before the sharp and gleaming blade

The sweet grass falls in long, straight rows.
Sing heigh! sing ho!
The gleaming scythe has laid it low.

With pitchforks let us toss the hay,
For each small spear must feel the sun.
So toss it here! Now toss it there!
Until it 's dry, our work 's not done.
Sing ho! sing heigh!
What fun we have on haying day!

The wagon waits to take the hay;
Pile high, pile high the fragrant load!
Then, climbing to the top in glee,
We 'll ride along the green farm road.
Sing ho! sing heigh!
What jolly fun to ride this way!

FEATHERED FRIENDS.

By Mary L. Lodor.

WHEN the woods were green and the sky was blue, two little grayish brown birds were flying busily about. They flew among the trees, trying this branch and that, then darted across to the river and peered under the bridge; but still they did not seem satisfied. They had not found what they wanted. Back to the woods they went and rested on a branch of the large oak tree near the summer house. One said to the other: "Where shall we look for the best place, the very best place to build our nest? Let us fly to the house over there and look." Away they flew, across the lawn and through the vines right straight to the front door. Do you think they flew in? No; over the door was a broad ledge and the birds saw at once that it would be a fine place for their summer home. How they chirped and chirped with pleasure! They were in a hurry to begin home-making and did not wait many minutes before flying away in search of grass and mud, horse hair and lichen.

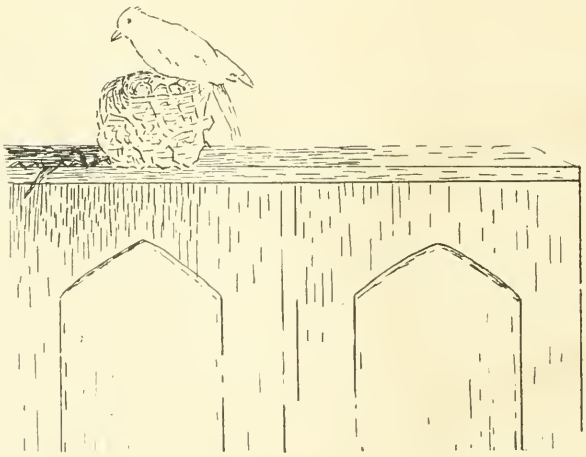
Two little sisters, Dorothy and Constance, came out on the porch just as one bird flew back with grass for the nest. Oh, the little girls were pleased! They kept as quiet as mice for fear of frightening the bird. He flew away to the honeysuckle vine, watching all the time, bobbing his

tail up and down but holding fast to the grass. The children kept so still that the bird plucked up courage and, with a final jerk of the tail, flew swiftly to the unfinished nest.

The little folks called their mother and all three watched the busy builders, glad, so glad that *their* home was chosen by the birds. They were careful of the home-makers, opening and shutting the door very gently that the birds might not be disturbed.

Each day they found out something new about the feathered guests;—the crested head, the white breast, the slender neck, the broad bill, the swift flight and the sweet call. The children had watched the robins and the woodpeckers, the blackbirds and the swallows. They knew the names of many birds, but these little birds were new friends and nameless to them. After looking through many bird books, mother found a picture of one of the birds; and the name under the picture was the same as the sweetest song of the bird. The song said Phœbe and the name was Phœbe.

One day when mother was reading to Dorothy and Constance they heard a soft, soft song,—so soft, so tender, so glad, that the mother guessed what it meant. Something precious was in the nest, so dear to the Phœbe mother that she was softly singing



to herself. I wish I could sing the tender little song to you. Have you guessed what was in the nest? Little white eggs. Little white eggs with a few tiny brown spots on them.

The Phœbe father had busy days darting away in search of food for his mate. He did not stop to watch the lady and the little daughters any more, for he knew now how much they cared for birds. He flew right to the nest with food, and then sometimes rested on the honeysuckle vine and sang: "Phœbe, Phœbe!" and the waiting mother on the nest lifted her head and felt rested and glad, answering the song in her heart.

But at last, at last came the joyous day when there were little weak, fluttering wings in the nest. Oh, the glad, glad days! The Phœbe father had many journeys to take to fill so many little mouths, but what cared he when it was all for the babies! And the mother, too, although she had brooded over the tiny lives many days, shared the work of feeding the ever-hungry darlings. She shared and was glad, stopping to caress the babies over and over again, smoothing each little feather on the precious heads and crooning her sweetest lullaby, while father bird thrilled with such joy that he sang it out for all to hear in his loving "Phœbe, Phœbe!" All the sweetness and the gladness of the bright summer days filled the nest home.

How the mother and children enjoyed the birds! Gladness and sweetness and brightness was in their hearts as they watched and waited—waited for the rest of the story.

One day, bright and early in the morning, when Dorothy and Constance were dressing for breakfast they heard a fluttering and rustling, a chirping and calling, a coaxing and a commanding from the nest home. Such haste as the little girls made in the hurry to get downstairs! When they stood under the nest and looked up, not a single tiny head was to be seen. They waited and listened. Not a sound was heard; the nest was empty. The children were disappointed, for they had wanted to see the baby birds fly. They had seen the birdies fluttering their wings in the nest, trying their strength, each day moving them more quickly up and down, up and down. It was then that they saw how much the babies were like the mother; the same soft, gray-brown back, white breast, and restless tail. They had heard the babies trying to answer the soft singing call of father and mother, each time answering a little surer and stronger; but all the while the little sisters were thinking of the time when the baby birds would be strong enough to fly to the trees; and now they had gone without leaving so much as a feather behind! Only the beautifully-rounded lichen-covered nest was left.

After breakfast, mother, Dorothy, and Constance went to the woods beside their home. It was a lovely, warm summer day, and they all sat down under the trees. A tortoise crept slowly by carrying its queer shell house on its back, the ants hurried up and down the tree trunks, and they saw one ant carrying a load much bigger than itself. They won-

dered if it was something for the babies in the ant hill. Far away they heard a little bird calling, "Pe-e-wee, Pe-e-wee!" The children whistled the call of Pe-e-wee until it sounded so much like the bird's song, that the bird thought another Pewee was calling to it, and it answered with a long Pe-e-wee. Mother said that the little Pewee was a cousin of the Phœbe that they had watched so many weeks.

Just then they heard a rustling in the tree overhead, and *what do you think they saw?* Father and Mother Phœbe and all the little Phœbes!

The nest over the door is not to be taken down, so that when the Phœbes come back another year they will have their old home.

SCHOOL WALKS.

By Kate Louise Brown.

ONCE there was a teacher who lived, moved, and had her being in the country. A commonplace statement, indeed, but to some of us at least, luminous with meaning of a certain irresistible kind.

Even the bald words will suggest great open spaces where untamed winds sweep merrily; an immensity of sky whispering the delicious possibility of the whole of things being your own personal possession.

Behold also a delightful confusion of minor elements—bird-voices, flower-faces, the sighing of pines and the laughter of brooks,—all blended in one beloved symphony, too often, alas! comprehended only when city walls hem us in, and our homesick hearts must long in vain for the continued presence of the great Mother we have so lightly abandoned.

In this country teacher's program the school walk was a recognized part. It usually occurred at the noon half-hour set apart for lunch and free play, but was often extended beyond the thirty minute limit.

The little girls collected the school dolls, not even black Dinah being left behind. The little boys invariably declared that *they* were not going to go with those "old girls"; they would rather play ball with the "big fellers." Yet, somehow, in spite of all these declarations of independence, one by one the boys came following after, and the cavalcade was a merry one, making the country roads ring with the sweet music of happy young voices.

Sometimes the walks were for the gathering of flowers, nuts, or leaves. Again, the children would investigate the doings of certain turtle or frog families, or of a favorite caddis colony on the stones by the brook. Sometimes, there was no objective point sought,—a good time being the frank aim of the expedition. And always the party returned happy, if muddy and disheveled, and always

laden with the spoils of wood and field.

Most unconventional were these walks! There was one charming needle-carpeted slope in the pine grove, where the teacher was always entreated to roll down, "'cause it 's such fun and *just* as easy!"

There were certain birches made expressly for swinging, and a dear brook with such convenient stepping stones! Every one talked at once, no one apparently tried to learn anything; yet all were supremely happy, and the teacher in looking back realizes anew the truth of an old saying, slightly transposed, "Be happy and you will be good."

But the scene changed. The teacher, instead of having thirty or so healthy children under her care in the country, had often double that number of less favored children looking up at her from the little seats of a First Grade class in a city school. Italian, Jewish, Irish, Austrian, Swedish, and German children, as well as those of American blood, were her portion. The teacher was still blest, however, for her lot lay in a part of the city where there were old gardens, an occasional field and many trees.

But to those little people of her schoolroom, every bird not a "sparrer" was a robin, and every flower a rose. Many had drifted in from parts of the city where the ambulance or patrol wagon could awaken more interest than any daisied meadow or the most gorgeous sunset. The teacher was convinced that direct contact with nature alone could cultivate in the children that love which to many of us is one of the positive salvations of existence. Natural objects brought to the schoolroom, while necessary, could never take the place of that "living with" the wonders of creation which even a short time spent under right conditions can afford.

But how was this contact to be gained? Could the school walk help?

The schoolmaster of the district was interested and indulgent. Consequently, one day at recess, the whole sixty set out, two by two, with the teacher, who had planned for them simply to walk the length of one avenue, look at a tulip bed on a certain lawn, and return.

The walk was not a success. The little ones, with the best intentions, could not keep in line. They spilled into the street, tramping cheerfully through the mud, or walked over people's lawns and flower beds.

If the teacher went ahead, those at the foot straggled. If the reverse were attempted, the advance guard rushed forward with joyful whoops which brought the neighbors to their front windows and doors.

Several times shrill wails arose. Sometimes the complaint came: "J'mmy is a-gittin' ahead of me!" or again, "Angelo smashed me, he did!" At one moment, without any apparent reason, about twenty meandered down a side street. When observed and brought back, the other forty had crossed the street and were roosting on Alderman P's costly fence, and watching with delight a testy-tempered little dog who was barking at them from a window.

When the sixty were once more in the schoolroom, Jimmy-Boy dropped nearly a pint of gravel on the floor in his industrious efforts to put it down Emil's back. And a fine penetrating meeow from the back of the room betrayed the fact that Luisita had brought in a baby kitten from the outside world!

The teacher acknowledged herself beaten. She had started wrong. Her conditions were new, her material as well. One thing was clear: until her young barbarians were somewhat tamed, it was sheer folly for her to take them out in the streets alone and unaided.

She considered the matter with care and outlined a plan.

She divided her class into four divisions. The first included the twenty oldest and most reliable of the children, the second an equal number of the very youngest who were well disposed. The third division consisted of about ten or a dozen of those who were easily led into mischief by a stronger, more daring spirit, yet who would do very well if temptation did not approach too near. The last division, it is needless to say, was a choice collection of rogues, bubbling over with fun and mischief yet moved to the good without great difficulty if firmness and patience were exercised.

The teacher talked very seriously with the children about the things that must be considered when they went on the street together, and then said that very soon she should take one of the divisions on a short walk. This division was to be the one that, all things considered, tried the hardest to do well in both lessons and behavior.

It turned out that the second division was chosen, and everything went so successfully and the party returned so rapturously happy that the other pupils were much impressed.

The walk consumed about twenty minutes and the group was in its place ready to file into the school building when the other children did. In cases where the absence was a half hour, the remainder of the class was allowed to play in the yard under the care of several older children from higher grades, until the return of the walkers. The third group had the next chance, much to the chagrin of the oldest children. These clever youngsters had circulated the report that " 'course Miss —— would take the littlest ones first," not entirely comprehending that it was a matter of merit. There was a marked difference in their demeanor after this, and they received the next invitation.

The last division seemed airily indifferent as to whether they had a walk or not, although some of them wept a little when the others set off. But even their turn came, and the teacher found herself making great strides in acquaintance with the quaint, naughty little things.

The walks were continued regularly through the year. Gradually the divisions were combined, until in the spring the entire school went,—happy, alert and behaving perfectly. The teacher observed certain rules in her planning. The walk should never be a long one. It should have some

objective point. The children were to keep together. At the sound of the whistle all conversation or noise should cease. If the children seemed disinclined to obey they were taken instantly back to the schoolhouse.

Once, some of the very small ones conceived it a good plan to keep falling down, for no apparent reason. Without a word the little procession was turned back, although it had only set out. The entire silence of the teacher was most impressive; and it is needless to say there was no falling down when the group again sallied forth.

As time went on the objects sought in the walk grew ever simpler, and the teacher was impressed with the corresponding gain in strength of impression. One day the object might be to pick out the elms along the avenue and notice their seamed and furrowed bark. The next time, it might be to select maples in the same way and realize the smoothness of bark and compare it with that of the elm. At another time it was to see the urn shape of the elm, then the spreading dome of the maple.

One day maples with red blossoms were selected, then those of light green. Later, poplar catkins were found; and at another time the children saw how the light shone through the semi-transparent sac on the elm trees, making the sacs studs of silver.

A gentleman of the neighborhood invited the class to his home to see a bed of crocus cups. The precious flowers came up through a mat of green leaves that later would be studded with the blue eyes of the periwinkle. How lovely the crocuses were—those airy bubbles of yellow, white and purple, all golden-hearted and delicately veined! As the children stood in a double row on the lawn, a little bustling bee in striped gold and brown came buzzing along, dipping first into one, then another cup. It was the first time that many of these children had ever seen a bee, and their faces were eloquent with wonder and delight. To complete their happiness a bold robin promenaded on the lawn just beyond, as if for their especial benefit. They not only saw his red-brown breast, but the black cap, white spectacles, and the white spots on his tail. He gave his cheeriest bugle call, so full of joy and conscious power that the children laughed aloud—the sweetest little laugh of satisfied pleasure—and Sydney exclaimed with almost solemn fervor:—

"O! Miss ——, ain't he the goodest birdie?"

Once again at the schoolhouse, wee Clara volunteered the information: "That bee was a kind bee and would n't hurt you! He said 'Halloa' to me!"

At another time a most gorgeous display of tulips was enjoyed; and one spring day a green bower was found where the dainty Parula Warblers darted back and forth, uttering their airy trills.

A noble white birch was visited, and as the teacher greeted it like a familiar friend, the children all wanted to encircle it with chubby arms and "love" it, too.

The owners of the big houses became interested in these happy little people from the narrower streets and alleys of their vicinity. More than once each child went back to school holding with great care a joyfully received blossom; and several times they sang their Spring songs to those who welcomed them to their gardens.

One lady, an invalid, sent out to them the hyacinth she had been tending, in its dainty jar of old blue Delft. The next day the children begged to lend her their precious pot of hepaticas which had the new fur-covered leaves coming up after the fading of the blossoms. The children tried to hush their merry voices when going past Miss May's window, knowing her many hours of pain. Sometimes she would wave at them from her couch among the cherry blossoms on the upper balcony. And when the brave, dear life went suddenly out, and the children were told, a great awe settled on their sunny faces. One child said, as if reflecting upon the remembered visit: "Will she always have white flowers now in a pretty blue dish?"

There are compensations in these very matters of Nature love and longing, even in a city school. One tree, happily spared the general desolation, may mean much to a child, if he is led into a sense of its aspiring life by a teacher who sees her opportunity. The back yard, the vacant lot, teem with treasures, when we have learned to look.

It is not the abundance of material that makes the Nature lover. One vine clambering up a brick house-wall may open a new world to the mind and heart ready for its lesson. There is no one whose life is so cramped, so remote from Nature's spell, that he is left without some token of her presence.

It is the "inner eye" that sees more and more where we had thought that nothing was visible. It is the spirit in us, the disposition which sways us, the hunger which thrills us, that will determine how we grow in these things.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy courage trained. Know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes or when she 'll say to thee
"I find thee worthy. Do this deed for me"?

THE SUNBEAMS.

GAME AND RECITATION.

By Mary E. Plummer.

Before the Game.

The great round sun in the far blue sky
Is looking down from heaven so high;
He sends his golden sunbeams bright
To make dark places warm and light.

The Game.

Fly, little sunbeams, fly all around,
Shine on the trees and shine on the ground,
Melt all the snow drifts cold and deep,
Wake all the baby leaves that sleep.

Then, when the snow is gone away,
Shine on the garden all the day;
Shine till the closed buds open wide;
Shine till the flow'rs no longer hide.

Fly where the good loving mother sews;
Shine where the laughing baby goes;
Shine where the father works away,—
Works for his family dear all day.

After the Game.

How the little sunbeams bright
Fill our world with joy and light!
Little playmates, you and I
Can be like them if we try.

When we see a face that 's sad
We can try to make it glad;
Sometimes, sunshine we can bring
If a merry song we sing.

When we want to sit and cry
Then we make a cloudy sky;
If, instead, we try to laugh,
That will better be by half.

For if others standing near
See us laughing (though a tear
Makes a rainbow of the smile),
They 'll laugh in a little while.

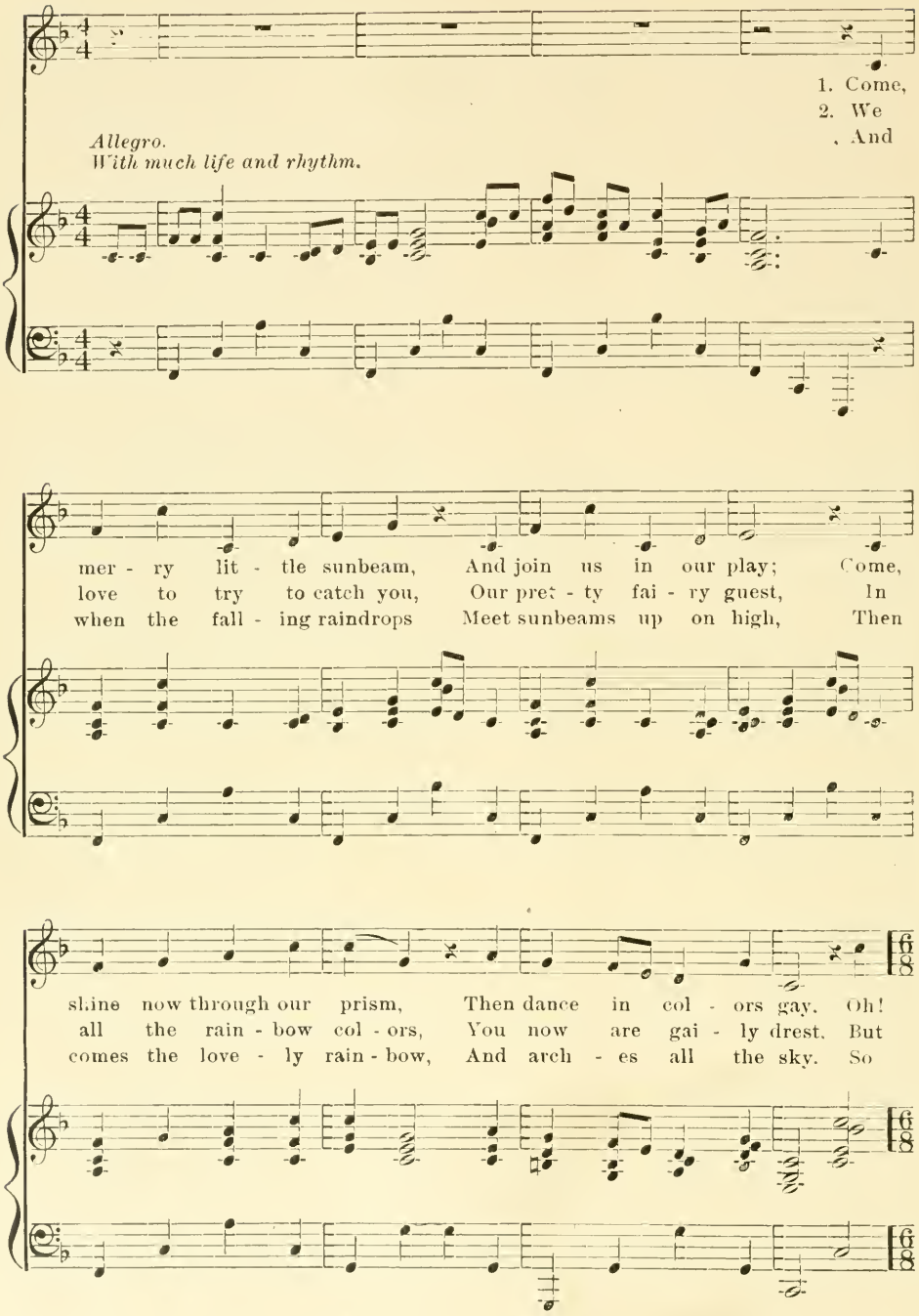
When the mother works all day
Children need not always play;
Many things there are to do
For a child like me or you.

We can tend the baby sweet,
Errands run with busy feet,
Mother's word can quickly mind
And to all be good and kind.

Then, if 't is a rainy day,
We can all at sunbeams play.
Making sunshine, we 'll forget
That outdoors 't is cold and wet.

SONG FOR THE PRISM.

CATHERINE R. WATKINS. JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.



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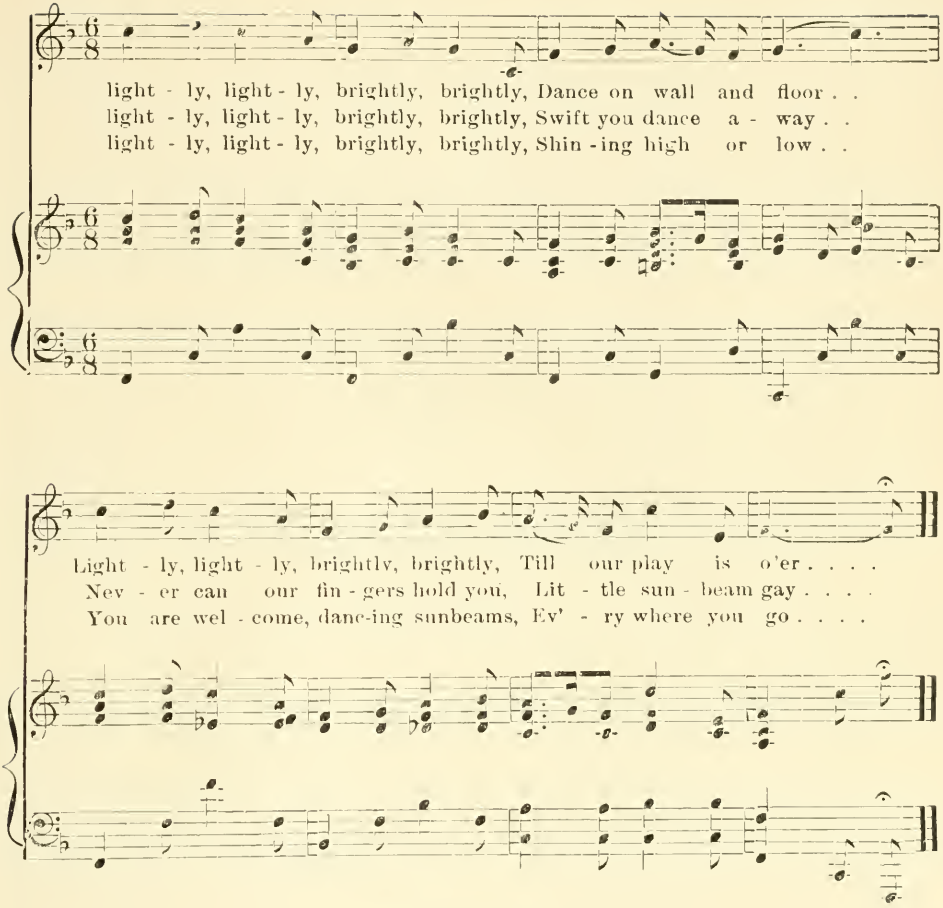

THE BIRTHDAY ROSEBUSH.*

By Mary E. Burfitt.

When little Grace was five years old,
One sunny summer day,
Her mother called, so lovingly,
Her darling from her play.

"I have a gift for you," she said,
"The prettiest ever seen;"
And led her down the garden walk
The flower beds between.

* Written after study of The Flower Basket (Froebel's Mother Play).

Till, standing by a rosebush small,
All fresh and wet with dew,
The mother said: "My precious child,
I give this bush to you.

" 'T is for your birthday; I will trust
This small plant to your care.
Do not forget it, little Grace,
But keep it fresh and fair.

"Here is a little water-pot
To spray it when 't is dry.
You 'll be repaid with sweetest flowers,
Pink roses, by and by."

With dripping water-pot, each day
The little maiden hied
Adown the garden path. At last
A small green bud she spied

Upon her cherished birthday bush;
"And more will soon appear,"
Thought Grace. "But this first blooming rose
Shall be for mother dear."

Day after day, the green bud swelled;
Pink petals crowded fast
Until a perfect, full-blown rose
Swayed in the breeze at last.

Again adown the garden walk,
Past rose-trees thick and tall,
Walked mother dear and little Grace
To birthday bush so small

Crowned with its perfumed blush-pink flower,
The one sweet rose in view!
"O mother dear," said little Grace,
"This first rose is for you."

A simple gift,—the birthday bush;
A simple gift,—the rose;
But child and mother both were blest,
For love, by giving, grows.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE BEAUTIFYING OF HOME AND SCHOOL GROUNDS through the interest and work of the children, and through public action for the children's moral benefit, is being forwarded by many agencies all over our land. All sorts and conditions of soil, plants, methods and people are being considered. New York and Chicago settlements tell us how to make tenement yards and rubbish heaps glow with blossoms and greenery. This can be done, for it has been done. Magazine articles picture little back yards in better portions of the city where the dwellers have made blooming paradises, with an arbored corner, a flowering terrace, a lettuce and radish bed, vine-clad walls and tiny plot of grass. The National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, O., sends its lecturers to all parts of the country, showing wonderful stereopticon views of the transformation effected by its employees with little expense and labor, of bare, ugly factory buildings and factory homes into centers of freshness and beauty. Clifton Johnson has just told, in the *Congregationalist,* how a village teacher with her few boys and girls formed a Clean Country League, the members of which helped to keep the roadsides and hedges free from unsightly trash, to fill up treacherous little holes in the roadways, and to pick up stones which might cause horses to stumble. The *Youth's Companion* furnishes free booklets about the laying out and planting of rural school grounds, how to plant trees, and what trees and shrubs to select for planting. The Stout Manual Training School, of Menomonie, Wis., and Warren H. Manning, of Boston, have issued handbooks, prepared with care and costing a mere bagatelle, giving plans for home and school grounds, and classifications of suitable shrubs, vines, etc. Prof. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University, holds out a helping hand to everybody who wants to get nearer to nature. Name almost any subject wherein school interests touch upon nature, and he will provide you, for a few cents, with an illustrated pamphlet on that very sub-

ject, giving you exactly the information you seek. Secretary James Wilson, of the national Department of Agriculture, is full of ardent interest in the improvement of our country and the development of its people by means of agriculture, and he issues, through his department, much information of the most practical sort. The forestry division of this department has prepared for dissemination a circular containing directions for tree planting which amateurs interested in Arbor Day or the tree question ought to possess. George Hansen, a landscape gardener of Berkeley, Cal., has just sent out a little book called: What is a Kindergarten? The title is not a very good one for the contents of the book, as it is purely a horticultural and zoölogical setting for the kindergarten of which he treats, "having nothing," as he declares, "to suggest toward the teachings in the schoolroom." He is a great believer in the effect of intimate association between man and plants; and his little book is of unique sort inasmuch as it recommends or discards plants, (as far as kindergarten grounds are concerned) entirely as they are calculated to attract and interest the children and to help in forming their minds and characters. Certain trees, shrubs, vines, or other plants are recommended because they are "a boy's delight," "charming to children," "the children enjoy its perfume," "the pith offers material for many pretty toys," "the bark offers many interesting ideas," "they permit of use and are attractive to the child," they are "the most attractive bit of life with which we can brighten a child's days," they will "impress a child for the rest of its life through their strange development of foliage and fruit," "their berries are delightful to every child."

Certain other garden growths are discarded as being "rather too foreign for a child," or "because a child will look at it only with astonishment," whereas "we seek plants with which a child will become familiar."

"We should carefully discriminate," says Mr. Hansen, "in what is to surround our children at this age." "These gardens must offer the child an opportunity to develop. To look upon them primarily as a means for instruction is abusing their purpose and injuring the child." "The teacher shall not attempt to explain any of the habits of those plants with which I insist the child should be surrounded. Some of those habits are not yet understood; others are not comprehensible for a child; and those which are evident in their natural simplicity will reveal themselves to the child in due season." "I insist upon mere association of plants and children. Even if the habits of the

former are apparently overlooked by those less responsive to the development of bough and leaf, the fact of having been in such association will make itself manifest in after years." * * * "If a community would establish sufficient kindergartens of such type, it would require only one generation to remodel the morals of its population."

Oxford, Eng., is to have Courses in English Language and Literature for women students this summer,—beginning the second of July. How delightful to settle down within those classic shades, if for two or three weeks only, and study some masterpiece of English literature under an English professor; to wander over daisy dotted fields and along hawthorn hedges with thoughtful English cousins; to boat on the famous Isis in jolly company; to haunt the beautiful ancient buildings and study their stony lore!

What an oasis of peace such a sojourn would make in a tour of rapid travel! And how the memories of the quiet happy time would cling through later life! Kindergarten Review can give but meager information concerning these Oxford courses; but persons wishing to learn more may inquire of Mrs. Burch, 20 Museum Road, Oxford, England.

Summer Holiday Courses on the Continent in Modern Languages, (French in France and Switzerland, German in Germany, and Spanish in Spain,) have been arranged on an economical basis by a special committee of the London Board of Education. American teachers who are to be abroad this summer may like to look in at the Board of Education Library, St. Stephen's House, Cannon Row, Whitehall, S. W., and learn particulars from the programs there to be consulted.

French courses will be held in France at Tours, Lisieux, Elbeuf, Grenoble, Nancy, Caen, and Paris. All of these are to be in progress during August, but those at Paris, Caen, and Grenoble are open during July also. At Geneva, Lausanne, and Neuchâtel, the courses are six weeks long, —from about the middle of July throughout August.

The Spanish course is to be at Avila, Spain.

A "Handbook" telling about lodgings, cost of tuition, exact dates, and other interesting particulars, as regards the courses at Lisieux, Tours, Elbeuf, and Avila, may be obtained (price 6½d., foreign postage extra,) from the Teachers' Guild, 74 Gower St., London, W. C. A large choice of addresses in Paris, and several addresses in other Holiday course centers, may be found in "Holiday Re-

sorts" (price 1s. 1d., foreign postage extra,) by sending to the same address. (Oh! for the incoming of international postage stamps to be used in the prepayment of just such small purchases, and to be inclosed in foreign letters when a reply is requested! How simple such transactions would then be!)

German courses are to be open at Greifswald, Jena, Kiel, and Marburg. Jena has special interest for kindergartners as one of Froebel's scenes of study, and it is convenient because it lies near the other places to which kindergarten pilgrimages are made. The course here is only of two weeks, beginning August 5. The other courses are of three weeks, all in July, with an additional August course at Marburg.

Sloyd has been arranged for by the London Sloyd Association, at Aberystwyth (Wales), Ambleside (England), Leipzig (Germany), Penarth (Scotland), and Nääs (Sweden). All of these courses are in August, except those at Nääs, which are of six weeks each, beginning June 12, and July 31. Mr. John Cooke, 131 Percy Road, Shepherd's Bush, W., gives information about these.

EACH HOME STRIKES ITS OWN KEYNOTE in the training of its children. In one home, although discipline and interest may flag as regards all else, music will be upheld through thick and thin; in another, thrift will be prominent; in another, the scholarly spirit; in another, hospitality, or fashion, or church observance. Parents do not always consciously intend that this certain keynote shall be struck in the home training. While they suppose themselves to be leading the family tune in one key, their subconscious selves are sometimes carrying it strongly forward in quite another. When their conscious and subconscious selves are both singing lustily in the same key, how mighty is the unison!

Here is an extract from a mother's letter, published in a late number of the *Christian Register*. It is easy to see that *good character* was the keynote in the home training of her boys:—

I think boys and girls are less alike than they used to be. That is due to the age. Everything and everybody is differentiated. We stand splendid chances of getting princes and kings among our boys. There is not the least wonder when a Lincoln is born in a hut. But then, unless untold care is used, the crowns of these princes of ours will be thrown into the gutter of selfishness. Do you know that, though I cannot approve of Mrs. Nation's methods, I fairly chuckle over such an exhibition of pluck and defiance of the enemies of our boys and girls. We mothers have so much interference with our ideals. I love the shoe on my boy's foot. I kiss his empty garments. But then, I never let up on his wrong-doings. The fact is, I dare not, because then

I would rather have an empty coat than himself. I have no patience with shilly-shally parents who have no government, and can stand it when their children are mean or vile or come short of manly ideals. It would kill me. What has astounded me is the endlessness of the patience and watchfulness and the labor and the love that is required. I used to think that, "as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," that what was needed would be mainly accomplished by the time the child had reached twelve or fifteen; but it seems as if the more dangerous places were just then being reached. I have to die daily, all the time,—not that I am a bit sorry, if only I can succeed. My children shall not be just common things, able to buy and sell, go into society; they shall not break laws of social decency, and then die. I will have the world the better for my children. I will not lower my ideal, and I will teach them daily to raise theirs.

CONCERNING A LONG-ANTICIPATED BOOK.*

By Susan E. Blow.

The Life of Baroness von Marenholz-Bülow, written by the devoted niece who was for twenty years her inseparable companion, is a unique contribution to the literature of the Froebelian movement. In 1840 the first kindergarten was established at Blankenburg. In 1849 Baroness von Marenholz-Bülow became acquainted with Frobel. In 1852 Froebel died. At the time of his death the only embodiments of his educational idea were a few isolated kindergartens in Thuringia, Hamburg, Dresden and London. The total number of kindergartens was about twenty and most of them were maintaining a feeble and precarious existence. There was not a single training school for kindergartners in existence, the one conducted by Froebel at Liebenstein having been given up when he died. Baroness von Marenholz survived Froebel forty years. At the time of her death (Jan. 9, 1893) the kindergarten had been successfully introduced into all the great countries of Europe, and had crossed the seas to America, where sixty-five thousand little children were then enjoying its blessings. This marvelous extension of the Froebelian idea was more largely due to the efforts of Baroness von Marenholz than to any other single agency. Endowed by nature with oratorical power and literary skill, and aflame with missionary zeal, she succeeded, within ten years from the time of Froebel's death, in planting the seed of the kindergarten in every country of Europe. The following extract from an article by Dr. Wichard Lange will give some idea of the magnitude and quality of her work:*—

"Well equipped, she entered the great stage of the world as an apostle; not at first as speaker or author, not with ostentation or pretension. Between person and cause she drew the most decided line; she wanted nothing for herself,—neither profit, honor nor riches; her name should remain unknown, nor disclosed even when it was evident that merit and fame were to be gained. This dread, which seems to be a part of the best and noblest women, she was later absolutely obliged to lay aside; for her friends, not so sensitive as herself, could perceive in the appearance of such a woman in the cause of a grand mission, no injury to her womanly dignity but only an important means to the furtherance and extension of the Froebel method of education. Thus she pressed forward and was pressed forward till at last she was, with general consent, recognized as the

* The Life of the Baroness von Marenholz Bülow. By Baroness von Bülow-Wendhausen. William Beverley Harison, New York. $3.50.

* Rheinische Blätter, 1867, p 98, cited in the Memoirs.

chief representative and proper messenger of the kindergarten cause.

"Her method of action was unique. * * * Rank and birth opened to her the highest circles; mind and talent enabled her to take a prominent position in personal intercourse with the greatest of all nations. * * * Where two or three were gathered together in Froebel's name, there she would come among them and work as much through her personal appearance as through her enthusiastic words, practical statements, and excellent propositions. Princes and other people of authority would discourse with her; men of learning of all nationalities would discuss and finally publicly declare their opinion. What was such a woman not capable of doing! The most able and enthusiastic men may be left waiting in the anteroom; they need not be listened to, they may even be shown the door and made to repent of their candor. But towards a lady one must be polite; she must be given attention and rendered every possible service, for no one cares to be a barbarian. Therefore this woman achieved what ten men could not have brought about. She alone is to be thanked for the removal of the prohibition which a Prussian ministry had enacted against the kindergartens. It was she who carried the ideas which lie at the foundation of these institutions into France, England, Holland, Belgium, Russia, Switzerland, Italy, Austria; indeed, it almost seemed as if the German work was to be transplanted into foreign soil, there first to be developed, and thence to return once more to Germany. However, the Fatherland was not left behind, and the Baroness had a greater share in the work achieved on native soil than all other votaries of the Froebel cause."

One great value of the Life of Baroness von Marenholz, as related by her niece, is that it must awaken even in the dullest reader some appreciation of the power of a living idea. We are too prone to think of ideas as mere inert things, and we even picture to ourselves different ideas as lying peacefully side by side in the mind, never jostling, never warring, never fusing. What we need to learn is that an idea is not a thing but a force,—indeed, the most wonderful of all forces. Let us remind ourselves of a few of the images which suggest the energizing power of ideas. A new idea is "the morning light which brightens more and more into the perfect day; it is the spark which kindles a destroying conflagration; it is the leaven which must assimilate to itself all that it finds in the mind; it is the two-edged sword which cuts off the heads of all inimical ideas, in a word, it is the power which is always destroying the old and creating the new world."

A second value of the life of this great apostle of the Froebelian movement is that it defines the particular ideal of which the kindergarten is merely the first embodiment. This ideal is the ideal of nurture. When Froebel conceived the kindergarten, there was begun a revolution which will be completed only when the ideal of nurture has penetrated and transformed our whole civilization. The application of this ideal to infancy and early childhood is a mere point of departure for its universal extension. Wherever there is feebleness, wherever there is ignorance, wherever there is sin the divine impulse of nurture shall go forth to create strength, wisdom, and goodness. The savages in our midst must be nurtured into civilized men. The pagans in our midst must be nurtured into Christianity. More than this, we stand at the dawn of a new day in history, a day in which great Christian nations shall consciously exercise the high function of nurture towards barbarous and arrested peoples. All forms of nurture were implied in the ideal out of which the kindergarten sprang, and the progress of the kindergarten movement has already shown that nurture of the child leads to nurture of the feeble, the ignorant and the sinful; to the nurture of nurturers as the conscious goal of all true education; to the recognition of nurture as the duty of great nations in their relationship to less favored peoples; to a vision of the universe as the divine instrumentality for nurturing human souls, and to a clearer revelation of God as the Supreme Nurturer.

It is always edifying to trace the life experiences through which a great soul is educated for its providential work. In the biography of Baroness von Marenholz these experiences are given in loving detail. We are made acquainted with the thoughtful child who "loved to sit in a corner and read"; with the tender sister, who (as says one of her brothers) was "full of self-sacrifice, a mother to us all, a real angel"; we are shown the young heroine who at nine years of age rescued a younger brother from the flames; we get an impression of the total being of the little girl from the proud words of her father: "Bertha is such a noble crea-

ture." The legendary lore which kindled her childish imagination, the books she read, the events which left deepest impression upon her ardent and generous soul are all recalled. Prominent among the latter are the joy of the child's parents when Germany arose as one man to repel the French; "the touching emotion of the mother when she read the Prussian king's Address to My People; the family celebration of the first German successes; the great excitement when "an uncle came rushing (without a hat) across the fields to tell of the victory of Leipsic; and finally, the exaltation of spirit when the idolized Prince of Brunswick, in his triumphal entry after the war, passed through the Marenholz estate." We are all children of our country and our age, and the reverberation of national emotion is stronger than we realize even in infant minds.

The limits of space forbid even an epitome of the maturer life of the subject of this memoir. We read of her early social experiences and her presentation at the Hanoverian court; of the reaction of her soul against the shallowness of fashionable society; of her increasing delicacy of health; of her marriage and her unselfish devotion to a family of step-children; of her own motherhood with its joys, its aspirations, its pangs, and its sensitive self-condemnation. We are told of peculiar sorrows heroically endured; of an ever widening contact with "many men of many minds"; of a constantly increasing interest in great thoughts. The reaction of this rich and varied life upon an originally gifted soul is clearly revealed in voluminous extracts from a journal kept from the time of the young girl's confirmation at the age of fifteen until the death of the woman of deep and wide experience at the ripe age of eighty-three. These extracts constitute undoubtedly the most valuable feature of the book and should be carefully studied by all kindergartners. From them we learn best to know the generous, sensitive, self-denying, proud, introspective soul, with all its ardor, its aspiration, and its self-reproaches. Through them we come to understand how all the experiences of life were a divine conspiracy to qualify this first apostle for her missionary work; and, what is perhaps of the greatest importance, in their perusal we become aware how even this gifted and highly cultivated mind had to struggle in order to master the insights of Froebel. If this mental wrestle was necessary for her, how much more necessary is it for those who lack her native endowment, who have not had her privilege of personal contact with Froebel's mind, and who have not breathed, as she did, a mental atmosphere saturated with the ideas of which Froebel was only one of many exponents. The best result which can follow a reading of this biography will be a resolve to study more faithfully than ever before the Education of Man, the Pedagogics of the Kindergarten and the Mother Play.

The ideal of nurture is to-day stirring in many minds. The wisdom to give nurture is, however, often lacking even among those who are inflamed with the desire to consecrate themselves to this holiest service. It is therefore important to remember that Froebel not only proclaimed this ideal but suggested practical ways and means for its realization. The kindergarten is not a mere theory of education; it is also an art and a method. The study of this art and method delivers the kindergartner from many contemporary fallacies and I count it a chief merit of the biography of Baroness von Marenholz that throughout its pages Froebel's spirit appears, not as a disembodied ghost, but as a living soul creating and penetrating its appropriate body. The reading of this book, and particularly the study of the extracts from the journal, will contribute largely to the formation of a genuine Froebelian consciousness and this consciousness will help us to weigh more wisely the suggestions of later reformers. Doubtless there are educational insights to which Froebel had not attained; there are improvements to come in educational practice of which he did not dream. True progress is opposed both to blind conservatism and anarchical overthrow. It holds to the past as a point of departure for the present. It knows that only by a synthesis of the past and present can both be transcended. Therefore it is reverent as well as eager, and strives to hold its inner collectedness while never abating its zeal.

The biography of Baroness von Marenholz is the outcome of many years of strenuous and self-sacrificing labor. "After my aunt's death," says the author in her introduction to the book, "I heard the wish expressed from far and wide that I should write her biography." * * * "But I was conscious both of the greatness of the task and the greatness of the responsibility. The task has been even greater than I expected. In writing

the history of this long, great, and full life, the material augmented to such a gigantic degree that I had to work for long days and nights to look it through and to find what I thought necessary for the complete picture of her life."

"In the United States," says our eminent Commissioner of Education,* "should be found the largest number of people to recognize and rejoice over the devoted labors which have given to the public this piece of biography, furnishing a commentary on Froebel's thoughts and aspirations written by his most intelligent friend and patroness." Shall we not all unite with Dr. Harris in returning thanks to the Baroness von Bülow-Wendhausen, to whom we are indebted for this valuable and instructive memorial?

* Introduction to the Memoirs of Baroness von Marenholz-Bülow, by Hon. Wm. T. Harris.

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Book of Nursery Rhymes, Being Mother Goose's Melodies. Arranged in the Order of Attractiveness and Interest. By Charles Welsh. With 170 illustrations by Clara E. Atwood. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. In two parts, each $0.10.

Previous collections of Mother Goose Rhymes have been heterogeneous, or classified from the folk-lore point of view and not with reference to the ideas and needs of the child himself. Now, however, Mr. Charles Welsh, an Englishman and an enthusiast on the subject of Mother Goose, has shown that these rhymes fall naturally into four divisions: Mother Play, Mother Stories, Child Play, Child Stories. The Mother Plays are personal to the child; the Mother Stories are about animals and their doings, other children and other people in relation to the child, and about time and weather; Child Play covers plays, games, riddles, counting-out rhymes, etc.; and Child Stories include stories, proverbs, paradoxes, experience rhymes, rhyming alphabets, etc. The preface, which is really an essay in epitome on the subject, clearly shows that a psychological as well as logical order predetermined these divisions; and therefore the rhymes, in the classification here given, cannot fail to win a more intelligent acceptance than ever before. Mr Welsh is not only an authority on Mother Goose, which he quotes as being "the light literature of the infant scholar," but is also a thoughtful student of the general literature and art of the child world. Readers of Kindergarten Review may recollect an article by him (Dec., 1899) on the Illustration of Books for Children. In that article he advocates *either* black-and-white *or* colored pictures but not *both together* in the same volume. It is not surprising, therefore, to find all of Miss Atwood's 170 illustrations in black-and-white, since we could scarcely expect to have them all in colors at the modest price asked. The pictures are capital. In several cases they really elucidate and develop the idea set forth in the text, and they certainly add to the merry quaintness of the whole. One rather wonders at the admission into the book of a couple of pictures with a very speckly effect; the first is intended to show the ethereal figures of a dream, and the other a "misty, moisty morning." The man and boy in the latter picture look as if they had become inured to living in a dense swarm of gnats and rather enjoyed it than otherwise. The speckly method seems unfortunate in its results. These pictures are only two, however, and the rest are unusually successful in their grace, sprightliness, comicality, and general expressiveness.

Sincerity and ability mark the work of both editor and illustrator in this new edition of Mother Goose's Melodies and make it fit to be included in that series

of pure worth: Heath's Home and School classics. One suggestion in closing: A homemade covering of chintz or fancy calico would make the outside as well as the inside of this book attractive enough for a nursery gift book. The publishers' cover is heavy, tough brown paper,—made for wear.

JUKES-EDWARDS. By A. E. Winship. R. L. Myers & Co., Harrisburg, Pa. Cloth, $0.50; paper, $0.25.

Contrast can no further go in the history of families than is shown in that of the two presented here. Dr. Dugdale, in tracing the careers of the Jukes, did an immense service to philanthropy and education; but the picture was a dark one, showing as it did the terrible and cumulative effects of ignorance and idleness. "For twenty years," says Mr. Winship, "there was a call for a companion picture. Every preacher, orator, and editor who presented the story of the Jukes, with its abhorrent features, wanted the facts for a cheery, comforting, convincing contrast." Jonathan Edwards was an American "of the required prominence, born sufficiently long ago, with the necessary vigor of intellect and strength of character, who had established the habit of having large families"; and the story of his descendants gives the happy contrast desired. The book is "a study in education and heredity."

BOBTAIL DIXIE. By Abbie N. Smith. The Abbey Press, Publishers, New York, $1.00.

This is a very jolly, sensible autobiography. Bobtail Dixie is a clever fox terrier, of pure breed, brought up in the democratic atmosphere of a western town, and by a family of most kindly spirit. This kindly spirit, however, did not serve as an extinguisher to common sense, as is sometimes the case when family pets are under consideration. The doggie's story is told with an easy frankness; it is full of incident; gives just the sort of particulars that children delight in about home and animal life; portrays, with what we feel to be a comical truthfulness, a dog's ideas concerning the acts and thoughts of human creatures; and is illustrated with *bona fide* likenesses of Bobtail Dixie and his friends. Copies may be procured from the author, Miss Abbie N. Smith, Grand Rapids, Mich., as well as from the publishers.

MUSICAL RHYTHMS FOR PIANO; FOR EDUCATIONAL USES. By Arnold D. Scammell. H. F. Chandler, Chicago. $1.00.

An excellent preface by Mrs. Crosby Adams sets forth the claims of rhythm as the foundation of music, and urges the desirability of cultivating the perception and expression of rhythm in early childhood. The fifteen pieces which compose the book are designed to furnish music strongly rhythmic in character, which children will find to their liking, and which will not be of too great technical difficulty for the kindergartner. Put to the proof in the kindergarten, a disinterested verdict of approval has been gained from capable judges. The Bowing Movement is original and graceful, and good for what its name implies. Pussy Cat suggests creeping or gentle tripping and serves well as an accompaniment when the children are to move freely, quickly, yet gently about the room. The music is new and the rhythm delicate. Go to Sleep, Dollies, induces a good swaying motion, and has been found useful in quieting the children after active play before sending them to the tables. It contains a go-to-sleep and a wake-up part. The Reaper's Movement is one of the best for swaying, and also makes a good accompaniment for the slow rising of the children when they represent the growing of plants, and for other representative movements of slow character. Cupid's Frolic is a jolly march. Let's Run is useful when a lively run is desired. Towser's Growl will certainly entertain, as will also Look Out for the Cars.

Enough comment has now been given to show the character of the book, and to recommend it for kindergarten use. New music for frequently recurring occasions is a great refreshment to the player; hence new books which increase the player's opportunity of choice are to be welcomed.

SIXTY SONGS FROM THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD. An Operetta for Children. Words by Mother Goose. Music by L. E. Orth. Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. $1.00.

Those who know Mrs. Orth's Mother Goose without Words know what they may expect in the way of characteristic musical settings for the Mother Goose rhymes in this new book. Gayety, delicacy, fun, and charm,—Mrs. Orth's music

has them all. The melodies are such as children will enjoy and sing with spirit, while their taste will be cultivated by the delightful harmonizing. The songs are not intended for the kindergarten, but Is John Smith Within? would surely be a favorite as a blacksmith song in kindergartens where the children were able to sing it.

THE NOVELLO MUSIC COURSE. FIRST READER. By Francis E. Howard. Novello, Ewer & Co., New York.

Mr. Francis E. Howard is the author of Child Voice in Singing, and writes his book out of the practical experience of a public school supervisor of music. The exercises in this First Reader are written and selected with the idea that the child when learning to read music need not waste time and destroy musical feeling by being confined to exercises which are mere exercises, but that the necessary practice can be given through tuneful phrases, often from the best of musical literature; for instance, as early as exercise 13, we notice that the melody is that of Beethoven's Austrian War Song, exercise 14 is a German chorale, etc. Folk songs from many sources (English, Irish, Scotch, German, Russian, Hungarian, Swedish and Polish) are a special feature, and add greatly to the value of the book, musically. Not so much commendation can be given to the words of these imported songs, however. They are often awkwardly translated and use expressions and rhymes which should not be mated with such good music nor be offered to children who should be receiving training out of rather than into such language. The appendix contains a vocabulary of musical terms and brief notes referring to the prominent composers whose music has been quoted in this First Reader.

MOTHER NATURE'S CHILDREN. By Allen Walton Gould. Ginn & Co., Boston. $1.25.

These chapters, or several of them, at least, were first issued in pamphlet form for use with children as Sunday readings or in Sunday classes. They aim to teach not so much the formal as the spiritual part of nature; to picture the love, care, and mutual dependence of living things, from human beings down to plants; and "to give the children no more of body than shows soul,—as Browning says of painting." Therefore nature is studied through exemplifying instances, which, however, are unified by the simple spiritual truths which they exemplify. The author did not make this book in a hurry. The reading matter has substance and shows conscience, and every picture contributes something definite toward the complete illustration. Facts stated and pictures used have good scientific authority back of them. The present publishers offer the book for school use, and it would make profitable supplementary reading.

THE ARITHMETIC PRIMER. By Frank H. Hall. Werner School Book Co., Chicago. $0.25.

"There is no doubt but that Prof. Hall has the right idea about the teaching of number," says a contemporary, and to this we heartily agree. He is an apostle of light to those who under other teaching might be condemned to sit in arithmetical darkness. "It is perhaps not too much to say that nine tenths of those who dislike arithmetic, or who at least feel that they have no aptitude for mathematics, owe this misfortune to wrong teaching at first." (Psychology of Number.) And Dr. Harris says, in his preface to the book just referred to: "There is no subject taught that is more dangerous to the pupil in the way of deadening his mind and arresting its development, if bad methods are used." The Arithmetic Primer is an independent number book for beginners, designed to precede any arithmetic; but, commencing with so good a primer, why not continue using the same incomparable series?

THE THOUGHT READER. BOOK I. By Maud Summers. Ginn & Co., Boston.

The Thought-and-Action Reader would perhaps give a clearer idea to the uninitiated of the real character of this new book for beginners. Its main purpose is to center the child's attention upon the *thought* to be conveyed, and to do this by taking advantage of the child's love of action, the relation between muscular activity and thought being now generally recognized. The beginning is made through the presentation of action words upon the blackboard, and translation of these words into corresponding action on the part of the teacher and afterwards of the pupils only. Next, sentences are put upon the board and read by the

teacher at the beginning of the lesson, in order that the children may be sure to get the clear and complete image which the sentence is intended to convey. The sentences are such as "Sit on a chair," "Draw a line," "Toss the bean bag," "Form a circle," "Stand in the center, May," etc. These the children translate into action rather than words. Progress is carried on by means of games played or stories read in the schoolroom, through which the children's activity or dramatic interest has been aroused. Sentences from these plays or stories are first silently read by the children and then expressed orally or through dramatic action, as required.

For a complete setting forth of the system (the credit of which Miss Summers attributes to Mr. W. W. Speer, of arithmetical fame) see Suggestions to Teachers at the beginning of the book.

Most of the pictures have been made especially for this reader,—a statement refreshing to make. The main point in these pictures is the action. Although there are many children in them, the pictures are not reproductions from actual photographs of particular Tommys or Susies. The book has a light brown cloth cover, and excellent paper and print.

Wheeler's Graded Readers. A Primer. By Gail H. Calmerton. W. H. Wheeler & Co. $0.30.

Miss Calmerton's primer fulfills very well the conditions set forth in the preface as basal in the making of primers. Not mentioning these conditions, we note what strikes us particularly in regard to the little book. The pictures first attract attention. They are all in black and white—no intermixture of colored plates—thus obeying a primary yet much disregarded dictum in artistic illustration. They are "of a story-telling kind, clearly within the child's world," and they furnish exactly the sort of subject matter to interest little children. That pictures should be "cute and cunning" yet "still of the very highest artistic merit" is impossible; but these have merit and have been chosen with intelligent sympathy. The lessons are lively, colloquial, and call for such expression in reading as the little children can naturally give. They also contain enough substance to prevent the sentences from being disjointed or tedious to the children. The verses for memorizing do not seem worthy of being thus treasured. The spirit of the book is sweet and bright, the type is clear, and the cover pretty.

Easy Stories. By Elizabeth A. Turner. Ginn & Co., Boston. $0.35.

Miss Turner sends out this book of 150 pages for the children, who, having only a year and a half or two years' acquaintance with primers and readers, still need reading matter of great simplicity in subject and language. While we are all in some haste to have children read "the worth while books," "the world's best literature," many teachers do find themselves grateful for books like this. The stories are not mere collections of sentences of "The cat sat on a mat" order, but usually have some slight incident or point.

The Ives First Book. By Mary Isaphene Ives, assisted by Charlotte M. Holloway. William Beverley Harison, New York. $0.30.

The purpose and plan of this book are thus set forth in the preface: "It is the purpose of this first reading book to present the component sounds of English speech in such form as to promote habits of correct utterance. This is done by presenting to the naturally imitative child a photograph of the visible vocal organs taken while in the act of uttering the sound." The book stands almost alone among modern primers in its presentation of letters first, then of syllables (ab, eb, ib, etc.), and then columns of words. This preliminary drill work occupies 91 pages. The last five pages of the book contain reading lessons like those of other first readers.

That clear articulation is not sufficiently valued and worked for in the general teaching of reading is probably true; but the Ives method seems better adapted to teach articulation and elementary reading to deaf children or special classes than for general use.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Potter and Putnam Co., New York. Elementary Inductive Geography. By Mary R. Davis and Charles W. Deane. $0.72.

William Beverley Harison, New York. The Ives First Book. By M. I. Ives and C. M. Holloway. $0.30.

Doubleday, Page and Co., New York. Up from Slavery. By Booker Washington. $1.50.

D. Appleton and Co., New York. Some Ill-used Words. By Alfred Ayres. $1.00.

George Hansen, Berkeley, Cal. What is a Kindergarten? By George Hansen. $0.75.

The Macmillan Co., New York. The Child: His Nature and Nurture. W. B. Drummond. $0.40.

Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. Masters of French Literature. By George McLean Harper. $1.25.

Small, Maynard and Co., Boston. Louis Agassiz. By Alice Bache Gould. $0.75.

J. R. Weldin Co., Pittsburg, Pa. Stories for Kindergartners and Kindchen. By Mary E. Bakewell. $0.50.

Silver, Burdett and Co., Boston. Bird Day, and How to Prepare for it. By C. A. Babcock. $0.50.

Longmans, Green and Co., New York. Chatty Readings in Elementary Science. Books 1, 2, 3, Nature Knowledge. Nos. 1 and 2, $0.36; No. 3, $0.45.

C. C. Birchard and Co., Boston. Constructive Form Work. An Introduction to geometry for grammar grades. By W. N. Hailmann.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

Four Weeks in Nova Scotia for Fifty Dollars. By L. C. E. Journal of Education, April 18.

Why Not Endow Music? By W. S. B. Mathews. Music, March.

The Public Library and the Public School. By George Iles. The World's Work, May.

Productive Scholarship in America. By Hugo Münsterberg. Atlantic Monthly, May.

The Peace Conference at The Hague. By Edward Everett Hale. The Forum, April.

Edward Everett Hale. By George P. Morris. American Monthly Review of Reviews, May.

On the Relation of Settlement Work to the Evils of Poverty. By J. G. Phelps Stokes. The Meaning of Social Work. By Bernard Bosanquet. International Journal of Ethics, April.

The People and the Schools. By Katharine H. Shute. Educational Review, May.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Detroit, Mich., July 8-12, 1901.

The program arranged for the N. E. A. promises a convention of unusual excellence and interest. There will be eight sessions of the General Association, six sessions of the National Council, five sessions of the Department of Indian Education, and two sessions of each of the other sixteen departments, making fifty-one sessions in all, including over one hundred and fifty prepared papers on educational questions by eminent educators besides numerous discussions, round tables, and conferences.

The Local Executive Committee at Detroit have provided eighteen halls for meetings and all other facilities for successful convention sessions.

DEPARTMENTS OF KINDERGARTEN EDUCATION AND CHILD STUDY.

Joint Sessions in Woodward Avenue Baptist Church.

Kindergarten Department: Miss Evelyn Holmes, Charleston, S. C., president; Miss Caroline M. C. Hart, Mt. Washington, Md., vice-president; Miss Annie Laws, Cincinnati, Ohio, secretary.

Child Study Department: Thomas P. Bailey, Jr., Chicago, Ill., president; Miss

Marion Brown, New Orleans, La., vice-president; Manfred J. Holmes, Normal, Ill., secretary.

Wednesday Afternoon, July 10.

General topic for both sessions,—Rhythm of Work and Play.

1. President's address, Work and Play, Thos. P. Bailey, Jr., president, Department of Child Study; assistant professor of pedagogy, University of Chicago.

2. Work and Play for the Kindergarten Child, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, superintendent of Chicago Froebel Association, Chicago, Ill.

3. Work and Play for the Child of the Elementary School, Miss Charlotte M. Powe, supervisor of primary grades, city schools, Columbia, S. C.

4. Work and Play in Adolescence, M. V. O'Shea, professor of the science and art of education, University of Wisconsin.

Thursday Afternoon, June 11.

1. (Subject to be supplied)—Miss Evelyn Holmes, president, Kindergarten Department, N. E. A.; director, South Carolina Kindergarten Training School, Charleston, S. C.

2. Paper (to be supplied).

3. Rhythm in the Kindergarten with Illustrations from Experience, Mrs. Ethel Roe Lindgren, director in Chicago Kindergarten Institute, Chicago, Ill.

4. General discussion of papers read at both sessions.

Note—A Parents' Conference will be held on Friday afternoon, July 12, at which many distinguished teachers will be present and take part in the informal discussions.

Rates and Ticket Conditions. A rate of one first-class limited fare for the round trip, plus $2.00 membership fee has already been granted by nearly every railway line.

The dates of sale in the various passenger association territories will be three consecutive dates, such as will enable the passenger to reach Detroit by the usual train service between noon of July 6 and noon of July 9.

All tickets will provide for continuous passage in both directions, excepting that stop-overs will be granted in Trans-Continental Association territory on the return trip, and that a stop-over of ten days will be granted at Niagara Falls or Buffalo on the return trip on all tickets reading through those points.

All tickets are limited to reach Detroit not later than July 9, and returning to leave Detroit not earlier than July 9, nor later than July 15, with provision that tickets may be extended for return to any date not later than September 1, by depositing the same with the Joint Railway Agent in Detroit on or before July 15 and paying a deposit fee of fifty cents.

A variable route on tickets returning through Niagara Falls or Buffalo is provided to enable the passenger, at some additional expense, to return via the St. Lawrence route.

A variable route is also provided for tickets reading to Detroit via Chicago which will enable the passenger to exchange the return railway coupon, from Detroit to Chicago, for transportation without extra charge on steamers of the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Co., and the Manitou Steamship Co., to Chicago via Mackinac. A similar option is granted on all rail tickets between Detroit and Buffalo.

Deposit of Tickets. The Central Passenger Association, the Michigan Passenger Association, and all railway and boat lines terminal in Detroit have adopted a new and convenient plan for the deposit of tickets at Detroit, which, it is believed, will be found mutually satisfactory, as follows:—

All round trip tickets to Detroit sold at N. E. A. rates shall be of a certain form specified by the Central Passenger Association. This ticket will include, at the head of the "Special Contract," a purchaser's receipt at the top of which will be attached the usual N. E. A. railway membership coupon. The conductor of the train entering Detroit will collect the return portion of each ticket, leaving with the passenger the "Purchaser's Receipt" for such return ticket, and the attached "Membership Coupon." These collected return tickets will be deposited by the conductor, on the arrival of each train, with the Joint Railway Agent at the Detroit terminal depot at which the passenger arrives. The return ticket may be obtained by the original purchaser, when ready to leave Detroit on the return journey, by presenting the "Purchaser's Receipt" to the Joint Agent located at the same depot at which the passenger arrived, in accordance with the printed directions on such receipt.

All return tickets claimed on or before July 15th will be validated without

charge. All tickets remaining on deposit after July 15th will be extended until the date on which they are claimed,—in no case later than September 1st,—and a deposit fee of fifty cents will be charged at the time of validation for return.

It will be seen that this method of deposit will relieve the purchaser of the necessity for seeking the Joint Agent at Detroit, and personally depositing his ticket or for making special application for extension of ticket if such extension is desired.

On arrival in Detroit the Purchaser's Receipt with attached Membership Coupon should be presented to the Registration Bureau of the N. E. A., and the railway membership coupon exchanged for an official N. E. A. membership certificate, including a coupon for the volume of Proceedings, and a badge entitling the wearer to all privileges of membership at the convention.

If the local railway agent at any selling point is not provided with the form of ticket specified above, an exchange order should be purchased on some point where such tickets may be obtained, since only tickets of the prescribed form will be accepted for deposit in Detroit.

It is especially important that every ticket holder read carefully the "Special Contract" printed on the face of the ticket, and the "Notice to Purchasers" printed on the back of the purchaser's receipt. It is also important to see that each ticket bears a railway N. E. A. membership coupon and that it is not collected or detached by anyone excepting the clerk at N. E. A. registration headquarters in Detroit.

Careful attention to the above points will prevent the embarrassment to ticket holders of misunderstandings and errors, and will facilitate both the deposit of tickets and the registration at Detroit.

Headquarters and Accommodations. The National Executive Committee, and the officers of the various departments, will have their headquarters in the banquet room of the Hotel Cadillac. Twenty-one parlors in the headquarters hotel have been reserved for state headquarters.

The Executive Committee are pleased to recognize the evident disposition of the hotels of Detroit to maintain their regular rates during the convention without crowding their accommodations beyond reasonable limits.

The managers of the headquarters hotel have filed with the Executive Committee a contract with room-diagram showing price and location of each room, and the number of persons that will be expected to occupy each room. These rates have been accepted by the committee as reasonable and satisfactory for the accommodations furnished.

Schedules of prices have been filed by the leading hotels.

The Local Committee on Accommodations expect to provide entertainment in the homes of the city of Detroit for from 12,000 to 15,000 guests at rates varying from $1.00 to $1.50 per day.

Applications for entertainment should be made early to O. G. Frederick, chairman, Local Executive Committee, N. E. A., 50 Miami Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The Committees on Reception and on Accommodations have adopted excellent plans for receiving guests on the arrival of every train at each of the three Detroit terminal depots. It is the purpose to meet and escort to any desired locality every N. E. A. visitor arriving in Detroit between noon of July 6 and noon of July 9.

Side Trips. The situation of Detroit as the gateway to the famous and beautiful vacation resorts of the Great Lakes and Canada has made it possible to secure unusually attractive side trips at very low rates with the usual extension of tickets for return until the close of the teachers' vacation, September 1st.

Special arrangements have been made for visiting the Pan-American Exposition, after the convention, at the very low rate of $4.00 for the round trip from Detroit by boat, and $8.00 by rail. Tickets reading to Detroit via Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo or Niagara Falls are allowed a ten days stop-over on the return trip to visit the Pan-American Exposition.

Teachers from the South and West are offered side trip tickets from Detroit to the East as low as $15.00 to Montreal and return, and $18.00 to Quebec and return, from which places visits may be made to New England points, if desired, at the usual summer tourist rates. Holders of these tickets will be granted stop-overs at all places en route and a free side trip from Hamilton or Toronto to Buffalo and return.

The beautiful vacation region about Mackinac may be reached for $4.00 for the round trip from Detroit by boat, and for half fare by rail.

These side trips extend as far west and north as Duluth, Minneapolis and St.

Paul at a common rate to those points of $15.00 for the round trip from Detroit by boat and rail via Mackinac.

Local Excursions. The excursions which will be offered in the vicinity of Detroit during and after the convention are numerous. Prominent among these may be mentioned the hourly trips by boats to Detroit's beautiful river park, Belle Isle, at 10 cents for the round trip.

Tri-daily trips may be made from Detroit to St. Clair Flats by the palatial steamers of the White Star line at a rate of 50 cents for the round trip.

Hotel rates at the St. Clair Flats are from $1.00 to $2.00 per day and from $7.00 to $10.00 per week.

A postal card application to A. A. Schantz, chairman of the Local Committee on N. E. A. excursions, Detroit, Mich., will secure beautiful, illustrated booklets giving full particulars of the attractive rates and routes offered.

It must be apparent that from all parts of the country the Detroit N. E. A. convention rate, with the generous extension of the return limit of tickets to September 1st,—combined with the stopover and side trip privileges,— offers the most favorable rate to the Pan-American Exposition, and in addition enables the purchaser to attend the sessions of the National Educational Association, and to visit at slight additional expense some of the most attractive vacation resorts in America.

A beautiful, illustrated booklet of fifty pages, setting forth the historic, scenic, and other attractions of Detroit, and giving full information as to local arrangements, has been issued by the Local Executive Committee, and will be mailed to any address upon application.

A GARDEN ACHIEVED.

By Clara B. Cobb.

My ideal setting for a kindergarten is a low, ivy-clad building situated in a good-sized, pretty, and well-planned garden. Climbing roses peep in at the large windows. Inside, there are hard wood floors, huge fireplaces, dainty muslin curtains, fine pictures, casts, and plants, and neat furniture. Everything is cozy and homelike, with nothing formal or cold in its furnishings. In front of the building is a pretty lawn; and at the back are beds for flowers and vegetables, and also fruit trees and bushes,—not forgetting a pigeon-house and a fine old shade tree to sit under when we are tired of digging, hoeing, and raking. In one corner there is a large sand-pile where the babies can dig to their hearts' content.

Of course, we cannot all have this ideal environment for our children, but must make the best of what we do have. We aim to cultivate in little children a love for the beautiful. We can only do this by surrounding them with beauty, both spiritual and material. They must feel it in our relations with them; and unless we ourselves have a very deep love for the beautiful we cannot expect to be able to interpret to them the beauty of the great outside world.

Some one has said something to this effect about our kindergarten

rooms: Our curtains are the symbols which interpret the clouds; our globes of gold fish, the brooks; our singing birds, the woods; our plants, the fields; and the pictures on our walls, the everlasting hills. Their character will act magnetically upon the child, and their influence reach to his very soul.

The children can be brought very close to Nature through living contact with her; through their own personal activity and experience in the cultivation of the soil.

I taught for five years before I was able to get a garden; but last year my hopes were realized and we were given three long beds, one running across the back of the yard, and one on each side of a walk, leading to the bed at the back.

I cannot tell you the pleasure which this garden has given the children. To it, almost every morning, some child leads a reluctant mother, who is "too busy to stop to bother," and who expects to see something very insignificant indeed. I wish you could hear their words of surprise and thanks when these mothers discover what we have helped their children to do. This alone has amply repaid us for our trouble.

I feel that the influence of this garden on the neighborhood has been very far reaching. Although we are in a district abounding with mischievous boys, yet not one bloom has been disturbed. All, big and little, seem to feel an interest in the garden, because the work has been done by such little children. Last year, a very poor woman brought me a beautiful basket of pansies to be set out in our garden because she had no place at home where they could grow, and she had noticed our garden in passing on her way to work.

I knew almost nothing about a garden when we began and had to learn by experience. If others can profit by what I have done, I shall be glad.

I planned the garden with the idea of having a succession of blooms through April, May, and June, September, October, and November,—not planting flowers or vegetables which bloom or ripen in July and August. Last year our pansies bloomed until Christmas, outlasting everything else.

In the fall, we set out our bulbs, a dozen each of snowdrops, crocuses, hyacinths, tulips, and daffodils. The snowdrops and crocuses were put across the front of the bed, and the hyacinths, tulips, and daffodils back of these, leaving plenty of room so that as they increase the bed will not be too crowded. During the winter they were very carefully covered with a dressing which we raked off, the first of April. I shall never forget the look of awe which crept into the children's faces when we discovered our first snowdrop. The rich blooms of the hyacinths, daffodils, and tulips simply amazed the children, most of whom had never seen anything of the kind outside of a hothouse. This bed is the one across the back of the yard and is in front of a shed which is very unsightly. Against this shed I had the children plant two honeysuckles, and also a crimson and a white rambler rosebush. In time we hope that they will cover the building. Next

to these, in the same bed, the children transplanted lilies of the valley and violets from the home gardens. We also have in the same bed a lilac and a wild rosebush; and, in the corner, a rhubarb plant.

In the second bed we have our potato hills, the back row planted by the older children and the front row by the little ones. Next comes our miniature cornfield; then come our oats, and then our blackberry, raspberry, thimbleberry, and currant bushes with a long line of phlox, lilies, and ox-eyed daisies, with a low border, in front, of alyssum and mignonette.

In the third bed are our onions, dwarf beans, peas, radishes and lettuce. A seed catalogue taught me how to plant them. Besides these, we have a little strawberry bed and a bed of nasturtiums and pansies, the children's favorite flowers.

After the tulips get through blooming, we set out asters, chrysanthemums, and geraniums, so as to have flowers in the fall. On one side of the yard there is an ugly stone wall against which we have planted and trained ampelopsis, that most beautiful of ivies. Besides this, we have also planted castor oil beans and morning glories to hide the fence.

The children bring a great many of the seeds, and each child brings his own tools,—a rake, hoe, and shovel. If he is too poor to get these, he brings an iron spoon. We put the children's names upon their tools, which are taken home at the end of the term.

This garden work trains the children's muscles, gives a new interest in kindergarten, arouses the children's imagination, trains their minds, makes them unselfish, patient, and helpful, and teaches them self-control. They are brought nearer to God, who speaks to them through the voices of Nature. It is our mission to help them to hear God's messages.

EVENTS, REPORTS, AND PLANS FOR THE SUMMER.

The next meeting of the *Allgemeine Kindergärtnerinnen-Verein* will be held during the last week in July at Blankenburg, Schwartzathal, Germany. American kindergartners who are going abroad this summer will find this a good time to make a tour of the Froebel country. Fräulein Heerwart, the president of the German I. K. U., welcomes foreign kindergartners with kind cordiality.

The Froebel Circle of King's Daughters of Savannah, Ga., consisting of twenty energetic girls, has bought a cottage for a seashore home for waifs at Tybee, and has paid $1,300 of the $1,500 which it cost. A matron and cook are in charge, and during the last year one hundred and eighty children were cared for there. Besides this, a day nursery has been supported during the entire year, and a Christmas tree entertainment was given to five hundred children. The society started three years ago, with a capital of $150. The first season fifty little ones were cared for on one floor of a cottage at Tybee. The second year the society entertained one hundred and twenty-five children in a rented house.

Miss Anna W. Williams, Supervisor of Public Kindergartens in Philadelphia,

will be one of the special lecturers during the summer term of the Grand Rapids, Mich., Kindergarten Training School of which Mrs. Lucretia Willard Treat is principal.

A mothers' kindergarten association was recently organized at Marion, O., by the election of Mrs. Edward Thomas, president; Mrs. D. O. Weeks, vice-president; Miss Mary E. Littell, secretary and treasurer.

Miss Helen L. Southgate, who is to have charge of the new kindergarten training class and the supervisorship of the kindergartens of Concord, N. H., has taken four years of preparatory training with Miss Brown of Boston and six years of practical work in the schoolroom.

Three miles east of Spooner, on Spooner Lake, Washburn county, Wis., are located the summer headquarters of an association of teachers and their friends for rest and recreation, where there is an abundance of trees, flowers, birds, wild berries, trailing arbutus, wintergreen, geological formations, wild animals, mounds, a village of Chippewa Indians, good boating, hunting, and fishing. Spooner lake has a coast line of ten miles, and contains four beautifully wooded islands; mineral springs, trout brooks, and lakes abound in the vicinity. Substantial board is furnished at Rest Inn, a large rustic log hotel, near the lake, at $3.00 a week table board, or at $4.00, including bunk lodgings.

A kindergarten association has recently been organized in Lewiston and Auburn, Me., with officers as follows: President, Miss Virginia W. Evans, Lewiston; vice-president, Miss Edith Lee, Auburn; secretary and treasurer, Miss Laura Smith, Lewiston. In the kindergarten connected with the city training school, under the directorship of Miss Evans, mothers' meetings have been organized, and the kindergarten movement in the city has many supporters.

The Free Kindergarten Association at Muncie, Ind., adopted a novel and enterprising plan to raise money to conduct the kindergartens this spring. The members sent out five hundred letters to wholesale houses all over the country, asking for "samples." Business houses offer to send samples merely as advertising matter. When the association members have received enough samples, they will rent a room and start a "general store." This idea has been tried successfully in several cities.

Miss Margaret G. Ruggles will open a kindergarten at her home, 29 Main street, Thomaston, Me., for a summer term of thirteen weeks, beginning the first of June.

At the Training School for Girls of Cuba, on Compostella street in Havana, nothing in the way of equipment has been denied. In the kitchen, where cooking is taught, rows of little gas stoves are set out on tables. Each child has its own stove, and its compartment under the table for its cooking utensils. A Cuban stove is at one end of the room, so that Cuban methods may not be neglected. There is a complete set of blue and white china sufficient for the table. The children are taught not only how to set the table but to wait on it. Infinite pains are taken in the sewing classes. Polished tables large enough for six children to gather about are placed around the room. In the kitchen garden the children learn how to sweep and to wash dishes, to arrange a room and to answer the bell when a visitor is announced. Every day there is a half-hour class in singing; then at the close of the day there is a lesson in physical culture. The kindergarten is in charge of Miss Emma Tracy, a graduate of the School of Ethical Culture in New York.

Richard G. Boone, superintendent of schools, Cincinnati, has assumed the editorship of *Education*, published by Kasson & Palmer, of Boston, without, however, surrendering his work at Cincinnati.

A kindergarten was opened in April in connection with the Akron, N. Y., high school. Miss Emma Saxton, of Oakfield, is the kindergartner.

In New York City fourteen vacation schools have been designated with the proviso that their choice does not interfere with the repairs of the buildings. In some of these buildings afternoon and evening sessions of playground work will be held. In addition thirty schools will be designated as playgrounds for two or three sessions a day. There will also be recreation pier schools, swimming baths, outdoor gymnasiums, and kindergartens. One group of supervising teachers has already been appointed.

The London, Ont., Froebel Society spent Friday evening, May 3, at the London Normal School, in games with the normal students. The first part of the program was devoted to kindergarten ring and ball games, ending with Soldier Boy. The latter half was made up of such traditional games as are played

in school yards in Ontario, being part of a collection of such games made by Vice-Principal Dearness. To the kindergartners most of these games were new, but kindergartners and normal students alike entered into them with enjoyment and a very jolly evening was spent. It is probable that one such evening will be held for each class in future. The normal class numbers nearly ninety.

With the June number the Indianapolis *Kindergarten Monthly* will be discontinued. Persons whose subscriptions have not expired may have back numbers sent to them, or the money will be refunded.

A parents' circle has been organized at Troy, N. Y., with Mrs. Fannie Ott as president, and Mrs. Joseph Burley, secretary.

The Pine Tree Kindergarten Association, Portland, Me., is now actively engaged making arrangements for the summer kindergartens to be in session during July and August.

Miss Eliza Macfarlane, of Pittsburg, Pa., whose engagement to Mr. James I. Buchanan has just been announced, has resigned her position as secretary and treasurer of the Pittsburg Kindergarten College.

Over one hundred colored children gave an April festival April 19 in the parlors of the Young Men's Educational Aid Association of Boston. The receipts are to be given in aid of a kindergarten for colored children in Atlanta, Ga.

The National Council of Women of Canada held its annual meeting in London, May 16-22. The city teachers tendered the visitors a reception on May 20, at the normal school. At the evening meeting which followed Mrs. James L. Hughes, of Toronto, read a paper on Household Economics as a subject for Social Study Circles. Mrs. Hughes presided Tuesday evening, May 21, over a Round Table Conference of Mothers and Teachers.

St. Louis set a good example to other cities in sending out the following invitation after the return of the delegates and other kindergartners from the I. K. U. convention. At this special meeting (similar ones are held each year after the I. K. U. convention) every kindergartner who made the trip takes part in giving the general account. In telling about the kindergartens visited, the kindergartners are asked to give positive criticism only; to state the things they liked, and thought might be helpful, among the various things they saw. All the reports are rendered without notes, and these meetings have proved extremely interesting to the stay-at-homes:—

St. Louis, April 19, 1901.

To Kindergarten Directors, Paid and Volunteer Assistants and Associate Members:—

A special meeting of the St. Louis Froebel Society will be held at the Crow Kindergarten, Tuesday afternoon, April 23d, at four o'clock to hear the reports of delegates to the International Kindergarten Union and reports of visits to Chicago kindergartens.

Every kindergartner in the city should be present to participate in the pleasure of this meeting.

MARY C. MCCULLOCH, *President.*
ELIZABETH LONGMAN, *Cor.-Secretary.*

A new building, which is practically paid for, has recently been erected in the neighborhood of the cotton mills of Anniston, Ala. This is the result of the zealous efforts of the Free Kindergarten Association, whose officers are: Mrs. W. W. Stringfellow, president; Mrs. A. L. Tyler, Jr., and Mrs. Sol. Ullman, vice-presidents; Mrs. J. H. Hill (succeeding Mrs. O'Bryant), secretary; and Mrs. John B. Knox, treasurer. The kindergarten, which is probably installed in its new quarters by this time, numbers forty-five children. Mrs. Daisy B. Walsh is in charge, with Miss Seaman as assistant. The kindergarten is in its third year.

A kindergarten association has been organized at Norfolk, Va., and the following officers elected: President, Mrs. Edward Mack; first vice-president, Mrs. Wm. Tait; second vice-president, Miss Margaret Roper; recording secretary, Mrs. Wm. W. Freeman; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Wm. T. Brooke; treasurer, Mrs. Morris K. King. The immediate, practical work of the association is the encouragement of private kindergartens in different parts of the city, the formation of a training class, and the founding of a free kindergarten. The women hope to arouse sufficient enthusiasm for the latter by awakening the interest of all classes so as to make the financial question an easy one, and the outlook is already most encouraging.

The seventh annual congress of the Illinois Society for Child Study, which was held at Chicago the first week in May, was declared to be the most successful one in the history of the society. Nearly

fifty new members have been added to the rolls this year, and an increased interest in the child study work is noticeable all over the country. There are at present nearly three hundred active workers in the society and nearly as many more on the honorary rolls. These officers were elected: President, Professor Fred W. Smedley, University of Chicago; first vice-president, Mrs. R. B. M'Mullen, of Evanston, president of the National Woman's Congress; second vice-president, Professor John W. Cook, president of the State Normal School; third vice-president, Mrs. Alice Putnam, president of the International Kindergarten Union; secretary and treasurer, Charles C. Krauskopf, assistant superintendent of child study department in Chicago schools.

The regular monthly meeting of the Kraus Alumni Kindergarten Association, held at the Hotel San Remo, New York City, April 27, was devoted to the reports of delegates who attended the Chicago meeting of the I. K. U. Miss Anna Harvey gave an account of the meeting as a whole, taking care not to deprive speakers who were to succeed her, of their particular points; Miss Fanniebelle Curtis reported briefly concerning the Round Table on Supervision; Mr. E. Steiger, Jr., read extracts from Colonel Parker's address and gave an account of the exhibit of kindergarten work he had seen in Chicago. Miss Caroline T. Haven followed with a brief account of the meeting at Hull House. She spoke particularly of the children's singing and of the perfect voice training it implied. Miss Alice E. Fitts, of Pratt Institute, told of a kindergarten unlike those in our Eastern cities, which she visited one morning. She had obtained bits of the children's work from this kindergarten, which were passed in the audience. Mrs. Langzettel was asked for an account of The Round Table on Stories, to which she responded. Miss Cynthia P. Dozier gave "some personal impressions" of the Chicago meeting. She spoke with great enthusiasm of the spirit and the alive-ness of the work that is being done in Chicago. Mrs. Kraus spoke a few words in appreciation of all that had been said of interest and profit and inspiration by those who had been in Chicago. Miss Mary D. Runyan, who was to have spoken on The Social Features of the Meeting, and Miss Geraldine O'Grady, who was invited to speak of The Round Table on Programs, were both unable to be present.

The Jenny Hunter Alumnæ Association held a social meeting recently at the free kindergarten in 123d street, New York city. The chairman of the entertainment committee, Mrs. Anna T. Jones, provided a most enjoyable program, including vocal and instrumental music, recitations and games, after which refreshments were served. At the business session, which preceded the social, the free kindergarten was reported as being in a flourishing condition and the prospects for next year most promising. Miss Hunter also gave a short talk on the recent kindergarten convention in Chicago.

At the annual meeting of the Birmingham, Ala., Colored Kindergarten Association it was reported that forty-five pupils have been enrolled in the St. Mark's kindergarten since it was opened in September. The average attendance has been twenty-four. The kindergarten is in charge of Miss Naomi Ketchens.

The Kindergarten Club, of Seattle, Wash., held a reception at the Rainier-Grand Hotel May 2 in honor of the entire Federated Women's Clubs of Seattle. The Federation is made up of twelve women's clubs.

The board of education of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., at a special meeting decided to build an addition to the Governor Clinton School to be used for a kindergarten.

The Chicago Kindergarten Club met on Saturday, May 11, for its annual meeting. Reports were given by the officers and chairmen of committees. These were encouraging, showing the club to have a larger membership and to be in better condition financially than ever before. Mrs. A. H. Putnam, the president for the year just closed, will be succeeded by Miss Anne Allen, of the Chicago Institute.

Kindergartners visiting Boston during the summer are requested to bear in mind that the Elizabeth Peabody House, having removed to larger and pleasanter quarters, has accommodations for more residents; and that kindergartners and others interested may go there even for short periods. The weekly expense for one person is six dollars; and each resident takes some share in the settlement work, either in the kindergarten, the flower mission work, or some of the classes or clubs. The time devoted to the settlement work allows, however, plenty of

time for the residents to pursue some other interest, study in some of the summer courses at Harvard or the Institute of Technology, sight-seeing, etc. Kindergartners would be given the preference as temporary or permanent residents. The new home is attractive and commodious, is very near to the beautiful riverside park of Charles-bank and in a convenient situation with regard to many lines of electric cars. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing Miss Mary J. Garland, 29 West Cedar street, Boston, Mass., or Miss Emilie Poulsson, Waban, Mass.

Superintendent Van Sickle of Baltimore, Md., has reported to the school board a preliminary plan for the introduction of the kindergarten system authorized by the board to begin with the next scholastic year.

He recommended that Miss Carolyn Hart and Miss Laura Beatty be invited to act with him in conducting the examination of candidates. In relation to the connection of the kindergarten with the public schools Mr. Van Sickle says:—

"It is very desirable that teachers in the lowest primary grades be somewhat acquainted with the kindergarten theory and practice, and it is equally important that kindergarten teachers know something of the primary work in the lowest grades. By joint conferences with the kindergarten teachers and the teachers of the lowest primary grades we shall be able to avoid the difficulty so often experienced — that of a gulf between the primary school and a kindergarten. There should be no break between the two."

A number of Allegheny, Pa., women who are interested in the kindergarten work being conducted at the Fourth ward school have formed the Agenda Auxiliary Club, with these officers: President, Mrs. Laura E. Moore; vice-president, Mrs. P. Colligan; secretary, Miss Blanche A. Moore; director of the kindergarten, and treasurer, Mrs. Ober. The objects of the organization are to interest mothers in kindergarten work, visit the poor and sick of the ward, and maintain a free cot in a hospital.

Two movements are on foot which are expected to result in good to the public schools of West Des Moines, Ia. The first was inaugurated by the Des Moines Froebel Association and is expected to result in the establishment of a free vacation school in one of the West Des Moines buildings. The second is backed by Superintendent S. H. Sheakley, City Librarian Ella McLoney, and the city library board, and is expected to result in a more general use of library books by school children. For the present it is proposed to secure the free use of one of the West Des Moines buildings during the summer vacation, and maintain the school by voluntary subscription. Later, it is believed, the district will see the advisability of maintaining such an institution and will arrange for its entire support.

THE MOTHERS' CONGRESS.

The fifth annual meeting of the National Congress of Mothers was held at the Goodale street auditorium, Columbus, Ohio, May 21-29.

Two of the morning sessions were devoted to reports of officers, committees and delegates from state organizations.

In addition to the usual addresses there were conferences of interest on Teaching Speech to Little Dumb Children, led by Miss Mary S. Garrett; Vacation Schools, by Mrs Edgar M. Hatton; also a Conference of Parents and Teachers: Practical Methods of Co-operation between Home and School.

Music was furnished at each session by a chorus made up of children from the public schools. The most enjoyable social event of the congress was a reception held on the campus of Ohio University, to which all delegates and visitors were invited.

A feature much appreciated was the model kindergarten where mothers might leave their children in competent hands during the afternoon and evening sessions. There was also an interesting kindergarten and nursery exhibit.

KINDERGARTEN CONVOCATION, BUFFALO, N. Y., JULY 1, 2, AND 3.

The meetings of the Kindergarten Convocation will be held at Westminster Church on Delaware avenue. The program will be as follows:—

Monday Evening at 8 o'clock.

Brief addresses of greeting.

Address, Leading Problems of Elementary Education, Mr. W. N. Hailmann, Dayton, O.

A reception will follow, to which parents, kindergartners, and teachers are cordially invited.

Tuesday Morning at 10.30 *o'clock.*

Some Practical Aspects of the Kindergarten: The Program (speakers to be announced later); Art in the Kindergarten, Miss Virginia Graeff, Cleveland, Ohio; The Kindergartner's Pedagogical and Administrative Functions, Mrs. Mary Boomer Page, Chicago, Ill.

Wednesday Morning at 10.30 *o'clock.*

The Twentieth Century Outlook.

Addresses, The Home; The Kindergarten; The School, Percival Chubb of New York.

The speakers for the third session cannot, at this time, be definitely announced, but the different topics will without doubt be presented by educators who are able to present their respective subjects in a broad and comprehensive manner.

Miss Caroline T. Haven, of New York, will preside at one or more meetings. The place of meeting is easily accessible from Main street or Elmwood avenue car lines, which are direct routes to the exposition grounds.

It is hoped that all kindergartners who are to visit the exposition will choose this time for their visit, when they may be assured of a hearty welcome from Buffalo kindergartners. The secretary of the Buffalo Kindergarten Union, Miss Grace Pinner, 106 Johnson Park, will gladly answer inquiries concerning boarding places.

Comfortable accommodations may be found at the following places:—

Miss McMasters, 82 Johnson Park,
Miss Elizabeth Woods, 35 Johnson Park,
Miss Lee, 110 Johnson Park,
Mrs. C. M. Curtiss, 106 Johnson Park,
Mrs. W. W. Trotter, 256 Carolina street,
Mrs. Wade, 262 Carolina street,
Mrs. McCrea, 264 Carolina street,
Miss Margaret Chandler, 100 Robie ave.,
Miss Brush, 412 Linwood avenue,
Mrs. H. Rosenan, 162 Ashland avenue,
Miss Richardson, 477 Seventh street,
Miss Griffith, 414 Seventh street,
Mrs. W. L. Curtiss, 4 Lincoln Parkway,
P. A. Clock, 382 Ferry street,
F. B. Steele, 183 St. James place,
Mrs. Eugene Chamberlain, 79 Elmwood avenue,
Mrs. Susser, 708 Elmwood avenue,
Mrs. John Ducar, 288 Franklin street,
Mrs. A. B. Hodge, 615 Delaware avenue,
Mrs. H. J. Baker, 15 Pooley place,
Mrs. T. McCullagh, 13 Pooley place,
Mrs. P. H. Hinman, 146 Livingston street,
Mrs W. T. Bawden, 15 Sixteenth street,
Mrs. Kent, 155 Fargo avenue,
Mrs. W. P. Darling, 163 Park street,
Mrs. J. H. White, 274 Lexington avenue,
Mrs. Wm. Bloomer, 38 West avenue,
Mrs. G. M. Soverhill, 16 Tuxedo place,
Mrs. Alice Hartman, 636 Breckenridge street,
Mr. J. M. Arnson, 281 Fargo avenue,
Miss Mary Bath, 75 Sixteenth street,
Miss Dorothy Buckner, 91 Southampton street,
Miss Emma Newman, 80 Bryant street,
Mr. L. M. Kramer, 360 Connecticut street.

Further information can be obtained by writing to any of the above addresses or to the secretary of the Union, Miss Grace Pinner, 106 Johnson Park.

There is much of interest in *The Delineator;* a publication that safely claims for itself that there is no magazine published that can meet the needs of all women at so many points. The children's articles which appear each month are under the care of Lina Beard. The article in the June *Delineator* tells of a straw ride picnic. Miss Beard not only prepares these articles, but illustrates them.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

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ANNUAL NUMBER.—The June issue will be our Annual Number and will be an especially beautiful number. Send 15 cents for this number and you will be pleased with it. After examining it if you send a year's subscription at once the price of the June number will be deducted from your subscription if you are not now a subscriber.

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THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, N. Y., MAY 1 TO NOVEMBER 1, 1901.

The Pan-American Exposition as its name implies, is designed to illustrate the progress which has been made in "All-America" during the century which has just closed. It has received the cordial indorsement of the Congress of the United States, which also gave it substantial recognition in the shape of a grant of $500,000. To this has been added a grant from the state of New York, private subscriptions, etc., until a sum of six million dollars has been raised to defray the expenses of the exhibition.

The particular novelty that is to be noted in this exposition is discovered in the fact that in its exterior aspect it is a radical departure from former expositions. The buildings are arranged upon a harmonious and well-developed plan, producing court settings and vistas of very charming character. The use of molded staff work and decorative sculpture upon the buildings and at all salient points within the courts, the liberal employment of hydraulic and fountain features, the floral and garden effects, the exquisite colorings of buildings and architectural ornaments, and the illumination of the whole with more than 300,000 electric lamps, combine to make a picture of unsurpassed loveliness.

Over twenty large buildings of architectural beauty will contain the usual exhibits of such an occasion, which are very complete and embrace the gamut of industrial, scientific, and artistic activities of the people of the Western Hemisphere. The musical features are also of great importance and interest.

Though all the exposition is educational in the highest sense, the exhibit which pertains to schools appeals especially to teachers. It will be housed in the Building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, which is under the direction of Dr. Selim H. Peabody. The arrangement which was followed so successfully in Paris will be used here, and many of the exhibits from the Paris exposition will be shown at the Pan-American.

The showing made by our new possessions is looked forward to with great interest. Besides a very complete ethnological exhibit of the various Indian tribes, there will be a Filipino village at one of the principal entrances. Here one hundred Filipinos will live in native style, and the water buffalo, which serves as the Filipino horse, will be among their domestic animals. Cuba will have a building finely situated, and its exhibit will be of special value as showing Cuban development under American protection. There will also be exhibits from Porto Rico and Hawaii.

Buffalo is an ideal city for an exposition, having a summer climate that is tempered by the breezes from Lake Erie and, therefore, the most comfortable in which one may enjoy his summer outing. The people of the city have prepared themselves in a most ample way to entertain millions of guests during the exposition. The private dwellings throughout the city have been thrown open to the public and, in view of the ample accommodations, very moderate rates will prevail so that every visitor may have such accommodations as he is willing to pay for. He may have the palatial quarters of the fine hotels, or the quiet restfulness of a pleasant home. The average rate for accommodations near the exposition grounds is about $1.00 per night for lodging, with from 25 cents to 50 cents added for breakfast, it being expected that guests will take their other meals upon the exposition grounds. A number of responsible companies have organized to find accommodations for visitors at any price they may desire to pay. The offices of these companies are centrally located and this system of management promises to bring very satisfactory results to all concerned.

Railway, steamship, and steamboat companies have co-operated to an extent never before attempted, in their efforts to provide suitable adequate accommodation for the millions of people who will travel to and from Buffalo this summer.

A new booklet, issued for the exposition, tells a very charming story of its history and creation and describes the beautiful city in which the festival has been developed and brought to completion. The booklet is embellished with many illustrations, including twelve colored plates of exposition buildings and views. These will be sent free to applicants by the Bureau of Publicity so long as the edition lasts.

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